THE

Post-boy rob'd of his Mail:

OR, THE

Parquet

BROKE OPEN.

Consisting of

Five Hundred Letters,

TO

Persons of several Qualities and Conditions.

WITH

OBSERVATIONS

Upon each LETTER.

Publish'd by a Gentleman concern'd in the FROLICK.

Licens'd and Entred, according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed for John Dunton, at the *Raven* in the *Poultry*, 1692.

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THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory
TO
GEORGE PORTER, Eſq;

Much Honour'd Sir,

SInce the Epidemic *Villany* of the Age renders all praiſe ſuſpected, it ought to be the Care of thoſe Authors, that are not fond of the Reputation of *Flatterers*, to *cull* out ſuch Patrons, as are not liable to the Cenſure of the World, either for their *Obſcurity*, or *Oppoſite Characters* to what they receive from their Pens. This made me think of laying theſe *Letters* at your Feet, almoſt as ſoon as it was reſolv'd they ſhould ſee light; and I am extreamly pleas'd to reflect I have, in my choice of your Patronage evaded thoſe two Rocks, that might have ſplit me on the Ill-nature of the *Town*, ſince I am capable of ſaying nothing on YOU, that can be imputed to Flattery; your Virtues being unknown to no Man, that can pretend to have heard, but the leaſt, of the beſt *Converſations*, both for *Honour*, and

Parts; for Captain **Porter**, is granted by all all to be the Soul of **Conversation**.

Mistake me not Sir, I am not setting you up for the **Pole**, of an Hypocritical *Holmess*, with a wide Old-fashion'd Coat, the hereditary Lumber of some petty Broaker's Shop, a long Beard, Stockings hanging about your Legs, a pale meagre Face, an out of Humour look; and the rest of the Ingredients, that gain the Reputation of Precise *Virtue* from the unthinking many. No—'tis far from my intentions thus to deboch, and pervert your Character. But when I mention your **Virtues**, I take *Virtue* in its genuine, and primitive Sense, in the Sense the *Old Romans* took it in, before 'twas erroneously translated to signifie *Grimace*, *Affectation*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Ill-nature*; I take it for **Generosity, Courage, Wit, Affability**, and all the other Noble Qualifications that go to the making up of the compleat Character of a **Gentleman**; and there is none of these but has receiv'd the Denomination of *Virtue* from the best of the *Roman* Authors; nor is there any Man that has the Honour to be acquainted with you Sir, but knows there can be nothing said of the just Accomplishments of a Gentleman, but what is your due.

Were I therefore as sure of not offending your Modesty, by a Praise which e'ry body but your self thinks you deserve, as I am secure from the Censure of the World in it, *Desire* would supply my want of Ability, and make me attempt that which I know upon

cooler

cooler thoughts I am not able to perform ſo as to make the Copy come near the Original; for Praiſe is nothing but a ſolemn Repetition of thoſe Excellencies any one is really endow'd with, and as long as we attribute nothing elſe, we can't fall into the Vice of Flattery, which is but a Tranſgreſſion of the Bounds of Truth, and giving a Man more than his due.

Praiſe being therefore nothing elſe, I can ſee no reaſon (excepting the falſe Opinion a blind Cuſtom has impos'd upon us) why any Man ſhould be diſpleas'd to ſee a public Relation of thoſe *Virtues* he juſtly thinks the Glory of both his private, and public Actions.

I muſt confeſs, I eſteem it one of the numerous Tribe of vulgar Errors of the Age, to think a Man ought not to take pleaſure in, and value himſelf on his confeſs'd *Parts*, and *Virtues*. For 'tis certain that things are *Good*, or *Evil* only in reference to *Pleaſure*, and *Pain*, by which the Mind judges of whatſoever it chooſes or avoids. And no Man can make choice of any particular Virtues without being pleas'd with them above the reſt. And by applauding that *Choice* as good, by his *Practice*; he diſcovers the Value he ſets upon, his own *Judgment*, without which he could not to have made that *Choice*, which is a tacit or implicit Eſteem of himſelf, at leaſt of the beſt part of him, his *Mind*, and its *moſt weighty Operations*. To ſeem therefore to the World not to value himſelf, is only a Diſſimulation, the Tyranny of a modern Cuſtom impoſes on him. Modern Cuſtom, I ſay, for *Pliny*, *Cicero*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, &c.

of old, proclaim'd their Opinion of their own worth without a blush, or incurring the least disesteem of the Age they liv'd in; it seeming unaccountable to them that a Man should be either afraid, or asham'd to assert himself Master of those *Virtues*, without which he would be a shame to his Generation, and no better than one of the meanest of the Vulgar. Modest **Virgil** himself seems to express his Sensibility of what he could perform, as well as the praise of *Saloninus*, and *Pollio* in his fourth Ecclogue,

Non me carminibus Vincet nec Thracius, Orpheus
Nec Linus *huic mater quamvis, atq; huic pater adsit*
Orphei Calliopeia, Lino *Formosus* Apollo.
Pan *Deus* Arcadiâ *mecum si judice certet*,
Pan *etiam* Arcadiâ *dicat se judice victum.*

Virtue then, with a Noble assurance shew'd its Face wherever it was, and **Vice** crept into Corners; but now the Scene is quite turn'd, *Virtue* shall lie behind the mistaken Veil of *Humility*, and *Modesty*, whilst *Vice* struts about with its bare-face, and naked Deformity, and yet like the Sister of *Calibun* is caress'd by the *Trincalo*'s, and *Stephano*'s of the Age.

But I must have a care of touching upon the Age (with which the Character *Petronius* gives of his, *nicely* agrees, *Nemo cælum putat, nemo* jusjurandum *servat, nemo Jovem plurùs facit; sed omnes* Apertis oculis *bona sua computant*) least it should lead me into such a Scene of Villanies, that I should forget the glorious Subject

of

of your Vertues, and imagin, ſpight of my knowledge to the contrary, that there were not any True *Honour*, or *Courage* yet in being. And for this reaſon methinks I ought to offer a Violence to your Modeſty, (if what I have ſaid be inſufficient to ſatisfie it) that late Poſterity, when it reads the fatal Chain, and perpetual Series of *Villanies* we have ſeen tranſacted (if there be found any more of ſo much Honour, and Candour, to convey 'em impartially to it) may know, that we have not been without ſome brave Men, who have preſerv'd their Honour unſully'd, as the Springs in the *Chalcedonian* Seas do their freſhneſs in the midſt of thoſe *brackiſh Vaſts of Water*.

I muſt at leaſt, Sir, be particular in this; That though all the little double-dealing Tricks of *Cornuted Mechanics* ſpread their Contagion among thoſe that pretend very much to the *Name* of Gentlemen, you retain that noble Candour, that Freedom, and Openeſs, and Generoſity, in your Actions, that firſt dignified ſome men with that Title above the reſt; that tho' you know *men*, yet that, even that Knowledge, is not of force enough to pervert your ſtedfaſt Principles of *Honour*, and *Generoſity*, you directing your ſelf not by their Villanies, but by the Dictates of thoſe Vertues you have propos'd as the Model of all your Life; That *Honour* is ſtill the ſame with you, and varies not its Form, or Eſſence, as with other men, according as their Intereſt, or Paſſions perſwade; no, you'll

periſh

periſh with him that has even oppos'd your Safety, if viciſſitudes of things, and concurring Circumſtances engage your *Honour* in it. *Few ſuch Examples, I can ſay, has any Age produc'd, much leſs Ours.* I'll only add, That tho' like *Alcibiades* (who had a good Maſter in Nature, and Philoſophy) you have a true Reliſh of *Pleaſure*, and offer at her Shrine, being juſtly of opinion, that *Grace*, and *Nature* are not at ſuch mortal odds, as ſome bigotted men would fain perſwade us in Words, not Practice, yet you are not ſo devoted to it, as at all to neglect either the more ſerious, and weighty Affairs of Life, or the Summons of *Honour*, whenever that calls. What I have here ſaid, is no more, than what all know of you; and therefore I need not apprehend any Cenſure for it. But ſhould I touch upon all your other Excellencies, I fear I ſhould be thought a Flatterer, tho' without deſerving it in the leaſt. Beſides, you have Virtues 'tis not ſafe in this proſligate Age to name.

As for the *Book*, Sir, I ſecure under the ſhelter of your Patronage; I ſhall only ſay, 'twill diſcover the difference betwixt *theſe Letters*, prompted by the ſeveral *immediate Occurrences*, that occaſion'd the writing of them, and thoſe which ſome *Epiſtle-Writers* have publiſh'd for Examples for the World to Copy after: *Nature*, and *Eaſineſs* appear in the firſt; and *Study*, and *awkward Pains* in the latter. 'Tis not to be expected there ſhould be the ſame Wit,

and

and Language in e'ery Letter, ſince the Occaſions, and Writers are different: And they are generally more remarkable for their Import, than Words, and Phraſe: But this, I hope, I may ſay for the Comments, that you'l ſeldom find an Obſervation wholly impertinent, or any of them without ſomething *Moral, if not Witty.* 'Tis true, they can't be ſuppos'd ſo fine, either in their moral, or witty part, as the Reflections of Sir *Roger*, in his incomparable *Æſop*, thoſe being the effect of mature, and deliberate Study, but theſe the Reſult of *extempore Thoughts.*

'Tis poſſible a very critical Reader may find ſome ſeeming Contradictions betwixt our *Obſervations* on one Letter, and thoſe of another; but he ought to conſider, that things, as they are differently plac'd, and dreſs'd, preſent us with different *Idea's*, as one Example may evince. *Vandike* (if I miſtake not) or ſome other eminent Painter, had a Daughter, whoſe Mouth render'd her whole Face extream homely, but drawing her Picture, he ſo plac'd her Hand, that it cover'd her Mouth, by which ſhe made a very beautiful Figure. Thus in one Poſture the ſame Woman was beautiful, in another really ugly: And ſo 'tis with *Virtue*, *Vice*, and all other things, their ſeveral Poſitions, Dreſſes, and Forms give 'em a ſeveral turn, and ſo preſent us with ſeveral Reflections.

As

As for the *Second Book* of this Volume, I shall only observe, that as the Letters are most of them, if not all, written by *Foreigners*, so we are not answerable for them, nor for the Reflections on them neither, since the performance only of a part of our Company, and they pretty *well enter'd in good Liquor.*

I shall say no more of the *Book*, but let it take its Chance with the rest of the World, if it meet but with a favourable Reception from you, Sir, to whom I dedicate not only that, but my Self too, who am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

C. G.

The

The Bookseller's Advertisement to the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

HAving for the Benefit and Pleasure of the Publick, thought fit to publish these following *Letters*, which I had from the Hands of one of the Gentlemen concern'd in the **Frolick**, I thought proper to advertise these few things.

First, That the **Post** has too often here in *England* (as is evident from the **Gazette**) been robb'd, and 'tis to be wish'd with no worse design than these Gentlemen did it. There have Accidents of this nature happ'ned in other Countries; as in **Italy**, as the Letters of **Palavicino** demonstrate; so that there can be no doubt of the Truth of the *Matter of Fact*, or at least of a *Probability* of that Truth.

Next, It may be wonder'd that in all these **Mails** pretended to be robb'd, there should in such a *time of Action* be no Letters of **News**, or any account of the late **Intreagues**. But I desire these Gentlemen to have patience till they see the **Second Volume** (which if this find that Encouragement from the Ingenious as is expected, shall be published with all convenient speed) by which they'll find 'twas out of **choice**, not necessity that they have none in *this Volume*; But in the following Volumes, the Company resolve to conceal nothing they discover'd in any of the **Packetts** that may afford either *Pleasure*, *Profit*, *or Instruction*.

Thirdly, If any Lady or Gentleman have any Letters sent them either from their *Lovers or ingenious Friends*, a Publication of which with the *Observations* of this Company will either satisfie them or gratifie the **Town** if they please to direct 'em to my **Shop**, *at the Raven in the Poultrey*, I'll take care to convey them to this *Club*, and engage them to comply with his or her desires. And I believe there are very few *Men* or Ladies who in there Lives have not met with some *Intreagues or Occurrences* which may contribute to the Diversion of others as well as themselves, whatever Letters are sent as above directed, the Company will be very impartial in there Judgments upon them, and those Letters that are sent in according to this *Advertisement* shall be market with an *Asterisme*, to distinguish 'em from those taken from the **Post**.

Fourthly, In the next Volume will be an Explanation of the *Letter* in **Figures** that is in this, one of the Company having found a **Key** for it, but too late to have it inserted, the

the whole being printed off. In the said Volume will also be added some Letters of a very *surprizing nature*, and many that discover abundance of secret Intrigues.

Fifthly, When you find any initial Letters of Names, be not too forward of saying *such a one is meant*; for, does not the same Letter stand for many other Names, as well as that you suspect? Nay, where you see an initial Letter, and the Sir-name at length, you cannot positively conclude it to be the person you suppose 'twas directed to; for, may there not be hundreds both of the same Christian and Sir-name, in *England*, that may shew your mistake? But if any one by *whatching shews that he is pinch'd*, he must thank himself, and not this Club, who though it lay in their power to give more particular *Characters of persons*, yet were as tender as could consist with their Design.

Sixthly, If any object these Letters were not really sent to the persons to whom Directed, because there is so few *Letters of Business* amongst 'em, 'tis answer'd, those were not thought so diverting as others, and therefore this Club took Copies chiefly of those that they thought were proper to entertain the Age; but if it were either safe or convenient, they could send such *Doubters* to many of the persons that receiv'd these *Letters* by the Post since they copied them, for all the Letters which they found, which had an *honest end in the speed*, they took care to send as directed.

Seventhly, As it must not be imputed to the Company, as a Fault, that there are several *Letters* that may seem to the more solid Readers a little too gay and airy, because 'twas their business to expose *Matters* as they found them, and not to model 'em according to their own Rules; so I, for the same reason, ought to undergo no Censure for printing them as they came to my Hands, both regarding the *Truth of Matter of Fact*, and the exposing the (secret) *Villanies* of Mankind as they were, than to change them to what we desired they should be: And upon this *Condition only* was the Copy deliver'd to me, *that* I should leave out none of those *Letters that the Company thought fit to publish*. This (Reader) is enough to satisfie ev'ry Unprejudic'd person; and as for others, he neither values nor fears their Censures; who subscribes himself *Thy Friend and Servant*,

John Dunton.

THE

THE Pacquet Broke OPEN,

In a LETTER to a Friend.

Volume I.

SIR,

I Know very well that you have often advis'd me againſt the Hurry, and Extravagance of the Town, and I know that your Advice was the reſult of not only your Friendſhip for me, but alſo of your real Sentiments, that is, of *Reaſon*: Nay, I am extreamly ſenſible how often you have ſilenc'd me, when I have ventur'd to engage with you on this Subject, and that you prov'd beyond Controverſy, That the preference ought to be given to a *ſedate* and *thoughtful* Life: Yet, when I am abſent from

you, I know not how it comes to pass, Whether by my forgetfulness of your Arguments, or my inclinations to converse, and company, the force and vigour of your Reasons vanish (for The words in which they were couch'd, I'm sure I still retain) which makes me flatter my desires, that it was rather the *Awe* of him that spoke, than the matter of the Discourse that perverted (for so now I call it) my Opinion. Back'd with these Considerations, methinks I may own that I am relaps'd from those Resolutions you left me, and that I fancy I have some Difficulties in Dispute, which you have not yet decided; this makes me begin to imagine, that you are in the wrong to despise Conversation so much, since without doubt it polishes that imperfect Model of a fine Gentleman; which Books but begin, and generally leave very rough, and unfinished. *Conversation* does not only give us a better taste in Reading, but also improves our *Thoughts* to a good *Practicable Habit*, and our Words, and Discourse to a greater Elegance than all the stiff and laborious Trifles of the plodding *Academics*; and I must tell you, Friend, that you your self wou'd never have been master of all that fineness of Sense, if you had not in your Youth been much conversant with the better part of *Mankind*.

Nay, I must proceed farther, and own, that the lighter *Sallys* of *Youth* appear not so criminal to me, as your *nicer Reason* represents them; 'tis true, I have not forgot what you us'd to urge against them, *viz. That however diverting they might seem to those engag'd in a fond Attachment to 'em, yet that their apparent Folly render'd them not only ridiculous, but odious to the more considering part of the World, and that it was impossible*

possible they cou'd give real Satisfaction and Pleasure to a reasonable *Man, being commonly the effect of a hot-headed Rashness, begot by the prevailing Fumes of the Bottle, when* Reason *has bid 'em good night, and* thought less Accident *assum'd the direction of all their Actions.* Yet my Friend, you must pardon me, if I tell you, That as Fables of *Cocks* and *Bulls*, &c. seem but an odd sort of Divinity, or Philosophy, to employ the Thoughts of a man of sense, which yet have always had such a valuation with the Learned for their Morals, that it has given a Life to *Æsop*, almost thrice as long as that of *Methusaleh*; so tho the Extravagances of *Witty* Youth may seem but odd Lessons of Wisdom, yet I am sure there is not one without its excellent Moral, if that be but improved by a judicious *Reflection*; by this you'll find, I include not the Adventures of e'ry noisy Fop, or Bully, but of the *Youths* of *true Witt*, of which Sir, I can say with some assurance my conversation is composed, whose worst Extravagancies come not short of the practical Precepts of your old Friends the *Lacedemonians*, in making their Slaves drunk for the instruction of their Youth, who by that sight cou'd gain but one half of the Knowledge that was requir'd to make them understand all the inconveniences of Drunkenness; they saw indeed what a ridiculous Figure the poor intoxicated Wretches made, but they knew not but that it gave them a sufficient pleasure to recompence that appearance of Folly which was often put upon the Noblest of Actions of the Wisest of Men, they might have heard that the **Abderites** thought **Democritus** mad, when he was imployed in the search of Nature in the dissection of Animals, till **Hyppocrates** convinc'd

them, by the Authority of his Word, of the contrary; beſides many a man wou'd run the riſque of looking like a Fool, for an hour or two, to enjoy a Pleaſure for twice the time; eſpecially an unexperienc'd pleaſure, which is always magnify'd by Imagination. But if they had been permitted to be drunk themſelves, the Pain and Sickneſs that attended it, would have inſtructed them, that it was none of the moſt deſirable of Pleaſures; the other puniſhments that are, the conſequences of this Vice, which wou'd have deter'd them from it, were wanting, that is, the ſpending of Eſtates, which brings the boon Companion to contempt and Infamy; for the Slaves of *Sparta* were made drunk at the publick Charge.

But not to dwell too much upon the Vindication of the worſt of our Crimes, and which we our ſelves condemn, and are very ſeldom guilty of, I will by ſending you a *Relation of one of our Frolicks*, convince you, that we make a better uſe of our extravagances, than you do imagine; and that they proceed from choice, not accident: For while your *Virtuoſi* are poring over the unaccountable Secrets of *Dame Nature*, we are buſy in ſearching into full as intricate a Subject; The Humours, and Nature of Men, while they are converſing with Labour and Study, with the *Mineral*, *Vegetable*, and *Animal* Kingdoms, our pleaſure leads us in chaſe of the Secrets of the *Rational World*: Their Studies may have the Face of more *harmleſs Innocence*; but I'm ſure, our Delights are more profitable, and more to the *purpoſe of Living*. They are like our Travellers who ramble abroad to ſee Foreign Countries, before they know any thing of their own; for your great *Naturaliſt* will

will ſeldom arrive to any knowledge in Man, and in Converſation, and in the Affairs of the World wou'd merit that Name in its worſt ſenſe. Mankind walks in a miſt, and cannot be ſeen at a little diſtance; you muſt keep cloſe to it, or you looſe ſight on't, at leaſt till you have got a competent Knowledge to ſecure your ſelf from the Aſſaults which are continually offer'd to the *Innocent*, that is, the *Ignorant* part. No man almoſt is what he appears to be; we are all *Janus*'s and have two or more Faces in all our Actions, as well as Deſigns, as you'l find by what I ſend you, which is part of thoſe **Letters which our Club in a frolick made bold to bottom of the Poſt.** Perhaps you'll condemn our Frolick of a fault in prying into the **Secrets** of our Neighbour, and in doing them ſome damage in detaining thoſe Letters from them, which perhaps requir'd a ſpeedy diſpatch, a minute being many times critical and irreparable; as to the firſt, my Friend, I muſt anſwer you, 'tis but a Vulgar Error that makes that a Crime; for e'ry man ought to live ſo as not to be aſhamed of his moſt *ſecret Actions*, and deſerves to be expoſed when he deſerts that Juſtice or Wiſdom which he ſtickles ſo much for in the Actions of others, without regard to them in his own. As to the ſecond, I muſt inform you, that what Letters we found of that nature that had an *honeſt End* in the ſpeed they requir'd, we took care to ſend as directed; the others I now by common conſent make publick, to ſave them the trouble of writing again on the ſame ſubject, if they have not by their *impatience prevented our Civility.*

But before I preſent you with the *Letters*, it will not be altogether undiverting to give you

an account of the *whole matter* in the very manner it fell out, and like a State Historian give you the Causes as well as the matter of Fact.

You may remember the *Weather* was lately very wet, and transform'd the *Summer* into an excentric *Winter*, which made very much for the advantage of *Hackney-Coach-men*, and *Vintners*, obliging us to retreat to the *Hospitable Bottle*, when the *inclemency of the Weather* had driven us from all the Divertisments of the Season. Among others that chose to wash their in-sides with better Liquor than Heav'n wash'd their outsides, our Club, tho prorogu'd till next Winter, made an extraordinary Sessions.

And here it will not be improper to give you some Account of what Number our Club is compos'd, *the Muses are Nine, and therefore we have equal'd that number in the Members of our Society, adding a Tenth to complete the Kingdom of* Wit, *having still one as* President, *or* Apollo *of the rest; but his Dignity, like the rest of humane Conditions, is but short and transitory; for he is e'ry night succeeded by* a New Election, *for our State being jealous of her Liberties, will allow no longer time, for fear Ambition shou'd creep even into our Breasts, and so aiming at Tyranny, disturb our Repose and Tranquillity. This is the* admirable Policy of our Common-Wealth, *not inferiour in my Opinion to any of the mighty Republicks of Old, or the lesser busy Ones of the fresher Date. Now have I a strange fancy, that you won't be satisfy'd unless you know the Names of our Members too; and therefore I'll save you the labour, and my self the expence of a Letter upon that Subject. These are they,* Mr. Temple, *Mr.* Church, *Mr.* Chappel, *Mr.* Grave, *Mr.* Brook, *Mr.* River, *Mr.* Fountain, *Mr.* Summer, *Mr.* Winter, *and your very humble servant* Timothy

thy Weleter. *Thus in full House we met by the same cause and occasion I have mentioned already.*

But our Delight being not down-right drinking, like some of those walking *Tunus* of good Fellows that are never in their Kingdom, but when the *Pint* Bumpers are chased about the Table without intermission, as if their Pleasures consisted in nothing else but to see *whose Cask was best hoop'd*, or held most; nor the rambling and impertinent Discourse of senseless Rakehells, and politick Cits, when they Roar, or *Chirp over a Bottle*; there was a motion therefore made concerning some Adventure, which might afford us business during this sitting, but not yet coming to a Resolution, Mr. *Chappel* pulls a Letter out of his Pocket, which he said he had just receiv'd by a mistake, as the *contents discovered*; it being sent to another of the same Name, who often frequenting the same *Coffe-house*, gave occasion to the deceiving of the Porter. This other Gentleman to whom the better belong'd of right, was known to all our company, and had in the esteem of the World the Reputation of a man of great severity of Life, both as to Justice in his Dealings, and Chastity, which indeed his Age wou'd endeavour to persuade, unless the *lewdness of his Mind out-liv'd that of his Body*; but this Letter discover'd him to be a *Secret Sinner* against both. It was from a *Young Girle of a small Fortune*, who being committed to his charge by Will, he had not only cheated her of the greatest part of it, but very earnestly sollicited her to yield her *tender budding Beauties to his shrivel'd Embraces*, building his assurance of success on her Necessities, which he had brought upon her, by depriving her of the means of redress

in keeping her to so small an Allowance, that she cou'd not procure mony enough to purchase Friends, or Justice against him. Her Parents had given her a Vertuous Education in their lives time, or at least so well instilled good Principles into her, that they were not easily corrupted by the importunities of this Old Man, whose *seeming Piety* had gain'd the Tutelage of her from her deluded Parents, who it seems were too *simply* good to examine farther than the outward appearance, which sometimes in *Religious Pretenders* ought to be understood, like *Dreams*, by contraries. The Letter I'll defer till we come to the rest, where you shall be sure to meet with it, only I shall here give you some Reflections we made upon it, which gave Rise to the *Frolick* I have mentioned.

As soon as we had perus'd the Letter three or four times over, that we might be sure of what we read, Mr. *Chappel* cou'd no longer contain, but propos'd to the company to relieve the distressed Damsel, that nothing cou'd better deserve the thoughts of *true Knights of Honour, and Members of Chivalry.* Whether he were serious or no, I won't determine; but Mr. *Temple* was of another opinion, assuring him the season of the Weather was not at all proper for Feats of Arms, *Rain being a great Enemy to Noble Atchievements*; for then must the Knight *skulk under a Hedge*, for fear of wetting his Armour, or spoiling his Plume. Mr. *Church* was of the same opinion, adding, That nothing was more agreeable to the doing of Justice, than Fair Weather. Mr. *Grave* waving all these Jocular Reflections, was for considering *what use might be made of this Discovery* for the present advantage of the Company, which

he

he back'd with this Obſervation, That the *World being a Maſquerade*, where borrow'd Vizors ſo diſguiſed e'ry one, that none knew ev'n his own acquaintance, if not privy to his dreſs; Letters were the pulling off the Mask in a corner of the Room, to ſhew one another their Faces. Very well obſerved, ſaid Mr. *Fountain*, for we are apt to write that in a Letter to a Friend, which we would not have all the World know of, either our Concerns, or Inclinations. Thus, ſaid Mr. *River*, we find *Cicero*, that in publick had extoll'd *Cæſar* above all the great men before his time, making him not only the *Father*, but the *Soul* of his Country, without which it cou'd no longer live, yet in his Epiſtles to his Friend *Atticus*, not only rails at him, but declares that his *Royalty* (as he enviouſly phras'd it) wou'd not be of half a years continuance. We need not go ſo far as Old *Rome* for a proof of this (purſu'd Mr. *Brook*,) for 'tis obvious enough to any man that has convers'd in the world, and given himſelf the trouble of diving into Affairs of this nature, as my Friend here—Hold—(interrupted Mr. *Sumner*) if my Tranſgreſſions muſt be known, I had better generouſly declare 'em my ſelf; you muſt therefore Gentlemen, know that dining at the *Mitre* about a Week ago with ſome grave Relations, who love to get drunk by Day-light, I had got my load by four in the Afternoon, that is, as much as I car'd to drink, or cou'd carry off with Honour, and without a Foil; I gave the Old Gentlemen the ſlip, and leaving them to *Politicks*, and *Uſury*, ſteer'd my courſe to ſeek out one of you; going down St. *Martins*-lane, there juſtles me a blundring Fellow in great haſte; I unable then to put up ſuch an Inſolence,

with my trusty stick laid my Gentleman o're the Pate, who being stunn'd let fall his Packet of Letters; (for you must know it was the Post-man;) a sudden Revenge inspir'd me; I cap'd hold of as many as I cou'd, whipt into the next Coach, and made him drive away as if the Devil were in him, to *Jack Brooks* Lodging, whom I found in his Study reading of *Voiture* of the second Edition, I mean the Gentleman of *six Foot high*, as he ingeniously intimates to a glorious Vizor-mask. Prythee *Jack*, said I, cast aside this new *Paradoxical Dogmatist*, and here let us peruse *Nature*; and having here in its proper place I inform'd him of this Adventure, then in comes *Ned Winter*, and puts me to the fatigue of repeating it again, which done, we apply'd our selves to our business, and upon occular demonstration found five of the six Letters to be of some of our Acquaintance: But such a Discovery we made, that it surpriz'd us with several *effects of Passion*, one laugh'd, the nother swore, and the third preach'd. There were *she Saints* that had the Word of God in their mouths mornings, and evenings, most religious frequenters of Pews, and wearers out of Hassocks, found to be back-sliding Sisters, and that they had the Devil in their Tails. There was this protesting Friend, found a *damn'd Rascal*, that sought nothing but his own advantage, with the Wife of him he hug'd in his Arms, only caressing *him* that he might embrace *her*.

For my part, Gentlemen (said I) 'tis not fair, you shou'd only enjoy the Pleasure your selves, you ought either to produce your Letters for the good of the Company, or be particular in your Names, and account of the matter. No 'faith

'faith (return'd *Winter*) I made the Rogues have that Juſtice to write a Line of Advice under each Letter, and ſealing 'em up, ſend 'em by the *Penny Poſt* to the place directed.

I know not (purſu'd *Temple*) whether you'l approve of my Thought or no; but I think we cannot have a more agreeable Entertainment, than ſuch another *Frolick*, *the Poſts are now on the Road*, let each man to his Horſe; and two in a company go upon the Adventure, and having got our purchaſe, meet all at the *Bull-head*, and divert our ſelves with the Scene of *Hypocriſy uncas'd*.

Gentlemen, for my part (ſaid *Winter*) I am not extreamly fond of the *Pillory*, *Gallows*, or a ſwinging *Fine*: Nor do I think the pleaſure this Adventure may afford us, will recompenſe the hazard we run to obtain it, eſpecially ſince we are not us'd to the *Pad*. I am of your ſide, (purſu'd *Grave*) for tho I ſhou'd not be much diſpleas'd with the peruſal of them, yet I am not for giving more for pleaſure than 'tis worth, or for laughing for an hour, at the expence of an Age of Sorrow.

But theſe two Oppoſers were fain to acquieſce in the Judgment of the Company; and tho' perhaps I might encline to the Opinion of the few, yet having a great *Veneration for the Clergy*, I choſe to imitate them in ſiding with the ſtrongeſt ſide. Things being thus concluded in the Affirmative, we immediately adjourn'd, and in the order above-mentioned, took Horſe, perform'd our words, and met at the place appointed: *River* and my ſelf were the firſt that entred, and had not toſs'd off our ſober Pint, but *Brook* and *Winter* came in all over-beſpattered with dirt. Thus by degrees we found

our

our Company complete, tho' *Summer* and *Temple*, and *Church* and *Chappil* stay'd some time after the rest. We gave order for our Horses to be immediately rub'd down, and cloath'd, and thought it wou'd be safer to retreat to our several Lodgings, and new dress, before we proceeded to our Examination, or an account of our Adventure, all the *Packquets* being convey'd to my Chamber, and there to be put into a great Box or two, that we might convey 'em up the Water to *Summer*'s Country-house, where with the greater liberty and security we might peruse them, and make our *several Remarks*.

By that time we were all ready, his Barge was waiting for us, and in it, with our purchase we row'd for *Putney* against Tide, which however turn'd for us by that time we got to *Chelsey*. And now we began to have time to run over each his several Fortune. But the greatest part of us met with nothing worth taking notice of, having done our work as decently, as if we had serv'd a long Apprentiship to the *Road*. But poor *Hunter* and *Brook* having a little awkardly perform'd, and left the *Post-boy* his Horse, were fain to make more speed than they desir'd, and so through thick and thin were most neatly bedabl'd. And *Temple* and *Summer*, not contenting themselves with the *Mail* that was coming in, resolv'd to wait for that which was *outward-bound*, and had like to have spoil'd all for their *Works of Supererogation*; for the *first Post-boy* being according to Art dismounted aside of *Ilford* in *Essex*, in the Forrest, they left him to take care of himself, whose Horse was gone on his Errand before him toward *London*. After this they bethought them,

them, that dry day was *Post downward* on that Road, and therefore resolv'd, flush'd with good success, to venture to *Chadwel*, and there wait the coming of the other *Post*; but having stay'd a good while there to no purpose, they boldly set forward on the *Road for London*; they had not rode half a mile but they met the *other Boy* with two Gentlemen; however, they ventur'd on them, and whilst *Summer* remov'd the Mail, *Temple* secur'd the Sparks; but one of them whilst he was busy with the other, got by him, and made full speed back to *Ilford*, which made them immediately strike over into the Forrest, and away crossing into *Epping Road*, as fast as their Horses cou'd bear them; but not being very perfect in the way, were oppos'd in their Passage with a pretty large Ditch, which was not so deep as muddy; *Temple's Horse jumpt clear over*, but *Summer's* Rising False came a little short, and so tumbled into the Ditch: This scurvy Adventure, cost them above a quarter of an hour to disengage him, and his Horse, from these ill circumstances, which they cou'd not very well afford at that time, not doubting but by this time the Country were in pursuit of them. On which account being *now mounted again*, and on firm ground, they redoubled their speed, and spight of *two or three other little Accidents*, they got safe to the rest of us.

Chappel and *Church* who had taken the *Kentish Road*, met with no disturbance, but came cleverly off with their Prize by a very remarkable Accident, the *two Posthoys* meeting, just as they came up to them, they did their business at once, and so brought away both the *Mails*, tho' by riding further out of Town than the rest,

rest, they made it something the longer before they return'd to the place of Rendezvous.

Having *laugh'd*, and run over our *several Adventures*, we got safe to *Putney*, by twelve a Clock at night: And then being all tir'd enough with the Fatigue of the day, we retir'd to our Beds. And getting up next morning very early, we retreated into the *Summer-house in the middle of the Garden*, and there enclosing our selves with some Bottles of good Wine to give us a Whet betwixt whiles; we began to open our several Packquets, and according to Agreement, for our better diversion, we mixt them all together on the large *Stone Table there*.

But before I proceed to the perusal of these, I'll give that I promis'd you at the beginning of my Letter, which Mr. *Chappel* receiv'd by a mistake of Name: It was superscrib'd to Mr. *Chappel*, to be left for him at ——'s *Coffee-house*.

Mr. *Chappel*,

'I Receiv'd yours yesterday by your man *Ralph*, 'in which I am extreamly troubl'd to find 'that you still persist in your Resolution of my 'undoing. But assure your self 'tis not all your 'Threats shall make me yield to your brutish 'Desires, and I question not but God will so 'far vindicate my Innocence and punish your 'Hypocrisy, as to raise me some Friend to res-'cue me from your hands. But if you can en-'tertain such an Opinion of my Vertue, to think 'I won'd part with it on the terms you pro-'pose, can you imagine I won'd make so wretch-'ed a choise, as to sacrifice it to the Arms 'of an Old Man, when Nature has given me a

'Face

'Face not the moſt contemptible, and one that 'need not diſpair of more agreeable Conqueſts. 'Pray now conſult your Glaſs, if you forget 'your Age, and there you'l ſee what wondrous 'Charms there are to win a fair Ladies Heart. 'For ſhame, for ſhame, *Mr. Chappel* give o're ſuch 'vain Thoughts, and now you are juſt dropping 'into your Grave, think not of adding to the 'Villanies of your Life, by betraying that truſt 'my poor miſtaken Parents ſo entirely repos'd 'in you, as not only to wrong her of the ſmall 'Fortune they left her, but alſo, endeavour to 'rob her of her Honour. 'Tis not your keep-'ing me to ſuch hard meat will do; for I 'have now a proſpect of Relief, and of bring-'ing you to your juſt puniſhment. Your Kna-'veries to me have made me enquire into thoſe 'things, I elſe ſhou'd ne're have thought of, which 'the more I do, the more I find your Guilt en-'creas'd; and the more hopes I have of ſatis-'faction for the Injuries you have done me. 'But it is not yet too late to do me Juſtice; 'reſtore me my Fortune, and I promiſe to for-'get all that's paſt, who ſhall then with ſome 'colour ſubſcribe my ſelf, but not till then,

Your obliged Servant,
M. CHALYCANE.

The poor Girle (cry'd *Church*,) *writes a good ſenſible Letter to him, but on my Conſcience 'twoud have no more effect upon him than the laſt Sermon of* Death and Judgment *had. However* (perſu'd *Grave*) *let us all add a little wholſom Admonition, and it may have a better Operation with him to find his Roguery diſcover'd, than a hundred ſuch*

Letters

Letters from her, he believes has neither the Power to do what she threatens, nor the Will to discover it to a third person, that might assist her. For my part, upon viewing the hand, I knew it, and therefore desir'd the management of that Affair my self, assuring them, I would take care to give him his just reward, if he persisted in his Villany. Upon which Chappel *deliver'd me the Letter, and after was as good as my word, made the Old Fornicator cry peccavi, and make an entire restitution, had the thanks of the Lady, and I am afraid, she in return had too great a share of my heart.*

But now I'll proceed to my Business in Order; we took the Letters out of the *general heap*, and read 'em: In the first was,

LETTER

LETTER I.

From an Atheiſt or Modern Wit, Laughing at all Religion. With this ſuperſcription. To Mr. Johnſon, *to be left at the* Poſt-Houſe *at* Chelmſford.

Dear Tom,

I Supt laſt night at *Tockets* with *Frank*, who tells me thou art grown a meer Bigot, and is afraid he ſhall ſee thee receive the Holy Dab, and put on the black Robe; I muſt confeſs thou haſt a very Canonical Face, and haſt been lewd enough to commence Parſon; I think thou art too honeſt for that Trade, which I look upon to be the moſt impudent cheat of all. Other Trades wou'd deceive us in things we pretend not to underſtand, e'ry one in his own way, he has ſerv'd ſo many years to; but the Pulpit *Pad* wou'd rob one of one's Reaſon, and impoſe upon us in that which e'ry one of common Senſe is as good a Judge of, as himſelf. Prithee *Tom*, leave off the grimaces of Devotion, I know thy Phiz ſo well, that I'm ſure thee muſt make ſo horrible a Figure, that it muſt put the Eccleſiaſtical Lady of thy Pariſh into the twitters, and make the Parſon, by ſympathy with his dear Spouſe, forget his Text, and looſe his *ſerious face* in a loud laughter, till the Congregation miſtake the

the Church for a *Bartlemew Booth*, and the Parſon for a *Jack Pudding*; therefore if thou haſt not a mind to be Endited as the *beaut feu* of the Pariſh, return to *good Chriſtian drinking*; a Bottle, and a *Balmy Harlot*, take my word for't will never make thee looſe the way to Heaven, for a Man is never on higher Ropes, than when elevated with the juice of the Grape, and the Embraces of a pretty ſmooth *Darling obedient Wench*. I always thought thee hadſt too much reaſon to be bubbl'd out of the certain Sweets of this Life, for the uncertain airy, viſionary whims of the next. *Nature ſhou'd be the beſt guide*, it was once ſo I am ſure, according to theſe devotes, and that directs us to pleaſure, and ſelf preſervation; I know not why that ſhou'd be of leſs Authority with us than with the Patriarchs of old; *Noah* was not condemned for drinking, nor *Juda* for Whoring, nor can I underſtand, that this improvement of our Nature, by obliging us to be what we are not made, has at all increaſed the number of the Pious, it has only added to the Kindom of Hypocriſie. How canſt thee with patience hear the Parſon declaim with a thundring Voice on a Sunday morning againſt Drunkenneſs, when he has ſcarce recovered the Saturday Nights Deboch of half a dozen Bottles for his ſhare; or againſt Uſury and Oppreſſion, when he has ſquabl'd with his poor Pariſhioner the under Ale-Draper of the Village, for the *Tithe Pigg*, nay and tenth Egg too: Againſt Whoring, and incontinency, when he came reeking from his Amorous Spouſe, or perchance from his Neighbours Wife, that hears all he ſays againſt Adultery, as if it were an Alegory; to me there ſeems no greater Argument of the Impoſture of Religion, than to ſee thoſe that teach

teach it us, ule God on the Sundays with ſo familiar a Compellation, when they have acted againſt all his Precepts the whole Week about; for if they believed any thing of him, certainly they never durſt preſume to banter him ſo in the face of a full Aſſembly, the greateſt part of which perhaps knows their Life and Converſation. Pox, you know I hate ſuch a long Letter, but I hate more to looſe the acquaintance of an honeſt fellow that knows the reliſh of Vice, as well as any Man alive. I'll tell thee one or two things, which I hope will engage thy Curioſity to come to Town —— there is lately a Prize of *French* Wine taken, which I know where to carry thee to the drinking of, and next —— Mrs. *Britain* has got a ſet of new Faces, Plump, Beautiful, and freſh as a Roſe in *June*, as ſoon as the Sun has kiſs'd the Dew from it, therefore if thou intendeſt to have thy ſhare of either, take Poſt, leave thy *ill ſhap'd gravity* behind thee, and aſſume the old Jovial Humour, and then fly to thy Friend and

Humble Servant,

R. Wilſon.

We all confeſt there was ſomething glittering, and taking in this Letter, that it was writ with a free air, and ſome Sparkles *of a good Genius, but* ſaid Mr. Grave, *I am of opinion that Wit conſiſts no more in rediculing the Clergy, and laughing at Religion; than Religion does in a ſtarch'd Face, a forc'd Gogle at Church, a Tone through the Noſe, and perpetual tizing of every Company with the Myſteries of Faith, or a Map of the Kingdom of the Devil. Methinks,* (perſued Mr. Winter) *if he had been a Man of true*

Reaſon

Reason that had writ it, he would not have inclined to the weaker side, ev'n according to the stress of his own Argument; for all his Letter seems to aim at the establishing the uncertainty of Religious affairs, but takes it for granted, there is a greater certainty in the course he follows, tho' without Proof, therefore for all he has said what he prefers is fully as uncertain as the other, and Reason obliges her followers in things equally uncertain to lean to the safer side, now 'tis agreed even by them, that if this which Religion commands and teaches, should be true, they are in none of the most pleasant conditions; if not, they can only say, 't's an Error of less fatal consequence, and that is, the loss of such Pleasures, which have generally a pain, Repentance and Punishment that attends them. An Atheist, I mean such as pass for such (said Fountain) *is so far from being a Man of Sense, that he is a meer Idiot, for either he believes a God, or he does not, if he do, he must be something more than foolish to imagin that God has no Worship, and if he have a Worship, it may be that which he Ridicules for all that he knows, and therefore not to be ridiculed by him, without the highest madness in the World, for if running against the Mouth of a Cannon when 'tis let off, merit that Name, much more does that of giving fire to the wrath of God, which must be pointed against his own Bosom with greater certainty of Death, and less probability of Escape than the other.*

But if he believe there is no God, he is still more out of his wits, for by what means does he imagine this World he lives and enjoys, came to be made? If by another Being, that must be God, if from it self it must be Eternal, which is impossible; for that which is subject to change, will in time decay, and that which has Generation must have

Corrup-

Corruption: *If by chance, what is this chance? Is it a Spirit, a body, or nothing but an empty Word, or Notion? If it be a Spirit, it must have the Attributes of a Deity, and consequently the Worship. If a Body, they would do well to shew us the place of its abode, and its dimensions, which was capable of working such a great Work; if nothing, out of nothing, nothing is made, and by nothing, nothing can be made; but it would be endless to run through all that might be said on this Subject, especially since I am convinc'd, there is no Man living that does not really believe a Deity,* Theodorus *one of the first that set up for an Atheist, convinc'd us at his death, he had only endeavour'd not to believe one, and the same may be said of all others of that Principle, they will once betray themselves to have been the most foolish of Hypocrites, in pretending to be greater* Devotes *to the Devil than they really were.*

Nay (said River) *he is not a Man of Honour, for he turns the Sword that is presented him on the breast of him that gave it, and that only for the benefit received; we call him a Rascal that speaks ill of his Benefactor behind his Back, but he is something more that shall affront him to his face, and that without any cause.*

More than that (pursued Brook) *he is a Coward too, and the most foolish of Cowards, who knows he dare not justify his Actions, and yet shall when he thinks himself secure, abuse the Being he trembles at the thought of. I know not* (said Summer) *but I confess, I think it more Wit, and Reason not to be sawcy with Divinity, since 'tis worse than jesting with edge Tools. The Wit indeed,* (pursued Mr. Church) *is like that of a Lampooner of Kings, or the ingenuity of a Clipper, and Coiner, Pillory and Death are all their Rewards;*

I love

I love not an unprofitable danger, nor do I believe in other Matters, Courage conſiſts in Picking of Quarrels, or being in t'ry Broil, to convince the Town, I'm ſo great a Coxcomb, I care not a fig for my Life, tho' I know not the Conſequence of my Death, that is in plain Engliſh, that I am an inconſidering thoughtleſs Animal. Nay 'tis a greater madneſs (continu'd Mr. Temple) *for here the beſt Swords Man will make little advantage of his Art, ſince he fences with an Almighty, whoſe word is death and Life. His Fencing might preſerve him* (ſaid Mr. Chappel) *in his cauſeleſs Rancounters, but—a Clap of Thunder will drown all his Bullying Oaths, and cruſh him in a moment. For my part* (concluded *I*) *I am of opinion if theſe ſort of Prophanneſſes are indications of wit, every Fool may be ſo at the expence of God Almighty, and I think this Letter like the reſt of the Diſcourſes of this Nature, is beholding to a little pert jingle of Words, flaſhy, and poſitive Aſſertions, with a rambling kind of Mirth to make the inſipidneſs, and ſterility of the Reaſon paſs; in this Letter he ſeems to aim at* Self Preſervation, *and yet takes the ſure Path to deſtruction, in Body, Soul, and Eſtate.*

LETTER

LETTER II.

From a ſurley Miſanthrope, *who ſpeaks ill of all Mankind, and of every thing, 'twas directed thus, To Mr.* Hawks *at Mr.* Smith's *Houſe near* Rye, Kent.

DICK,

I Writ to thee laſt Poſt to get all things in order againſt my coming down, that I might have ſome eaſe at home, who have met with none here in this damn'd Town, which is ſo thwack'd with Follies, that 'tis enough to make one out of love with Mankind I can't ſtir along the Streets but I meet with a hundred things that give me a great deal of diſturbance; here one recommends this Book to me to read, tho' the Sott never read farther then the Title Page, praiſing it upon truſt, becauſe a Block-head of his own acquaintance is the Author; another will needs have me divert my ſelf with that Play, tho' he never underſtood the difference betwixt *Ben. Johnſon* and *Fletcher*; a third to appear a Schollar, prefers this Syſtem of *Phyloſophy* to my ſtudy, tho' the Ignorant Booby never read one ſyllable of *Logic*. I meet with one, and he pulls his Hat off to me to the ground, tho' I never ſaw him but once in a *Coffee-houſe*, and then he only aſkd me *what it was a Clock*, another Cries he's my humble Servant, when I'm ſure the Rogue won'd not lend me ſix pence; a third won'd needs borrow

borrow a Guinea of me, as if I had been his Friend, or he mine: One asks me to go to this Tavern, and ſwears there's incomparable Wine, tho' he knows my Palate no more than my Religion; another wou'd hawl me to that Farce tho' he knows nor whether I have mirth enough to endure a good Comedy; a third wou'd drag me into this Bawdy-houſe, (tho' one can't lodge out of one in *London*) and vows there's the prettyeſt Rogue in the World, when ſhe's a damn'd rotten pockify'd Whore, with a Tauney face daub'd over thicker with Paint than her ſkeleton Carc ſs with Fleſh, with a flat *African* Noſe, a Wide Mouth, a Piggs Eye, and a ſtinking Breath. This old gouty Fellow will needs have me to this Church, becauſe ſuch a Doctor holds forth, without conſulting my Opinion, or the preſent ſtate of my Devotion, which, for all that he knows, is not enough to keep me awake till prayer's done, and from Snoring in the face and to the Scandal of the whole Congregation. Thus I'm plagu'd if I ſtir out, and at my Lodging I have nothing to do but to Eat, Sleep, and Read, the firſt I want Stomack to, becauſe I want my Country Recreation to divert me and to prepare my Appetite; the ſecond the ratling, and perpetual hurry of the Town deny me; and the third is almoſt as bad, for I'm oblig'd to read nothing but Latin, ſo that if I were to ſtay here long, I ſhou'd forget my Mother Tongue, in which there is nothing writ now, but *Farces*, *Mercuries*, *Journals*, *Obſervators*, and *Gazets*, except the *Plain dealer*, and that Play I don't like becauſe *Manly*'s ſuch a *Fool* to believe any Man his Friend; for I truſt no man, nor believe any one, but ſuch as I know will ſin againſt their Intereſt, to lie, or betray me; I make none my Friends

but

but such as thee, who have a dependance on me, and who lose their lively-hoods by being Fools and Rascals; bieng thus therefore Fatigu'd abroad, and tir'd at home, I'm resolv'd for the Country by the next Week. Deliver the inclosed to Mrs. *Widdl*, with all the privacy you can;

Your kind Master,

J. SMITH.

The Inclosed.

Madam,

I Met your Husband in Town yesterday, with whom I drank two Bottles of Wine, and made him drunk; in his Liquor he was wondrous kind (as indeed he is always to me) and told me, he intended to stay this month here; this has made me resolve to hasten my Journy to you, that we may all that while enjoy an uninterrupted course of Love, and Joys, which you can best give, and I receive; who am Madam, your humble Servant,

J. SMITH.

I find, (said Temple,) *tho he be so severe upon the Men, he has a Fellow-feeling for the Fair Sex; ay for one of the Country* (said *Winter*) *for you find he abhors a Town-Whore: that's because 'tis a simple sin here* (pursued Chappel) *and he's for dealing in Adultery; his Neighbours Wife has more Charms in her awkard Garb, and her thousand Impertinencies,*

thencies, merely for that cause, than a young Well-Bred, and well dress'd Fornicatress here in Town. He sets up I find, for a hater of the Follies of the World (continued Grave) *like a great many others, and discovers himself guilty of the greatest; first of ignorance of himself, else he might find so much of Fool within, not to be so severe on the rest of the World, which is fully as Ridiculous as the Boy in the Fable, that laugh'd at the decrepidness of Old Age, without considering himself must come to the same, if he liv'd to be Old; 'tis but a mark of unaccountable Ill-nature, to condemn those Fooleries, whose generality gives one reason to imagine that there is something of necessity in them. The wisest Men of this World abound with Follies enough, he therefore that is learned in himself, will have but little reason to laugh at another. Besides this Gentleman has the least reason to dislike the rest of the World of any Man; because he is so plentifully furnished himself. First, he ought not to condemn any one for want of* Sincerity, *since he cajoles the Man he abuses, which is the basest of Treacheries, whith* Ovid *in the first Book of his* Art of Love, *condemns in this Distick.*

Tuta frequensq; via est per Amici fallere nomen.
Tuta frequensq; licet sit via, Crimen habet.

A Friend by specious Friendship to betray,
Is both a safe, and Common way;
Let it be safe, and common still for me,
I scorn will thrive by Treachery.

'Nay, it discovers less wit in cheating one 'that confides in us, than in over-reaching an 'Enemy, as is well observ'd in this Distick.

Fallitio

Fallere difficile eſt Inimicum, Amicus amicum
Fallere non Magno, Cyrne, labore poteſt.

'Tis a Difficult thing to deceive an Enemy, 'but for a Friend to deceive a Friend is no ſuch 'mighty matter.

"Next, he has no great ſhare of Morality in "injuring his Neighbour in the moſt irreparable "way in which he wrongs thoſe that are not "born, by palming a ſpurious Iſſue of his own "upon the Eſtate, and Family of another. Nor "is his Wiſdom very great, to truſt a Servant "in an Intrigue he would have ſecret, who up-"on leaving him, with diſguſt may diſcover all; "thus inſtead of avoiding that common abuſe "of a Friend, he makes his Servant his Ma-"ſter. Thus when we ſet up for ſingularity "inſtead of flying from common Follies, we "add only greater to the Number we had be-"fore; *Old Acaſto* in the Orphan ſaid very well of "theſe Sparks, *avoid the Man that's ſingular, his Brains unſound, his Spleen o're-weighs his Wit.* "Thou haſt made it evident (*ſaid Church*) ho-"neſt *Grave*, how eaſie 'tis to find fault, when "thou haſt already diſcover'd ſo many in this "Man, that ſets up I ſuppoſe for a Pattern "to the reſt of the World, for ſo he ought "to be that can reliſh nothing but himſelf; or "rather (*replied Brook*) how open does he lye "to Cenſure that gives himſelf the liberty of "cenſuring all others. Nay, he lays himſelf "the more open (*continued River*) by making "all mankind his Enemys, as he has declared "himſelf theirs, who elſe perhaps had let his "Follies paſs in the heap. A great many

" that I know (*said Fountain*) believe it a great " demonstration of Wit to *find fault*; and I " remember, reading a Book writ by one that " professes himself a severe Critick on others, " I found not a few Absurdities in his perfor- " mance, but the Bookseller instructed by In- " terest, and zealous for his property, con- " demn'd me of Ignorance in finding fault with " that, which was approved by Mr. *such a one*, " whom nothing could please, taking that for " an infallible sign of the goodness of his Copy, " which I took for just the contrary, for those " that are so difficult to be pleased, commonly " admire the most silly trifles of all, as most " agreeable to their own Genius, as has appear'd, " whenever they have ventur'd to give the " World a view of their Performances. This " dislike of e'ry one else (*concluded I*) dis- " covers a great deal of vanity, and self-esteem, " which is the heighth of folly, according to " that Maxim of *Seneca*, *he that thinks himself* " *at the top of the Hill of Wisdom, is indeed in the* " *Abyss of Folly*, and he that is the wisest, " knows how little cause any man has to va- " lue himself upon his own particular Qualifi- " cations. And whereas this Gentleman ad- " mires the *Plain-dealer* so much, because he " imitates his Character so ill, I profess, I " more admire the good affable Humour of " the Author of it, who, tho he has so much " Wit, never calls any mans performances " dull.

LETTER

LETTER III.

From a mighty affecter of Similes to his Miſtreſs, 'Twas directed to Mrs. Mary Reding *at my La-dy———s Houſe near St.* James's, London.

Thou more Charming than Fame,

YOu may as ſoon think to make a Spaniel not fawn upon you by kicking him, a Bully not truckle to you by thraſhing him, or a Fool not careſs you for expoſing him, as me not to admire you for ſcorning me, and admiring you, adore you, and adoring you, love you, as much beyond meaſure, as a Gyants Coat is for a Pigmy; a large *Benefice* for an ignorant *Blockhead*; a good round Penſion for an Informer; a general Applauſe for a damn'd dull Farce; a Judges Robe for a Knaviſh Pettifogger; a Title of Honour for an *Aſſatian* ſpunger; or a Generals Commiſſion for a Page that was ſcarce ever a mile from his Ladies back-ſtairs. For I can no more refrain loving you with more ardor than a Quaker holds forth; or a Shopkeeper puts off his worſt Wares for his beſt, or a Parſon preaches againſt the ſin he would Monopolize, than a Green-ſickneſs Girl Chalk and Oatmeal; a damn'd Jilt a free-bleeding Cully; a Uſurer a young Heir apparent; or the Clergy Plu-

rallties. Nor would I have you conjecture, by my Faith, that I ſhall prove a lazy Lover, for aſſure your ſelf I'll be as gameſome as a Sparrow; as Amorous as an *Indian Bore* (and that without the help of *Cantharides*, or an old letcher in a flogging Bawdy-House. I'll be as playfull as a Kiten, or my Ladies young Lap-dog, or pretty Miſſes in the Nurſery, or—or--or--or,——. By my faith, now I think on't, I'll tell you a ſtory. You muſt know that it was once the cuſtom among the Matrons of Antiquity, as often as they ſpy'd a Candle in a Chimny Corner, to ſay, *God give us light everlaſting*, among the reſt there happened a venerable old Gentlewoman of a certain Village to come into her Neighbours Houſe, and ſpying a brave roaſting fire, Noſe high (the Nocturnal elucubrations of the good man of the Houſe) that ſhe might not be thought to fall ſhort of the exemplar piety of the reſt of her Acquaintance, cry'd out, *God ſend us fire everlaſting*. Now, that I may ſave you the labour of gueſſing, I'll tell you the meaning of it my ſelf, therefore thou muſt know thou more charming than a Smile, more diverting than a Hecatomb of pretty Stories, and ſweeter than my own ſtile. You muſt know, I ſay, thou Lilly of the Vallies, (and oh that I was in the Valley of thy Lillies, but thereby hangs a Tale) you muſt underſtand, I ſay once more my *Phillis*, my *Amarillis*, my *Dido*, my *Andromache*, my *Cleopatra*, you muſt know, I ſay finally, and underſtand and conceive, that I wiſh we may have fire Everlaſting, I mean the fire of Love. But to conclude where I would have no end, I ſubſcribe my ſelf thy very

Faithful humble Servant, Richard Maiſe.

We

'We were all pleas'd with the extravagance of the humour (tho' none of us 'knew at what the Letter aim'd. This is 'the product of some unfledg'd Student (said *I*) of 'the Universities, or Inns of Court, or some 'raw callow Cit (*said River*) who not content 'with being a proficient in his Trade, sets up 'for a singularity of Wit. I rather think '(*pursued Chappel*) 'tis some young Author, who 'is more in love with himself than his Mi'stress, and therefore thinks the highest com'plement he can make her, is to tell her, she's 'sweeter than his own Stile. Let him be 'what he will I am sure (said *Grave*) he's 'a *Coxcomb*, if he could pen that Letter with 'any Opinion of a serious performance, and 'if he have no more judgment in his works, 'he's but a meer *simile* Monger at best, and 'his Wit lies in a Habit, and Jingle, without 'any design. Oh (*said Fountain*) there are abun'dance of our modern Authors, who labour 'with Mr. *Bays's* Distemper of forgetting the 'Plott or design of what they write. And yet '(*said Temple*) their idle productions shall sell a'mong the best! But with the same Fate (pur'sued *Church*) with some of the *French* Scribblers 'mention'd by *Boileau*, who, tho' they were migh'tily admir'd and bought up at first, yet they 'have lived to see themselves, and their Works 'forgot. This Letter (said *Brook*) shews that 'the force of Affectation draws a Veil before 'the Judgment, which else would govern Fancy 'according to Sense, and Reason. True (*said 'Summer*) Similes indeed, as Mr. *Dryden* observes, 'are the products of a Luxuriant Fancy, but 'this Author seems like Weeds, to be wholly

'over-run with it. This is the more pardonable Affectation (*concluded Winter*) becauſe the 'ſhorter, but ſome will continue the extravagance to the extent of a Volume, without a'ny ſatisfaction to the mind of the Reader, 'who can never be content with a meer laugh'ter at folly for ſo long a time.'

LETTER IV.

From a young Son of the Muſes at the Univerſity, with Verſes of his own Production, according to the Method laid down in a Book, entituled, Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant, *'twas thus directed. To the Ingenious Author of the* Gentlemans Journal, *to be left for him at the Latin Coffee-Houſe in* Ave Mary Lane, London, *with great care and ſpeed.*

'*Moſt Ingenious Sir,*

'Among the great number of your Admirers of both Sexes, and Univerſities, which 'urely are the moſt able Judges of Wit, as

Mr.

Mr. *Langbain* very well obſerves, I have the extream vanity to boaſt my ſelf the greateſt. You preſent us every Month with ſo much variety of Wit, that as the deſign was admirable, ſo the performance appears not at all to come ſhort of it. Not that I think my judgment in your favour will make you vain, for a Man of ſo much ſenſe can never be infected with ſo ſignal an overſight. tho' without Arrogance, I can ſay my opinion is not deſpiſed by the moſt topping Witts, not only of our College, *but alſo* of the whole Univerſity; the trifles I have attempted, have pleas'd here much beyond their deſert, which makes me preſume to offer ſome of the beſt of my endeavours to you, and ſhall be extravagantly proud, if they receive ſo favourable a judgment from you, as to be admitted into your Journal. My modeſty has made me defer ſending them till now, but ſome particular reaſons prevailing over that Virtue (which indeed is my fault) I have, after a ſevere peruſal ſent them to you, and tho' I cannot ſee any great Errors in them, yet ſince 'tis poſſible I may be thought too fond, and indulgent a Father of my own Off-ſpring, I entirely ſubmit it to your Judgment, and Correction, which I have ſome hopes will do me juſtice; I have therefore incloſ'd in this Letter, two Riddles, (which ſort of Enigmatick writing as it pleaſes the witty part of this Age, ſo I admire it above all but Love Verſes) and a copy of love Verſes which I have compos'd according to the Rules and Examples of that extraordinary Author, commended ſo much by an unknown hand in one of your Journals. And I muſt be bold to teſtify the good effects of his Pre-

cepts in me; for often reading *Waller* and *Cowley*, and still attempting an Imitation of them, I prov'd continually successless; I'm sure I was really in Love, and yet I could not think as they did, which made me conclude (especially when I had seen this incomparable Book, which I think the finest thing that has been published in our Language, as a great Judge and Critic observ'd at the Booksellers Shop) that these thoughts could not be really the effects of Love, since the same cause must have the same effect; and if I durst say it without the imputation of vanity, I should think this discovery made by this Author, was in the very same manner; this I should not presume to say, if I had not found an extream Sympathy betwixt our Judgments; I have taken care to avoid similes, conceits, and shining points, which I did with the more ease, because they are not obtained without difficulty. I'll begin with my Riddles, which according to the Nature of the thing, I have couch'd in a familiar phrase, tho' I leave it to your improvement, who am your most

Humble Servant,

J. B.

Coll.

Coll. Magd. Oxon. June, 1692.

The RIDDLE.

RIddle my Riddle, my ree,
And tell me what my Riddle shall be;
Long white and slender,
Tickles Maids where they are tender;
Lyes where Hair grows,
And hath long slit under the Nose.

Second RIDLE.

COme up, come over, come under,
I'll make thee believe I'll kill thee;
I'll put that that's thine
Into mine,
And make thy Tail waggle behind thee.

I'll inform you what these two Riddles mean; for tho' they seem a little Roguish, the first is only a *Bodkin*, and the second the *Milking of a Cow*.

An ELEGY upon the Power of a Fiddle, to his Mistress,

In imitation of the fourth Copy of Verses in a Book call'd, *Letters, and Poems, Amorous and Gallant.*

WHile those bright Eyes what e're they please can do,
Nothing shou'd make them twinkle but a Fiddle;

What

What Youth so bold the Conquest e're to think of?
Tho' to your Health he durst whole Gallons drink off.
What Wealth so great to purchase such soft Bubbies?
Sices *are dirt,* Georges *themselves but* Boobys.
To none but Fiddle, that Privilédge Oh *grant,*
Which can return your Love, with a Corant:
Riches and Titles after Life can't tarry,
Nay, ev'n in Life alone, can't make you merry.
Fiddle can give you Mirth, 'tis Sorrows Salve too,
And after Death can play you to the Grave too;
Embalm'd with Fiddle within your Amber *Tomb-stone,*
You'll last immortal Mummy till a day of Doom's come.
Fiddlers (like Conjurers in a Lapland Cell,
Restrain'd by nothing but their mighty Will.)
Can here make Ladies frisk, there dance a Jigg,
And as they please, make each a whirly Gigg.
In vain sage Rats, in that fame German Village,
Skulk into holes with Bread, and Cheese, their Pillage.
If still Crowdero *with his treacherous Fiddle,*
Can make them all like Fools dance into th' middle,
Of murd'ring Pond, and punish those that did ill.
* *Oh have a care then, for her, that me contemns,*
I vow, and swear, I'll Fiddle into the Thems.
But do not think I love you less for this,
For ah! me! ah me! ah me! I long to Kiss,
You behind rather then not at all, but ah that I
(cou'd your Phiz.

* I thought good to add this beyond what the ingenious Author I imitate, has said; for he only in a kind of *Innuendo* threatens her, to make her pass for a Whore, as *Virgil* did *Dido*, if she yielded not to him; but I know Plain Dealing in love was most natural, and therefore have spoke it out in plain English what she has to trust to, if she slights my Love: Besides, I know most of the Young Gentlewomen about *Oxford*, had rather be Lam-

Lampoon'd than kill'd; so that I drew my Argument *à fortiore*, and have, I hope, out-done my Original.

The last line but one, Sir, I think is a Masterpiece of Love; for nothing can be more passionate than Ah me! 'tis a Sigh fetch'd from the bottom of the heart, which being repeated, still doubles the force of it: And then the last line is a great indication of an humble Lover, that wou'd be content with any favour, and 'tis always after a Rant in Love, necessary and natural that you fall into a Calm; and when you have huff'd you must beg a Favour, as this ingenious Author does, whom I have chose for my Pattern. I wou'd not imitate the rest of this Copy of Verses of this incomparable Author, because methinks he has deviated from the Rules he prescribes, in concluding with such a long Simile, which shews, he had not much love, that cou'd exemplify so much on the Sun, and Sun beams. But I can easily pardon that oversight in him, since 'tis a common Fault of great Criticks never to come up to the incomparable Rules they set down, as if like Kings they were Laws made for us, not themselves. If this please you, you may assure your self of more, and also of the Name of him, that till then desires to remain

Your unknown Servant.

'I'm sure (said Grave) the Author of the *Gentleman's Journal* wou'd not have been brib'd by all these 'strain'd Compliments to insert such stuff as this? 'No, no, (return'd *Temple*) he has more sense than 'to return the Civility, which self-interest dic-'tates, at the expence of his Reputation. He's

'us'd

'us'd to these Complements from the Univer-
'sities, and Inns of Court, so that this wou'd have
'been no more than what he receives e'ry day,
'and of very little influence with him. This
'Spark wou'd have one believe he has a great
'deal of Modesty, tho' his Vanity appears in e'ry
'line; the whole being a praise of himself; for
'he gives not those sugar words to the Gentle-
'man he writes to, but to bribe him to a return.
'One thing I must remark, for judging of the
'unnaturalness of *Cowley* and *Waller's* thoughts by
'what he found in himself when in love, he con-
'cludes them in the wrong, because his thoughts
'reach'd not up to theirs; for says he, The same
'cause will have the same effect, in which he's
'much mistaken: For if the Matter be chang'd,
'the effect may prove quite contrary; for beating
'with a Hammer, will form Metal into curi-
'ous Figures, but break Stone or Glass all to pie-
'ces. I know not what you may think, Gentle-
'men, (interrupted *Chappel*) but I am of Opini-
'on, this Letter is only a Banter, and writ with
'a design to Satyrize those young Fops of the
'University, whose Letters on such accounts, he
'must needs have seen; and upon this new sort
'of Wit, call'd *Enigma's*, which is in plain Eng-
'lish a *Riddle*, the diversion of School-boys, and
'Greensickness-Girls, in a Chimny-corner, in the
'Winter-nights in a Country-Village; so we im-
'prove in the Kingdom of Witt, and Learning,
'that we shall, I believe, next come to Capping
'of Verses in Print, or some witty Dutch inven-
'tion. This Elegy is an excellent *Burlesque* up-
'on that Author, who has set up for a Refor-
'mer of our Modern Love Poems, as you may
'observe, if you will compare 'em. I have the
'Book in my Pocket, it being forc'd upon me
'yesterday

'yesterday by a Friend of the Booksellers: I'll 'read the Original, do you (*Church*) read the 'Copy.

ELEGY

The Power of Verse to his Mistress.

While those bright eyes subdue what e're you will,
And as you please can either save or kill;
What Youth so bold the Conquest to design?
*What Wealth so great to purchase * hearts like thine?*
None but the Muse that priviledge can claim,
And what you give in love return in Fame.
Riches and Titles with your Life must end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in Life your Fame defend:
Verse can give form; can fading Beauty save,
And after death redeem 'em from the Grave;
Embalm'd in Verse, though distant times they come,
(*) *Preserv'd like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.*

* It ought (said *Chappel*) to have been *a heart like thine*, else it seems there might be wealth great enough to purchase her heart, being but one, tho not enough to purchase more of the same value.

(*) Of all the sweet meats in the World (interrupted *Summer*) I hate preserv'd Bees, in his Preface (for I have read his Books) he's against far fetch'd Similes, and here he has got one, that agrees in nothing with the thing he applies it to, first they are embalmed like Bees, then

then preserv'd like 'em in an Amber Tomb. I never knew of any Bees preserv'd in a Tomb, unless in this new model'd Poetry, A Hive and a Tomb be all one. I think the *Oxonian* has extreamly mended this,

Embalm'd with Fiddle within your Amber Tomb-Stone,
You'll last immortal Mummy till day of Doom's come.

Prithee Summer (*reply'd* Chappel) *don't interrupt us, for as soon as we have done, you shall be free to make your Observations.*

Poets like Monarchs on an Eastern throne,
Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone.
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And as they please, give Infamy or fame.
(*) In vain the Tyrian Queen resigns her life,
For the bright Glory of a spotless Wife.

(*) *Nay, there* (interrupted *Fountain*) *the Argument he brings, destroys the proof he brings it for, since 'tis evident by his Verse, that* Dido's *Virtue lives even to our time, for about two thousand six hundred and twelve years, in spight of* Virgils *Endeavours to sacrifice her Reputation to the Honour of his Hero, and his Mistress might well answer she had little cause to fear his Poetry, if the Prince of Poets could do no more toward the defaming of a Woman. Nay,* (*said* Winter) *if one must needs threaten ones Mistress, I think the Oxonian much more in the right on't, his Example being less to be excepted against, for tho' some Authors will have it, that this was a Piper, yet they differ, others affirming him to have been a Fidler. Nay then* (*said* Chappel) *we have done* (*for all this while* Chappel *read the Authors Lines, and* Church

read

read the Oxonians) *and therefore I'll clap up my Original piece of Poetry. And I'll lay aside (said* Church) *my University Comment. How different (said I) is this Argument handled by* Ovid *in his third Book of his Art of Love, from whence he seems to have borrow'd the hint,* Ovid *in his* de Triſtibus, and de Ponto, *has more on the same Subject, tho he profeſſes ſuch a value for the Antients in his Art of Love. It begins,*

Carmina qui facimus mittamus Carmina tantum,
Hic Chorus ante Alios aptus amare ſumus.

Here ignorant Ovid *uſes no threats, nor Examples that may intimate that Poets are Lyars (a ſtrong Argument that the fair ought to love them) he only tells how many have got a name by loving of Poets.*

Nos facimus placitæ latè præconia formæ,
Nomen habet Nemeſis; *Cynthia* nomen habet.
Veſper, & Eoæ novere Lycorida terræ
Et multi quæ ſit noſtra Corinna rogant.

That is in honeſt Proſe, we celebrate the fair, and ſpread their fame, witneſs Nemeſis, Cynthia, Lycoris, *and* Corinna. *Ovid ſtops not here but urges another Argument, why the Sex ſhould rather love a Poet, than an other.*

Adde quod inſidiæ ſacris à vatibus abſunt, *&c.*

That is, Add that the ſacred Poets are free from baſe Deſigns, *&c. and thence proceeds to prove, that they are beſt qualifyed for Lovers,*

who e

whose desires are not divided like other Mens betwixt Ambition and Covetousness: He urges too as a proof of this the Constancy of a Man of Sense, or Poet (which this Author in one of his Letters condemns.)

Sed facile hæremus Validoque perurimur igne,
Et nimium certa scimus amare fide.

That is, we are soon wounded with a beauteous Face, and our Flames are more violent, and lasting, than those of other Men; and after this he passes to the other forces of Verse; but here we have a great many Verses, and little to the purpose.

LETTER

LETTER V.

From a Gentleman of the Univerſity to his Friend in Town, to know whether he ought according to the Rules of Honour, fight a Man for a certain Affront receiv'd. It was directed thus,—To Mr. River, *to be left at the Widdows Coffee-houſe without* Temple-Bar, *deliver with care and ſpeed,* London.

HOw, to me (ſaid River, *and would have ſnatch'd away the Letter*) hold there, ſweet Sir, (ſaid Temple, *putting him by*) none of us muſt not be exempt from the Law we have impoſed upon the reſt of the Nation, all that's here is publick prize, and all ſecrets muſt out, Gad, for all that I know, I may have two or three here my ſelf, ſo that I oblige you to no other Rule than what I'll ſubmit to. I'll not be the only exception (ſaid River, *and ſmil'd*) to ſo general a Rule.

Dear RIVER, *Chr. Oxon, June,* 1692.

OUr mutual Friendſhip makes me trouble thee with the leaſt Accidents of my Life, elſe methinks I ſhou'd wrong you in robbing you of the ſhare you challenge in all I do or ſuffer; this has made me acquaint you with an Adventure I met with to'ther day at my Uncles, where I found a certain Man of the Blade of *London*, with whom falling into diſpute about King *Charles* the Firſt, being pretty well vers'd in *Rushworth's Collections*, he preſum'd to tell me, I was *Impertinent*; I reſented the Affront then, but the

the Company appeas'd me, and indeed I thought my Uncles House no proper place to quarrel with his Acquaintance in: I therefore defer'd it till I met him at *Oxford*, whither I understood he design'd in a few days. I desire you therefore (who, I know, are perfectly skill'd in all the points of Honour, and in e'ry thing that is the Duty of a Gentleman) to send me your Opinion, whether I ought to fight him, or let it die: I know you wou'd not have me engage in a ridiculous Quarrel, nor suffer any thing that may injure my Reputation. You have the Authority of a Father, or what's more, of a Friend over me: I therefore desire your immediate Answer; who am

Your real faithful Friend,

C. RICHARDSON.

'Had I receiv'd this in private, I shou'd have 'communicated it to you (said *River*) for 'tis from 'a pretty ingenuous Youth I value, and esteem, as 'he indeed deserves, and whom I desire shou'd 'have as tender a value as he ought for his Re'putation without a ridiculous Niceness, and (as 'he says) I wou'd have him avoid the Extreams of 'Cowardize, and Bullying. But I'll first have 'your Opinions before I write an Answer. To 'me (said *Temple*) upon a serious Reflection, the 'whole business seems very ridiculous to put 'ones self upon an equal (nay, perhaps a much 'greater) hazard with the man, that has injur'd 'me; whereas in reason, I ought to punish his 'Offence with hazard to him alone, that was guil'ty, else I only add an Injury to my self, to 'that I have receiv'd from another; and in this 'I think the *Spaniard*, and *Italian* more rational, 'for a rascally Offence (and such is e'ry design'd 'Affront, as much below a man of honour to

'give

'give as to take) ought to be punisht by a Ras-
'cal, not a Gentleman, that pretends to any thing
'above a Hang-man. For this Custom, and No-
'tion of Honour sets up a private Tribunal of Life
'and Death in ev'ry man's Bosom, who, when
'he's satisfy'd of anothers Offence, as he has
'been the judge, will be the Executioner, and
'that, as if fond of Ignominy, with the risque
'of his own Life. But how can that (said I)
'be the Arbitration of Courage (for so is Tilting
'esteem'd) where a Coward that is perfect in his
'Sword, shall, ten to one, kill the stoutest Hero;
'or an arbitration of the Justice of a Cause,
'where the decision lyes upon the skill of the par-
'ties Engag'd; and where the Injur'd may fall,
'and the Injurer triumph in a second Offence
'of a far higher nature than the first, and that
'with the consent of the party wrong'd. If your
'Friend (said *Winter*) be not expert at his Wea-
'pon (a Colledge improving a man in Books, not
'Swords) 'tis not courage, but madness, tho' he
'receiv'd the Affront, to venture a Tilt with
'him, whose Trade it has been; that being to
'run upon certain Death without any prospect
'of Advantage, contributing more to his enemies
'than his own satisfaction. In such a case (said
'*Chappel*) I think a man had better imitate a
'Doctor of Physick of my Acquaintance, who
'meeting one that had a Pique against him on
'the Back-stairs at *White-hall*, with a great deal
'of patience let him give him the Lye; a Lord
'that follow'd him, ask'd him why he took the
'Lye: No, my Lord, said he, he wou'd indeed
'have fasten'd it upon me, but I wou'd not take
'it. The Doctor (said *Summer*) was in the right
'on't, I think, being better skill'd doubtless, in
'*Recipes*, than *Ters* and *Quart*; for a man in those

'Circum-

'Circumstances may with as much Honour (if Honour be not repugnant to Reason, and common Sense) refuse the Combate, as avoid engaging with half a dozen men at a time, the odds in this being greater. If I have a right Notion of Honour (said *Church*) it consists as much in not offering, as not suffering a base Action: But drawing upon a naked man is the meanest and basest of Actions, and to draw on him that is not skill'd in a Sword, which then can be no defence to him, is to draw upon one unarm'd. Nay, more than that, (said *Brook*) a man of Honour ought not only to be free from Villany, but also from the suspition of it, which he can never be, if he takes those measures for the satisfaction of his Honour, by which in reality, he may deserve rather the name of a Bravo, than that of a Hero, for engaging with a man less skill'd than my self, is not a jot better than assassinating him, which I take to be the Office of a Coward, and a Ruffian, not of a man of Honour, and Courage: And yet this is unavoidable in Duelling; so that I think 'tis far from being a proper Umpire of Honour or Courage. Come, come (said *Fountain*) you may talk as you please of the Reason of the thing, but I'm sure custom will over-weigh all your Reasons, and decide the business against you. 'Tis true, faith (said *Grave*) *Custom*, that senseless Refuge of non-plus'd Fools, will carry it, and the men of Reason must either be born down the Tide of that, or be pisst on by every Jackanapes; but if there were but half so many men of sense as there are Fools, there would be no such wretched Plea; for the most irrational of our Actions, for as *Knaves* have the great-

'est

eſt ſhare of managing, if not making Laws, ſo have *Fools* in forming Cuſtoms. But methinks now Tilting is become the Practice of Players, and Citts upon their ſcandalous Quarrels; 'tis time for Gentlemen to leave it off, as the Ladies formerly left of Mants, becauſe every Chamber-maid got into them.

"But as for your Friend *River*, I think the "firſt occaſion being over, and the cauſe of "Quarrelling ſo trifling, his skill in fencing (I "ſuppoſe) not extraordinary, he may'n drown "the memory of it in the Ocean of *Ariſtotle*, "or the World of *Deſcartes*, or the Morals of "*Plutarch*, or *Seneca*; let him give himſelf to think-"ing whilſt he may, and he'll meet with occa-"ſions enough to ſhew his courage, when he "comes to ſhare in the thoughtleſs Broils of "this Town. Upon the whole, Gentlemen, "(concluded *River*) I find my Friend muſt keep "his Dudgeon ſtill in its Caſe; and I agree with "you, tho I have known one *Dear Careſſing*, "Drinking Friend cut anothers throat, upon as "ſlight a matter.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From an Author to his Friend that had condemn'd ſome of his performances, it was directed to Mr. Roberts *at the Sign of the three* Tobacco-pipes *in* Drury Lane.

Dear Jack, *Tunbridge, June* 1692.

I Muſt confeſs I wonder'd at your late ſtrangeneſs, in not coming to ſee me, when I was nearer the Town, but I could nor think it the conſequence of your guilt, as I am now apt to believe it was, being inform'd that you are very free in your Cenſures of my laſt Play. I can ſcarce imagine you can betray your Folly ſo much as to condemn that, which I am ſure merits your praiſe: I think without vanity, I may ſay ſo, ſince the Town by the ſucceſs of my attempts that way, has allowed my judgment in writing: My Reputation is too well ſetled for the malice of my Enemies to deſtroy, I know ſome are not a little diſquieted at the fame I have got, but I value not their Efforts. I would have you keep me your Friend, as I yet am, tho

Injured, W. M.

This

'This is but a conciſe product of Vanity, '(ſaid *Chappel*) the epidemic diſtemper of Au-'thors, moſt of whoſe happineſs conſiſts in ha-'ving a good eſteem of their own performan-'ces, from the Laureat to Penny Chronicler. 'I know the hand and the Author too (pur-'ſued *Fountain*) and can aſſure you, his Diſ-'courſe always agrees with this Letter, eſpe-'cially ſince ſome ſucceſs he has met with in 'a Dialogue of his Writing, hath nothing but 'Affectation and Vanity. I muſt ſay this (ſaid '*Winter*) in his Vindication (for his hand and 'ſtile muſt diſcover him to all this company 'I'm ſure) that his Vanity is excuſable, ſince 'he meets with ſo many Flatterers, that it is 'hard for him to think he has not a great deal 'of deſert. True (ſaid *Church*) the modeſteſt 'man in the World cannot be ſo good proof 'againſt *Self-eſteem*, as not to entertain a favour-'able Opinion of himſelf, when the World ap-'plauds his performance. Nay, I know a Gentle-'man (ſaid *Temple*) that pretends to, and has 'I believe, as much modeſty as any Author, 'who tho he will never ſpeak in commendati-'on of himſelf, ſhall yet with no little ardour 'and diſturbance undertake a Defence of what 'he writes, if any one in his company chance 'to cavil at it. Vanity (ſaid *Brook*) is ſo ge-neral a failing, that I am of opinion, 'tis eſ-ſential to our nature; every man being infect-ed with it as well as Authors, only ſome have the advantage of hiding it better than others. I confeſs (ſaid I) we ſeem ev'n in our con-demnation of this Author, to diſcover our ſelves tainted with the ſame we ac-cuſe in him, and that without the Tempta-tion of the deference the Town, ſhews to

'his Parts. We discover no more (pursued *Summer*) than the Conversation of the World 'does tolerate, which always makes bold with 'the absent; the Follies of all men, except those of the present company, afford 'wonder, and laughter, but those are plac'd too 'nigh to be distinguish'd. They that can only 'see their own Defects (said *River*) I fancy not 'unlike the pur-blind, that can only read when 'the Book almost touches the Eye. I'm very 'confident (concluded *Grave*) we shew no great 'Arrogance, or Self-esteem in venturing to censure what is obvious to common sense, as the 'intollerable vanity of this Letter is, the over-'looking such gross Follies, in my opinion, gives 'a greater proof of our ignorance, than good 'Nature, or Wisdom.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From a Country Fellow, giving an account of London *to his Cousin in the Country. It was directed to* Thomas Stiles *at Master* Tomson's House *near* Taunton *in* Somerset-shire.

Cousin TOM, *Lond. June*, 1692.

HOping you are all well, as cham at this present Writing, thanks be to God; these are to let you know, that cham got zafe to *London* Zitty, where the Volk walk up and down e'ry day, thicker than at *Taunton* Vair, every door is a Zhop, zo that one wou'd strange that they cou'd live by one another, and yet they all go viner than the Justices Zon, and their Wives and Daughters, than the Daughters of the last Mayor of *Wells*, the Streets are all hung as thick as e're they can thwack with Zigns, the worst ov'e 'em viner than Master *Kilderins* at the *George* a Horse-back. Then there's zuch a din night and day, that the Noise *John Tabour* the Drummer of the Train'd-Bonds made, when he beat a point of War last *whitsand-ale* at Gonner *Zoules's*, was nothing to't. You may zooner hear zoftly *Dick* the Miller make love to

Joan Black Arse juſt by the binn, Voor all the Clapper, than hear one another ſpeak here; tho we ſtoud cloſe together; nay, by all the vleſh o've of my Bones, if *Zimon* the Cleark of our Pariſh were to give out a Zalm in one of the groet Streets here, with as tearing a voice as he does on a *Zunday* at Evening Prayer, after he has din'd at the Parſons on good Beef and Pudding, and Turkies, and Chickens, and ſuch ſpecial Vare, with a bouncing Grace-cup of humming Stout, at a little diſtance you'd zwear he did but wiſper. Chave vound my Londlords houſe at laſt, with much ado, but they zaid when Cha was come thither, that he was gone to the Change; Chad a mind to zee that zame place, zoo che went with my Londlords mon, who zhew'd me the woy, 'twas a hugeous vine place indeed, with a Steeple higher than any in *Zummerzet-ſhire*; but O Zoes, when Chad enter'd it, the mon ſtood thicker than they do at the choozing Knights of the Zheer; and there was zuch a buz, that if all the Bees in our Garden, nay, in all our Pariſh zhoud zwarm at a time they cou'd not make zuch a humming, we juſtl'd about zo from one to another, that in the throng Chad like to a bin loſt; therevore Che got my Londlords mon to zhow the way back to his Maſters Houſe, after my Londlord came home, Che paid him zome Rent, and you may tell *Zicily* Chave put off her two Braſs half Crowns, and twice as many ov'e my own. Theſe *Londoners* think themzelves woundy cunning, but chave chouc'd half a duzzen o've e'm vor all they gurn like your Maſters Mare, when the worſon Jade has a mind to play zome plaguy trick, to zee my Dreſs and Talk. My Londlord made me raize

my

my Rent, or a wou'd not zeal a new Leaſe; but Cha done him as good a turn, vor Chave got twice as good in lieu of the Rent, becauſe Chad witt to do't, in that he did not underſtond, and zo we were both pleaz'd, he in ſqueezing me, and che in over-reaching him. He zent his mon to zhew me the Town, and the virſt place we came into was a *Coffee-houſe* where volk give a penny for a ſpoonful of whot Broth, like the Liquer in a Tanning Vat; but then vor that penny, you zitt down among Gentlevolk, cheek by Joul: There were a groet many wiſe men in that *Coffee-houſe*, where che was, and che took 'em vor Magiſtrates, they talk'd zo o've Kings and Princes, and governing o've the Nation; but my Londlords mon told me, they were nothing but Shop-keepers, and Trades-men; one zaid he is a Turner, another a Joiner, the third a Carpenter, and zo nam'd half a ſcore zuch Ttades as we have in the Country: Odds zoes, che zaid, zure they have zome other way of teaching their Trades than we have, vor a great many o've zuch with us cou'd zcarce zay Boh to a Geuſe; vrom thence we went to the Play, which is indeed a groet deal better than a Cramming, or any zuch thing; but there was zuch a chattering about one that che cou'd not hear what they zaid that were upon the Stage, zo that che wiſh'd chad my Eighteenpence again: vor che did not think the Zight worth the mony: Chave zeen a great many vher zights: but upon the whole, cham o'th' mind, thou hadſt better keep whaure thee art, vor cham zure, thee cout not lye, zwear, or ſteal, and gadsbodikins, unleſs thou canſt

do twon ov'e 'em, thee mayst een blow thy Nails here. Cham thy loving Uncle,

OBADIAH WHEATSHEAR.

'*Winter* happened to read this, but cou'd make 'nothing of it. But *Chappel* being of that Coun'try, gave it a more natural Air on a secon'perusal, which furnished us with a great deal of 'mirth; and after that was over, I know no' (said *Temple*) what has engag'd your laughter 'Gentlemen, if it be the good grace of *Chap'pel* in his mimicking the Boors of his Coun'try; I agree with you, but if it be the fan'cy'd Folly of the Writer, I am much of a 'nother Opinion; for the oddness of the Lan'guage is not so self-ridiculous as custom per'suades: *Nay*, the truth on't is (pursued *Win'ter*) were his Language a little refin'd, the 'Fellow might pass for a Witt here in Town 'he's so well stor'd with Similes. No sai' (return'd *Church*) he won'd pass but for a Fo' 'here; for his Similes are natural, and to the 'purpose, whereas the Witts using them no' 'for illustration, but meer Trappings, neve' 'mind their impertinence. Nature is as fre' 'without doubt (said I) of her gift of Wi' 'to the Peasants, as to the loftyer part of 'Mankind, only they want the artificial Adva'tages of Education, and Conversation. There's 'nothing more evident from History, the great'est *Authomodoulet* or chief Minister of State of '*Persia*, was a Shepherd, and the Emperor *Justi*' 'a Labourer. We grant it endless (inter'rupted *Fountain*) to run through Histo' 'for all the proofs that affords of this, sinc'

'e'ry day we may obſerve in the Yeomanrys 'of the moſt barbarous Corners of the Nation 'good Natural Parts, which for want of a more 'generous Knowledge, are directed by the ge- 'neral Inſtinct of Self-Intereſt. Thus far the 'Writer of this Letter (ſaid *Sanmur*) is arriv'd, 'as you'll find by his Braſs Half Crowns, *&c.* 'And to ſay truth, I never knew it, but the 'Country Grey-Coat was in bargain, in Affairs 'they underſtood, too hard for the Cit. True '(continued *Grave*) but they may thank their 'ſelf-opinion, and their fancy, that becauſe the 'Clown is ignorant, he muſt be ſilly, and ho- 'neſt. For my part (purſu'd *River*) I can't 'think ignorance the mother of Honeſty any 'more than of Devotion, yet the Country by 'the fine Idea's the Poets have given of it 'carries the Bell of Innocence and Integrity 'from the Town. But (anſwered *Chappel*) *Low-* 'ly one of the greateſt Admirers of it, was at 'laſt convinc'd of his Error, when he found how 'e'ry one of them cheated, and abuſed him in his 'Hay, and ſuch other things he was not ſo well 'skill'd in. All that I ſhall obſerve (conclud- 'ed *Brook*) is, that like the reſt of mankind, 'his appearance, and reality, are not very well 'acquainted, having the Face of *Simplicity*, but 'the Heart of a Knave.

LETTER VIII.

From a Lover to a Lady who had fled from his Addresses into the Country, it was directed to Madam Price *in* Medstone *in* Kent, *with care deliver.*

Madam, *London, June the* 1692.

YOu need not have fled from me, since your command had been sufficient to have delivered you from the sight of so great a Wretch as I am, and damn'd me to a perpetual absence, tho you had continu'd in Town. 'Tis true, I live but by seeing you, but it is worse than death, to see you at the expence of your ease, and satisfaction. The vain appearance of hope, which I flatter'd my self you once gave me, presented me with such an Idea of coming happiness, that I cou'd not relish any thing of the other delights and Pleasures of life. Then, dear Madam, what must be the Torture I now endure, by being convinc'd of the loss of all those transporting joys in your Indignation? But alass you neither will, nor can be sensible of this, unless you lov'd to that degree as does your

Unhappy Slave,

C. Smithson.

Alas

Alas poor Damon (*said* Temple) *there is too much submission, and respect in this Letter to prevail if thy Mistress be of the common mould of her Sex. And too much sense too (pursued* Church) *for most Women love their like, and hate a Man that can either write* English, *or spell. True (said* Brook) *that makes so many senseless Irish Men, and other Foreigners prevail, tho the refuse of their own Country. What Man of sense then (pursued I) would dote on such a trifle as that Sex, which tho it damn'd Mankind for the sake of tasting of the Tree of Knowledge of* Good *and* Evil, *can yet no better distinguish betwixt them. For my part (answer'd* Winter) *I am of Opinion that we are pretty equal with them, for our Love ending in our own satisfaction, we as little consult the merit of the Party belov'd as they do. Prithee Love's but a specious name, (reply'd* Silver) *a Chymera we build up, and no more in nature than the Monster in the Tempests, both Cubs of the Poets Brain. True (said* Summer) *and we carry on the humour or character of it in our* Billet deux, *and addresses only to gain our ends. I'm of opinion (answer'd* Fountain) *that this Letter is the result of his real sentiments, and that he is some raw young Spark newly come from the University, full of the Poetical Notions of the Joys of Love. And has never found (interrupted* Chappel) *by experience how much the Practice falls short of the Theory, and fruition of Expectation. Which makes it evident (concluded* Grave) *that the Soul is capable of framing greater Joys, in the imagination, than any* Nature *has been capable of providing for the Body.*

LETTER IX.

From a Whore to a young Spark that was forsaking her, on pretence of living soberly, with one intlos'd to the same, written to him by a grave Philosopher which he lost in a Bawdy House. It was thus directed, to Mr. Tims, *to be left for him at the Post-House in* Colchester *in* Essex, *with care.*

Tuesday Mr. Littlelet, Lond. June 1692.

I Hope, tho' I have not heard of you, that your cruel Resolution of leaving me for ever continues not still, whatever motive you may pretend. I'm sure it must want the quality of good, since it persuades you to an ingratitude, in forsaking her that loves thee above all thy Sex. Your scruples of Conscience might have been salv'd without deserting her you have sworn constancy to, for if the guilt of our Passion was no longer to be digested by you, the sin of our Embraces might have been taken away by Marriage, my Dear, Dear, Dear *Dicky*, you know I love you so, I should be the faithfullest Wife in the World. But I suspect

pect the Hypocrite that is the persuader of the breach of your vows to me, who, as the enclosed will discover, chooses the *Evil* in a much worse degree, than he wou'd draw you from. 'Twas given me by Mrs. *Martha*, who says it was dropt at *Silences*, being directed to you, I send it with this short Comment, *viz.* that the Resolution form'd by the influence of Hypocrisie, and tending to ingratitude, can never be less criminal, than the Passion, by it you forsake with her who is 'till death your

Faithful

E. Johnson.

This is a good sensible Wench (said Chappel) *those of her Character being generally as ill furnished with Wit, and Language, as with integrity. I'm therefore of opinion* (pursued Temple) *that this Letter is not of the Whores Inditing, but of some Male Friend, who has an equal loss in the Cully, for your kept Miss has always her secret drain, for her affections as well as money, whilst the kind Keeper is pleased with the Fools Paradise of her forc'd Embraces, and a well acted dissimulation is all he purchases with the ruin of his Purse, and Reputation. There is nothing (added* Grave) *that is desirable in a Woman, which is not perverted by keeping. Her Youth and Beauty are employed to get new Adorers, being secure of her old her Wit to manage her Intrigues, and Cully, She's either blind her self (said* Church) *or supposes her sweet dear to be so, when she betrays the standard of her Faith to him, by the correspondence she keeps with* Silence *the Bawd. Which*

in

in my mind (continued River) *was a very im-prudent memento, when she design'd to cajole her Cully into Matrimony; which by the way* (added Brook) *is the last Card a Whore plays, being a sure sign that her Charms grow ineffectual by the commonness of her Face. And yet* (pursued Summer) *there is such a kind Dotage in the Keepers, that if the Whore do but motion it, they seldom have the Power to deny her. As kind and good Natur'd as they are to their Filting Mistresses,* (answer'd Fountain) *I have observed, they have seldom much wit, more rarely any honour, and scarce ever any generosity to any one else. No Faith,* (said Fountain) *those Sparks have seldom so large a stock of Stuff, as would be necessary to set up* Mountebank *or* Fortuneteller. *For my part,* (said I) *I look upon the humour of keeping, to be a punishment due to, and proper for the vicious Inclinations, and sordid Principles, they are generally guilty off. True* (concluded Winter) *for the Fool, and the Knave are equally punished in it by Diseases, and Poverty. But let's see with what powerful Reasons the Philosopher furnishes his Friend against what he cannot resist himself.*

LETTER

LETTER X.

This was directed as the other.

Dear Friend,

YOU tell me you find your fits of fondneſs return ſo often, and with that violence, that you fear 'twill be paſt the power of all my Philoſophy, to make an abſolute cure upon you, I confeſs indeed, as there is no greater help to a Medicinal Operation, than a good Faith in the Preſcriber, ſo the contrary often obſtructs the Skill of the Phyſician, yet I perſuade my ſelf, my endeavours will not be entirely fruitleſs, ſince you are ſo ſenſible of your Error, as to deſire a Reformation.

Methinks a generous Indignation ſhould break ſo hated a Chain, ſince 'tis ſo prepoſterous and baſe, to make the Sov'raign of the mind, *Reaſon*, the Slave to every motion of the moſt inconſiderable part of our Body. I know you a great ſtickler for Liberty, and Property, but you ought firſt to pull down the domeſtick Tyranny before you ſet up for a Patriot; free your Soul from that ſenſeleſs dotage on ſo unclean an

Animal

Animal as a Woman, and raiſe it to contemplation. The Order, and Courſes of the Heavenly Bodies, the Oeconomy, and Wonders of Nature, afford a far more generous and ſatisfactory pleaſure to the Mind.

Certainty is the Eſſence of happineſs, but the Love of a Whore is more uncertain, than the Feaſt of *Damocles*, for you are not only ignorant how ſoon you may loſe the Bleſſing, but you are not ſo much as ſure you at all poſſeſs it, and are not deluded with a ſhadow, inſtead of a reality like the Antiſeaſts of the *Romans*; 'tis to your money ſhe Sacrifices the enjoyment of her Perſon, which cannot purchaſe her real Affection. But ſuppoſe, which I can never grant, you were poſſeſſed of the Love, as well as Perſon of a Whore, how can you imagine to ſecure them? When all her acquaintance is with ſuch, whoſe Intereſts, and Employment it is to alienate her Affections, and perſuade her to proſtitution.

Fair words are no proof of fidelity, and ſhe that proteſts the moſt to your Face, as ſoon as your back is turn'd, ſhall laugh at you in the Arms of another, for a credulous Coxcomb. 'Tis true as you are a ſlave to her, ſo is ſhe to your Money, but what Man of ſenſe would buy that ſatisfaction, at the Price of being known to be a Fool.

But perhaps you Fancy you may debauch ſo ſecretly, that you may avoid the Scandal. It muſt be then in a Cabaliſtical Way with ſome

some *Aerial Demon*; for 'tis impossible with a Woman, her own vanity and antipathy to Secrecy shall soon divulge your Disgrace.

Forsake therefore the false Hypocritical Sex, which if you give your self to hard Study, you will not very much require. Poets by the usual Hyperboles of their Art; have to an extravagance beyond reality, magnifi'd the pleasures of Love; you must not therefore read them, for they will not extinguish but add Fuel to that fire, which finds but too much Matter within us. Philosophy both Natural, and Moral, will afford you more substantial satisfaction, which if you stick close to, will banish all these Chymera's, which now disturb your repose, and make you laugh with your Friend at the Fool that next falls into your Jilting *Sylvia*'s Snare.

I am yours to command,

THEO. PHIL.

'This Leter (said *Winter*) shews us, That 'the cunning Jade had some reason to wheedle 'her Cully, since it inform'd her his Love for 'her was still alive, and strugling in his Bosom, 'and in short, only wanted her Letter to gain 'the field; for if we once admit a Parley in 'such a case, 'tis only to yield upon the first 'appearance of Recruits on the enemies side. 'Nay (pursu'd *Chappel*) her Letter convinces 'she's no Novice in her Trade, but understands 'the Art of Whoedling as well as any of them.

'But

'But cou'd one imagine (interrupted *Temple*) 'this man ſo well read in the Folly, and 'who can ſo well adviſe, ſhou'd not be able to 'ſave his own ſtake. So much eaſier 'tis to be 'wiſe in the Theory, than the Practice. I 'know the man (purſu'd *Summer*) and he has 'the reputation of a Cinic, and Woman hater, 'which makes me apt to think this ſome ſham 'upon him. That's not at all likely (returned 'Grave) for how ſhould a Whore forge his 'Hand ſo well as to deceive him, who doubtleſs is well acquainted with it, without a familiarity with him; which ſtill gains the 'point. The World may more eaſily be deceiv'd, than this proof, (continued *Fountain*) 'For that Judges by appearances, and therefore moſt commonly erroneouſly. But he '(added *church*) that builds his Wit, Honeſty, 'or Courage, on the opinion of the World, 'may really be a Fool, Knave or Coward, True '(ſaid *Brook*) for 'tis not the opinion of the 'World that can make that Lady a Whore, 'becauſe ſhe has a free Converſation, or that 'Whore an honeſt Woman, becauſe ſhe borrows the face of one to enjoy the pleaſure 'of Sin without the Infamy. Nor can the opinion of the World make this man Rich becauſe he makes a ſplendid Figure, at the expence of his Credit, and other mens Purſes: 'nor that Uſurer poor, becauſe all the Cloaths 'on his back are not worth a Guinny: Right '(purſued I) nor can the opinion of the World 'make this man a Coward, becauſe he is not 'for flinging away his life as often, as any of 'his company wants either ſenſe or manners: 'Nor that Bully a man of Courage, becauſe he'll 'Damn and Tilt on e'ry word that's miſunder-

'ſtood

'ſtood. The firſt may be brave in the Field in 'his Countreys Cauſe, in the viſible face of Death 'and Deſtruction, whilſt the other skulks behind 'a hedge for fear of a Cannon Ball, or ſtays at 'home to gain the Reputation of a Stout Man, 'upon eaſier terms, ſince his skill in his wea-'pon affords him a greater ſecurity, than in the 'proof of his Body againſt a Bullet. To come 'a little nearer our purpoſe (concluded *Rivet*) 'the opinion of the World can't make this man 'a Philoſopher or Lover of Wiſdom, who has 'only the Language, but not the Life of one; 'or at leaſt I can ſay this, that Philoſophers are 'like Phyſitians, Giants for relief of others, but 'Pigmies in their own diſtreſs. And ſo much 'for the Philoſopher: And now let's call a 'New Cauſe.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

From one that design'd to supplant his Relation, to his Friend and Confident: — 'Twas directed thus, To Mr. Jawl *at his Chambers in* Clifford's-Inn, London; *with care and speed.*

Dear DICK, *Surry, June,* 1692.

MY Nephew designs for Town very suddenly; he seems to stagger in his resolutions, as if he suspected my intentions. The writings I hope, are ready, and drawn as I directed, unless he seals, part with never a Farthing; get what you can of him, that you may be the easier to thy faithful Friend,

OB. SWEEPSTAKES.

'A short and pithy piece of Villany, this '(said *Brook*) nature, and honesty, made truckle to 'Interest, without much formality. 'Tis the 'sum

'ſum of the general practice (anſwered *Chappel*) 'Mony being *Health*, *Beauty*, *Courage*, *Vertue*, and 'every thing elſe, nothing being a Crime that 'fills the Purſe, and nothing a Vertue that 'empties it. Yet ev'n Villany is alleviated, '(reply'd *River*) by circumſtances; for to break 'the Laws of juſt and right, for a trivial matter, 'is unpardonable, and diſcovers a love ev'n of the 'guilt, but a mighty proſpect of advantage, might 'be ſuppos'd to make us only forget it. True 'purſued *Tempin*) we hear *Cæſar* with pleaſure 'rather than anger, repeating the Verſe of *Eu-* 'ripides, which was to this ſenſe:

If Right may be violated, it may for Empire,
But in all things elſe be a lover of Vertue.

'For at that time the Roman Empire pre-'ſented a Noble Motive to his Ambition; but 'to ſee ſuch contendings for it, when torn to 'pieces by the inundations of *Barbarians* in the 'time of *Valentinian*, raiſes our indignation when 'we read 'em. Right (added *Church*) for what-'ever the Antient might deſerve, I'm ſure thoſe 'wretched Remains of the Majeſty of *Rome* cou'd 'not merit ſo many Treaſons, and Murders, to 'purchaſe them. Leſs ſtill (ſaid *Fountain*) does 'ſuch a trifle, as a poor Country Eſtate deſerve 'Damnation, both here, and hereafter. And 'this Eſtate (purſued *Winter*) perhaps is not a-'bove forty or fifty pound a year, which coſts 'ſo many Bribes, Lyes, Forgeries, and Perju-'ries. 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but the *Quality* '(ſaid I) that allures us; we naturally covet 'what is not our due; the Fool is pleas'd to

'be

be call'd a Witt, the Knave affects the Title of an honeſt Fellow, the Upſtart is fond of Deference and Reſpect, the Coward fain wou'd be fear'd, and the Ugly lov'd, the preciſe wou'd be thought Saints, and the ignorant Learn'd. But 'tis ſtrange, (return'd *Grave*) that ſordid intereſt ſhou'd have ſo Univerſal a Charm as to engage moſt men to forget thoſe Bonds of Nature, which the irrational Animals are moſt obedient to. But ſince 'tis not ſo ſtrange as true (concluded *Summer*) e'ry man ſhould ſtand on his guard, never truſt a Relation, or any other any farther than reaſon, and his own apparent intereſt allow.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

From a Marryed Man to a Young Lady, to perſuade her to yield her ſelf up to his Embraces. — 'Twas directed under a falſe Cover, To Mr. Fiſted *an Apothecary, at his Houſe in —— near* Dowgate, London. *The Inclos'd to the fair hands of the Charming Miſtreſs* Diana Eaſyt. Theſe.

Charming CYNTHIA, *Exeter, June,* 1692.

I Never thought Abſence a cure for a true Paſſion, but I have found it adds to the violence of my Wiſhes, and ſooner ſhou'd all buſineſs be neglected, and all things elſe the inferiour Concerns of my Life forgot, than the leaſt of that Flame ſuppreſſed, which has ſo deſirable a cauſe. I ſigh, and languiſh each moment for you; and the buſy Fools I deal with, take an ill omen, from theſe dubious Symptoms, fancying them the effect of ſome loſſes in Trade, which weakens my Credit with them, and makes them very cautious in their Bargains, never reflecting that ev'n in this Age, a man may be in love to diſtraction with one ſo beautiful as you. Ah! my adorable *cynthia!*

How

How long will you suffer me to be thus wretched, when you have it in your power to make me the happiest man alive? You sometimes flatter me with hope, but still your Action bid me Despair; for if you lov'd, how cou'd you be so cautious? Because my mistaken Friends marry'd me to one I was born to hate, must that deprive me of her I was created and destin'd to love, with an immortal and inviolable Faith? You tell me indeed, you pity me from your Soul, and that you wish Fortune had left any way to my Happiness, without trampling on your *Honour*. Ah *Cynthia!* let not empty words and senseless custom betray you to Ingratitude; *Honour* and *Gratitude* are inseparable, and 'tis a vulgar Error to think you can injure the first, by complying with the sacred Dictates of the latter. But to secure your Reputation in the Eye of the World, *that always mis-judging Censurer*, that shall equally be my care, since our mutual happiness depends on it. Secrecy will enhance our Joys, which are still the greatest when they are stole from the view of the world: Ambition indeed loves Noise, and Spectators, but the Philosopher's Love is never more gay and taking, than in Sweet retreat. Ah! too charming *Cynthia*, why do you confess the sincerity and violence of my Passion Merits a return, unless you wou'd indulge that thought till it had master'd that prejudice against my happiness, begot by hatred, nay a heathenish *custom?* for this confinement to one Wife, my *Cynthia* is grounded, not on the Law of God, or Reason, but Old *Rome*, which with other Idolatrous Superstitions crept into those Christians, which lived under the awe of that Empire, those of *Ethiopia*, and *Africa*

rica, to this day preserve their Christian Liberty of Plurality of Wives, which indeed is more agreeable to Reason. Try, my lovely Charmer, how much stronger the Bonds of Love are, than those of Wedlock, the first are too strong to be dissolv'd by Ages, the last too weak to hold a day or hour. But Oh! I am too much in Love to study Arguments, to remove thy trifling Doubts; my Love makes all things evident to me, and if you cou'd but love, you wou'd have no more Scruples. I have writ to thee, my dear *Cynthia*, e'ry post, and will continue to do so, till I return to *London*, which will be in ten days at fartheſt, when I hope to find thee more indulgent to my Love. Ah! give a loose to that sweet compassion, thy soft, and tender Nature abounds with, for thou art an Angel within as well as without, which will then permit me to breath out my languishing Soul into thy beauteous Bosom, who am your faithful Love,

W. L. R.

'How powerful is the Corruption of Humane 'Nature (said *Grave*) which can pervert *Reason*, its only Guide, and make it plead so much 'against its duty! Or rather (return'd Chappel) 'what a *Proteus* and *Cameleon* is *Reason* that 'changes it's Shape, and Colour, almost in e'very man? True (continued *Brook*) for there 'is no villany, but the Actor of it will set out 'a thousand *Reasons* in its justifications, if suc'cessful: Nor is there any *Folly* (pursued *Temple*) 'that may not have as many produc'd to advance it into the Class of Wisdom. There's

'no

'no Impiety (added *Summer*) that Reason will 'not sanctify, and no Opinion it will not render 'absurd; and the contrary, as Interest and Pow'er perswades, and indeed the last Reason of 'Kings, is the general Guide and Director of Rea'son, that is force and success. The Passions, 'confess (said *Church*) that prevails, ranges all 'the Forces of Reason on it's side, so that Rea'son seems rather the Mercenary Servant of the 'Passions, than their Guide. Here is another 'proof (interrupted *Winter*) of the truth of what 'you all seem to assert; 'tis a Letter from an 'Old Man to a young marry'd Lady, to per'suade her to love him. He questions not her 'Age, I hope (pursued *River*) that is none of 'the best Arguments to prevail with a young 'Lurman, I'm sure. That you shall see (answer'ed *Fountain*) upon the perusal of the Letter, 'for you know, *Cicero* says, There's nothing so 'ridiculous and absurd, but may be rendered pro'bable by Argument or Reason. But words (con'cluded I) are but very inefficacious Proofs; 'here your remote Arguments of *Witnesses, Try'al*, &c. are more home in this point, than 'those drawn from the Topics.

LETTER.

LETTER XIII.

'Twas directed to Madam Justed, *at her House in* Bishopsgate-street, *near the Sign of* ——, London.

Dear Madam, *Salisbury*, June 1692.

I Got safe to *Salisbury*, where I have been drunk already with drinking nothing but your Health: Adad, I wish thy naughty Husband, who, I hear, is going for *Holland*, may be drowned in a Bowl of Punch, or dismember'd at *Snicker-snee*, for I am desperately in love with thee, as I have often told thee; Oh those pretty, black, languishing, dying Eyes! by my Faith, you little chit, you are in the wrong to despise me for my old Age, for an old man can be silent, when a young Coxcomb will be prating of your Favours in e'ery Coffeehouse, and Tavern. You may play the wag with an old man with safety, but a young one will, ten to one, give you an ugly Disease for all your kindness: A young man will pick your Husband's Pocket, but I'll rather drain my own. Lewdness and Interest provoke the Address of a young fellow, but an old man never has any motive but Love; young fellows are fickle, old men constant; beside, a young fellow would rob thee of thy very Clothes, when I would give thee better. All these ways a young Rogue may damage thee, and thy Husband, but I can do it no way: So that there's no cause, my delicious, little, pretty, spicy, soft, melting Rogue you, why you should deny me. I'll not stir from

hence, till I hear from you, and if it be with any crumbs of Comforts, I'll take Coach immediately for *London*, and defer my Country Voyage till the next Age, for by my Knighthood I love thee most infinitely, who am, you little chit you,

Your faithful Lover,

G. Colts.

This is a pleasanter Lover (said *River*) *than the former, and he minces not the matter a jot faith. He has enumerated a goodly company of Arguments* (pursued *Fountain*) *to raise his Merit: But none so powerful* (replyed *I*) *as the Promise of his Purse. Right,* (continued *Temple*) *that is so eloquent an Argument, that it seldom fails with the Fair. You might have said,* (answer'd *Church*) *which never fails, the whole Sex are* Danaës *they'l all spread their Laps for the Golden Shower. Nay faith,* (said *Brook*) *they are no more guilty of that than our selves, who can ill resist where that perswades. His Gold is young, and witty,* (pursued *Summer*) *and then no matter for the Impotence, and Impertinence of his person. Interest indeed* (said *Chappel*) *is the general Bond of Love and Friendship; take away the prospect of Advantage, and Amity soon grows cold. But how preposterous* (said *Grave*) *is Man, that at an Age, when Death and Rottenness has laid one hand upon him, his Thoughts can be employ'd upon the Dalliances of Love, as if he could, in the Embraces of Youth, secure himself against the Arrest of Death, which is a Creditor from whom no place can plead a Priviledge, or Refuge. If it be a Defect in our Nature,* (concluded *Winter*) *'tis as much beyond remedy as Crookedness, which though we may bolster up, to hide it from the Eyes of others,*

others, it will still remain; besides these preposterous Fashions carry their own Punishment, Shame, and Ridicule.

LETTER XIV.

From a Pluralist to his Patron; being a flattering Insinuation to gain the Advouson of a Third Living in his Gift, who had bestowed Two on him before. 'Twas directed to T. Prince *Esq; to be left for him at the Christian Coffee-house near* Covent-Garden, London.

Honoured Patron,

Have, with all the earnestness of a zealous Gratitude, recommended you in my Prayers to the most High, as indeed the great abundance of your Favour bestow'd upon me, obliges me, that He would vouchsafe you his Protection on the Road, and in the City, from the visible, and invisible Enemies; that lye perpetually in wait for those, that expect it not; but Heaven has a peculiar care of those, who like you, have been nursing Fathers of the Church, and will protect their Innocence from the contagious Corruptions of the Town, which indeed you cannot be in such eminent danger of, who have laid so good a Foundation of Wisdom, as

the Fear of the Lord, as those who have not minded their Creator *in the days of their Youth*, as you, Pious Sir, have done; there will a perpetual Blessing go with all your Actions, who have been so indulgent a Patron to me, the most unworthy of the Sons, and Ministers of the Church. And here, Sir, I cannot but take notice of what a rare Example of Christian Piety you are, in this profligate Age, when the very company of a Clergyman is almost a Scandal, you have espous'd our cause. Whilst other Youths are spending their Estates in the pursuit of Harlots, and the false Enticements of Sin, you take a delight in Goodness, and make the Clergy your Mistress, you being charitable, meek, and humble.———

———*Nay, prithee pass over the panegyrical part* (interrupted *Temple*) *and come to the Question, and Demand; for we know 'tis a common Method to praise those we ask a Favour of, tho' perhaps they deserve that no more than we do the other. True,* (continued *River*) *the Praises of a Clergy-man like those of a Poet, are generally a Bribe for their own advantage; therefore supposing all the formal things he can say so inspired, proceed to the business. Nay, the Truth on't is,* (replyed *Winter*, who had read it) *here is a great deal to come of the same stamp, a full sheet of Paper, in a small Hand, and close writ, and on all sides, scarce enough being left blank for the Superscription and Sealing.*———*Well, after a cursory running over, he came at last to the Subject of the Letter, which was couch'd in a very little compass, and then Winter read on.*

——— I had not touch'd upon all these admirable Virtues you are embellish'd with in this place, but only to encourage my self to present my humble Request to you, which is this. I am inform'd, that Dr. *Goodman* is very ill, and that his Recovery is despair'd of; the Benefice is in your Worships Gift, and, dear Sir, you know what a Family I have to maintain, what charge I have been at for Books, since the last Living you were pleas'd to bestow upon me, which has disabled my Charity, and Hospitality; and you know how apt these People are to disrespect the Character of the Clergy, if their Authority, and Reverence be not upheld by that means. But I need not repeat what I have often urg'd to you, and what I only now touch upon, to refresh your Memory, and therefore I hope you will be pleas'd to give me your Promise for it, or, at least, not to forget your most obliged Chaplain, and Servant,

Nat. Gold.

To say nothing of his ill-phras'd Encomium, (said Chappel) *his Request is worded from the Book intitl'd,* A Defence of Pluralities. *That Author* (said Brook) *is not of St.* Paul's *mind, That the Clergy ought to be content with Food and Raiment; which Opinion of St.* Paul, *he maintains, is not calculated for this Age, when men take to the Ministry of the Gospel, for the sake of Mammon, and not of Christ; which is the drift of most of his Conclusory Arguments. He seems to make the Ministry indeed* (continued Fountain) *a meer Temporal Calling, which none would take to, that could get Preferment of greater advantage, and interest. The truth is* (said I) *since they are of opinion that Humility and Sanctity,*

which gain'd Authority, and Veneration to the Apostles and primitive Fathers, will at all avail them, 'tis fit they have Pluralities, and Riches to keep them from the Contempt of the People. This Author (pursued *Church*) *having made a meer political Affair of the Busineß, and Duties of the Clergy, 'tis no wonder he's not of the opinion of the Third, and Fourth Councils of* Carthage, *where 'twas decreed the Bishops themselves shou'd have a plain, and mean Furniture of their Tables, and gain themselves Authority by their Faith and Integrity; nor of the mind of the Council of* Chalcedon *held under the Emperor* Martian, *which decreed, no Priests should have two Benefices. There are two great Oversights methinks in that Author,* (said *Summer*) *one where he says, That because there are a greater number of Inhabitants in a* London *Parish, than in four, or five in the Country, that therefore a Country Incumbent might have more Benefices than one: Whereas he should have shewn, that the Cases were alike, which are very different, these Numbers living together, and near the Church, where the Minister is present to teach 'em all together, but those in the Country so divided, that it can't be, so I don't think one quarter in the year sufficient to apply himself to their Instruction. And next he should have shew'd, that Five hundred Souls were not enough to employ the time of one man, to conduct them well to Heaven. The other Oversight is, That he will not allow Sixteen pound a year enough to furnish Books to a Minister, to qualifie him sufficiently for his Office, when there scarce an Hundred Curates in* England, *that have half so much for maintaining their Families, and all; and yet he says, great part of them are better qualified than the Incumbents. Well Gentlemen* (concluded *Grave*) *I must profess, my value is such for learned men, that I think the Author of that Book has maintain'd a good Cause with excellent Wit, and Reason, the Authority of*

of which, all you have said has not at all shook with me, and therefore let us adjourn our Discourse to the next Court.

LETTER XV.

From a young Lady to her She-Friend, discloſing her whole Breaſt, as to Marriage, Cloaths, and Characters of ſuch and ſuch pretty Gentlemen, who have diſcover'd ſome tender Affection for her. Directed to Madam Iſabella Bright *at* Maidſton *in* Kent.

My Dear, *Lond.* June 1692.

I Have been ſo fatigu'd with the Impertinent Addreſſes of the Men, that I could not find time to write to thee, my Love, laſt Poſt. I wonder whether thee art of the ſame mind thee wert when thee wrote thy laſt Letter, my Dear, ſuch a mighty Friend to Marriage. 'Tis true, I would marry my ſelf, but not yet, 'tis time enough when I come to be a ſtale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with ſome grave County Juſtice, where I may rule the Family, and the Peace too. I ſhall grow weary of the Town, I fancy, in five or ſix years time, but as yet the Gaiety, and Gallantries of Love are, my Dear, very taking.

You counsel me against the danger of losing my Reputation by those Freedoms I grant, but you are mistaken, my Love, for the only way to lose that, is to be too sollicitous about it: Scandals in the Country are pieces of innocent Divertisement here, and one may as well pretend to live without Fine Cloaths, as without an Intrigue; I have half a score on my hands at this time, and I love 'em all alike, keep 'em in suspence, and dally, and play with them, give one a favourable Look, and another a Smile, a third my Hand to kiss; but then to keep them at their due distance, the next time I see them, I frown on the first, rail at the next, and wonder at the Sawcineſs of the third, if he presume to attempt the same Freedom again. Ah, my Dear, you know not how pleasant a sight 'tis to see this Beau cringe, and screw his Body into an hundred forms, in hopes to appear amiable to you; that Spark look with a languishing dying Air, in hopes to make you sigh by Simpathy; that Wit cracking his Brain to write taking *Billet Doux* to you, or Anagrams on your Name, beside Elegies after the new mode of *Sir Courtly Voiture*; but Wits are the most dangerous company a Woman can keep, they are commonly vain-glorious, and brags of more than they obtain. That that vexes me most, my Mother is so covetous, she will let me have new Cloaths but twice a year, so that I am plagu'd to turn and twine them, that I may not be known by them: Fine cloaths have a wonderful charm with the Men, and one had as good be ugly as ill dress'd. But, my Dear, I'll give you a Catalogue of my Lovers. I have a young Doctor of Physick that makes honourable Addresses to me for Marrimony, but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poi-son him as easily as he can me. On the same pre-tence I have a young Counsellor of the *Temple*, fur-nished

nished with more Law, than Sence, and would, I believe, make a good Cuckold, but I'm not dispos'd that way as yet; besides, he may have Quirks enough in Law to chouse me out of my Jointure. I have also a young Doctor of Divinity, that seems to have a months mind to me, and tells me, he thinks me fairer, than a new System, or a good Benefice; but I had rather have the whole Bible Apocryphal, than that he should explain the Text, so as to make me a spiritual Madam. I have a young Merchant too, new set up for himself, finer than a *Covent-Garden Beau*, and more demure than your Chamber-maid; he courts me not by *Billet Doux*, but Bills of Exchange, and Custom-house; but I have no mind to venture my self on Bottom-*ary*. So much for my Matrimonial Pretenders. I have of another sort, who are all for Love, and abominate the Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a device of the Priests to get Money, and destroy the free-born Joys of Love. Among these, is a young Lord, newly arriv'd to his Honour, and Estate, and wants another Qualification, of keeping a Mistriss with greater Grandeur, than ever he will his Wife: I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, seem pleas'd with his No-Jest, and blush at his Addresses, but never give him any encouragement of a favourable reception, on so scandalous a motion; but he's obstinate, and, to say Truth, he is not better stock'd with Estate, and Folly, than with Beauty; he's very handsom, dresses well, dances with an admirable Grace, and I should like his company at a Ball, in a Box in the Play-house, in the *Mall*, or *Hide Park*, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss, for he really makes a good figure. But after all, my Dear, my Lord is really my Aversion, he's not at all fit for an Intrigue. Next, I have a *Beau* of *Tom Urwin's* Coffee-house, a man of

War, he swears much, fights little, prays less, and is an irreconcileable Enemy to Sence, and Matrimony: I never admit him, unless when I have no other company; he's a very nauseous Fop. Next I have a Courtier, fully as finical, but he's monstrously in love, and protests, if 'twere not for the Scandal, he loves me so much, he could marry me; he's damn'd a thousand fathom, if there be any one of the Maids of Honour comparable to me. Among the rest, I have an ingenious younger Brother to a certain Knight of your acquaintance, that dresses neatly, but free from Foppery, that has a genteel Air, but not affected; with a Face that's handsom, and yet manly, a Voice soft, and melting, and a Tongue that would deceive a Vestal Virgin, that was sure to dye for yielding. This man, I must confess, my Dear, has such an ascendant over me, that I wish he were not so wild; and I fear I have heard him, say too much for my satisfaction, and content; but I endeavour to divert these Thoughts, by my own natural gaiety, and the abundance of Noise and Fools I am daily conversant with. My Paper won't hold no more, my Dear, so I am thy loving Bedfellow,

A. Langly.

You Lady has Wit enough (says *Temple*) *to make me wish to be one of her Fools too.* *'Tis pity* (answer'd *Church*) *so much Wit should be lost in so much coquetry as she expresses of her self. Pride, and Vanity makes her affect Addresses, and Company* (said *Summer*) *brings her to a volubility, and pertness in Discourse, and that passes down for Wit in a Woman. The truth on't is* (pursued *Chappel*) *she's one of the Female Atheists, whose Wit lyes most in Ridicule of the severer Virtues, great Church-goers, but little Prayers. Her Devotion* (added *Brook*) *is an inviting Glance, in return of a Bow from some of her Church-admirers, and*

all

all she minds there, is the Song of Solomon, *which she perverts to a carnal sence. The Town, and Conversation (quoth he) Winter) corrupts the noblest Pieces of Nature. But she's like to pay for it, I find* (said *Fountain*) *for she seems to be in Love, and then all these Freaks turn into Prostitution, and perpetual Filting. True* (said I) *for when once a Woman of Wit's debauch'd, she's a perfect* Messalina. *And whatever Woman of Wit* (added *River*) *gives her self these Liberties, seldom fails of losing her Honour. Right,* (concluded *Grave*) *like Flies they buz about the gaudy Light, till they burn themselves in the flame they have imprudently dallied with.*

LETTER XVI.

From a conceited Fellow that affects to write fine Language, tho' he makes his Letter perfect Nonsense. 'Twas directed thus to the Super-ingenious Hands of Mr. Absalom Rash *at his Shop at the Sign of* Lion Gradant, *near* Fleet-Ditch, London.

Obscenical Sir, *Scarborough, June* 1692.

Could not recognize upon any Substance since I was so Malheureus in your transcendent Conversation, which the Philosophy of the *Cymerians* most abstrusly demonstrated, tho' I must confess, I for-

those,

those Eclarissments, and doubtful Disputations have no small Antiquity, yet the extraordinary Regret that Humidity, and Preter-natural turn of your Wit superseded them, makes me desire a fresh Excrement from you to nourish my Intellectuals, which received the Veracity of the Negotiation, but to deny the grand Tower of the Punctuation of the Meridian of my Understanding. I shall therefore desire you to obliterate the Forgetfulness of the Transcript of a fresh Advice from the Exotic Regions of learning within the Sphere of Activity of the Sedentary and Peripatetic Universities, and the Inoculations of transcendent Posteriors of the City Wits, those will be royal, and despotic Disvertisements here in this rural, and contignous abode. I am,

Sir, your Supercillious humble Servant,

Jehoiachim Balderdash.

If the Spark 'tis sent to (said Chappel) *understand him no better than I, he might e'en have sav'd the charge of Postage. Oh* (said Brook) *'tis with these Coxcombs as with Women, they shall understand out anothers Nonsense readier, than true Sense; as if* (pursu'd *Fountain*) *there were another Language of Correspondence establish'd by Nature among Fools, and that intelligible, than among the rest of Mankind; there is* (said *Grave*) *a desire of being thought wiser than ones Neighbour, runs through the whole Race of* Adam; *and Fools being unable to attain it in reality* (pursu'd *Church*) *are pleased with what they think so. Right* (continu'd *Summer*) *and if they can say or write any thing that's not intelligible, they think themselves elevated above their Brother brutes the Mob. Now I dare swear* (said *River*) *this Letter is*

from

from some Taylor, that by his plentiful Cuts, and Snips has got enough to make the Figure of a Gentleman in a Country Village: And (assum'd I) *would feign make Cabbage of all the fine Words he meets with; but* (pursu'd *Winter*) *if he could have dispos'd the Purloinings of his Native Occupation no better, they wou'd but have made Fools Coats at best, patch'd particolour'd Dresses. This Disease of Affectation of fine speaking* (concluded *Temple*) *is very Epidemic, as if People were asham'd to be thought what they are, and yet won't take pains to be, what they desire to be thought.*

LETTER XVII.

From Jone *to* Ralph, *accusing him of Infidelity and breach of Promise, in staying so long in* London. *'Twas directed for* Ralph Saddler, *at the* Angel-Inn *behind* Clement's *Church*, London.

Dear Ralph,

I Wish yea wou'd be as good as your promise in bringing me the Vine Coifs and Ribond vor my Hat with yea, vor yea have not come home azzoon as yea zaid, yea have vorgot how ovt yea told me yea lov'd me, yea have got zome other Zweet-heart in thick Town of *London*, but I could be even with yea if I were Zo minded, vor Brisk *George* of the

Tal-

Talbot suiters me now, and would rather than his Life have me, he would vain have kiss'd me tother day, I said no thee shatter'd, Chil said he, shatten'd said I, but he vore'd one vrom me, and then I said what art the better vort now, vor my minds sake, said he, but Chil not come near him no more. Good zose I had forgot a gorget, O living heart, now *Ralph* if you don't buy me a Gorget I'll neve abide yea, but make haft home if thou lovst me, vor I think I shall be torn to pieces.

Joan Swetting.

Here's the Mercenary, and cunning of the Six (said *Grave*) *in a russet Wastcoat, and steeple Hat. I believe* (pursu'd *Summer*) *Vices like the Parts, and Members of our Bodies, are spread thro' the whole Kind. Right* (continu'd *Chappel*) *and like them are only improv'd by difference of use, and breeding.* Joan *hirs has the wheedle of her designing Sex* (said *Fountain*) *tho' in a Home-bred dress. Nature* (said *River*) *adapts the Dress to the Capacity of him that is to be gull'd. From whence 'tis apparent* (said *Temple*) *that the universal Principle Self-interest actuates the whole World. Tu me* (said *Church*) *Self-interest of private Men seems as rational and justifiable, as of States. Right,* (said I) *because every Man is a little World. By this* (answer'd *Brook.*) *You would place us naturally in the State of War, like Mr. Hobbs. I know not that* (concluded *Winter*) *but the general Practice of the World, without exception, shews us we are in the State of Rapine, in Love, Religion, Law, and Government.*

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

From an Apprentice, complaining to his Mother of the Hardſhips he meets with in his Apprenticeſhip. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Tedder, *at her Houſe in* Fothringham *in* Kent, *with Care and Speed.*

Dear Mother, *London, June,* 1092.

I Am very much diſſatisfy'd with my Maſter, he never gives me any time to go abroad to recreate myſelf, all the Week I muſt be in the Shop, and on *Sundays*, I muſt be at Church, and from thence home again to read in the Bible, or ſome other Book, I am fobb'd off with any thing; there's ne're a Prentice in the Street but goes better dreſs'd than I, and has more liberty. I dine with the Maids, and that not till the Victuals are cold; and then I muſt tend one of my Maſter's Brats all the while, if I commit the leaſt overſight I am thraſh'd without mercy; in ſhort, 'tis a Hell upon Earth, and if you don't take care to have me turn'd over, I'm reſolv'd to run away to Sea, or any whether. Pray, dear Mother, ſend me a little Mony, for my Maſter takes away all my vails. I am,

Your Dutiful Son,

Jonathan Tomſons.

This

This youngster, (said I) *is sick of the Mother; for which* (answer'd *Brook*) *the Gallows is generally the Cure; the Observation* (pursu'd *Gravit*) *is too true, for the Indulgence of the Parent, makes all the Methods of honest living uneasie to the Child; so that he only learns to spend* (continu'd *Winter*) *in his Prenticeship, and to steal when he comes for himself. No wonder* (said *Church*) *we seldom observe the Golden mean in our Lives, when our Parents are so unequal in our Education. True* (added *Summer*) *for the extreams of severity, and fondness prescribe blind measures to them. Of the two* (said *Temple*) *Severity is the less dangerous. I am of the same mind* (said *Fountain*) *as well as your Friend* Horace, *who is for using Youth to Labour, and Hardship. That indeed* (said *Chappel*) *is the Mother of Vertues, whilst ease enervates the Soul, and Body too. It renders all Conditions uneasie* (concluded *Brook*) *and makes this Lad like too many of his Station complain of that regularity of Life, they ought to be kept to; that Virtue with their Years might grow habitual, for a Habit in Vertue, or Vice is more durable than Precepts of right, or wrong.*

LET-

LETTER XIX.

From a barren Woman to a Doctor, to desire his Advice what to do to Conceive. 'Twas directed to Dr. Ch.— *at his Lodgings in Old* ——, *near* Charing-Cross, London.

This was inclos'd in another to Mrs. Bush, *with Orders to give the Doctor his Fees.*

Honoured Dr.

BY my Cousin I have sent you a Fee; I desire your Advice what Method to take, that I may bear a Child to my Husband, who seems much dissatisfy'd that I am Barren, and that I fear alienates his Heart from me, he having a good Estate, and no kindness for him that will next inherit it, if he die issueless; I am apt to think 'tis his fault tho' having had the same Fate with a former Wife, tho' he's as Promising a Man as one shall see. I am therefore resolv'd to try all means possible to gratifie him, and my self too in having a dear Babe, and being a Mother. Your Skill in these Affairs has made me address my self to you. who am Sir,

Your unknown Servant,

E. B.

Alas!

Alas! poor Lady (said *Brook*) *the Skill of the Doctor is often nonplus'd in this Case: The truth out is* (said *Rivet*) *her case is something desperate, and her Fee as good as thrown away. Ladies that have try'd Remedies for this* (said I) *have generally found the change of Bed-fellows more beneficial than the Bath or Wells. This Lady* (answer'd *Summer*) *seems to be, much of that opinion. Handsomly hinting* (added *Temple*) *that the defect lies in her Husband; and by consequence* (said *Fountain*) *that she hop'd she might improve under an abler Husbandman. She has furnish'd herself* (said *Chappel*) *with a good Plea for Cuckolding her Husband, that is the consulting his desire, to wrong the next Heir of the Estate. If a Woman* (said *Winter*) *have a mind to a thing she'll soon find a Reason to justifie it, as well as a opportunity to effect it. But supposing the best* (said *Church*) *all that I can observe is, that she has a wondrous mind to be a Mother, because she is not so. 'Tis our Nature* (concluded *Grave*) *to slight the present, and covet the absent Blessing; and so in a perpetual Circle.*

LET-

LETTER XX.

From a younger Brother to his Miſtreſs in Town, that had ſent him word ſhe was with Child by him, to adviſe her to lay it to another. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Sarah Ruthland, *a Semptreſs, at the Sign of the ----- in the* Strand, London. *With Care and Speed.*

Dear Fleſh and Blood,

YOU ſend me word you are afraid you are with Child, you fooliſh Chit, cou'd you not play with more diſcretion, but ſince 'tis ſo, if you love me or your ſelf provide for the worſt, you know, or might know, all my ſubſiſtence is upon an old Aunt, that is ſo plagully Religious, that ſhe would caſhier me quite if ſhe ſhou'd know me guilty of this little Venial ſlip, her allowance is ſhort enough already, as you know to your coſt. Therefore admit of the Addreſſes of the old Hypocrite, that has made ſuch Broad-ſides to you, by that means you'll provide both for the Child, and its Mother too. Be not over ſquemiſh, what, tho' he has not been able to get a Child ſince the days of our Forefathers, he's rich, and has a mind to be nibling, defer his Apperite no longer, but take my advice, who am thy ever faithful Loving,

R. Robinſon.

Here's

Here's good Husbandry in whoring (said *Temple*) *Ay, and good Contrivance too* (replied *Chappel*) *his Mistress finds him Linnen doubtless, and he your see* (pursu'd *Summer*) *supplies her with a good Father to a Child of his own begetting. How Prudence and Gratitude* (said *Brook*) *march hand in hand! 'Tis a common practice* (said *Fountain*) *for Ladies of her Station to have two Fathers to their Off-spring, a natural, and adopted. Inverting the* Roman *custom* (said I) *for, here the Child adops the Father. The holy Fornicator* (said *River*) *in the mean while is like to pay sance for the Back-sliding. 'Tis fit Hypocrisie* (said *Church*) *shou'd purchase the Vanity it gains in the Esteem of the World, at the expence of its private Idol* Mammon. *They are such intimate Friends* (pursu'd *Winter*) *that methinks they shou'd rejoice to support one another, only the Friendship of Iniquity is not very cordial. Thus e'ry Vice and Folly* (concluded *Grave*) *has a train of secret Punishments, link'd fast to it.*

LET.

LETTER XXI.

From a Jealous Wife to her Husband in Town. 'Twas directed to Mr. Smith, *to be left for him at the* Sun *Coffee-house in the* Strand, London. *With Care.*

Mr. Smith,

I Wonder what detains you in *London* thus long, I'm very sure the business you went about might have been finish'd in one quarter of the time; but I suppose you delay your return, to be the longer out of my hated company with your Harlots. Well, well, Mr. *Smith*, you must pretend no more to the name of a Gentleman, when you came a wooing to me, you swore a thousand Oaths 'twas for love of my Person, and not my Mony, but you have not only broke all them, but your Marriage Vow too. I receiv'd a hypocritical Letter from you t'other day, but I found it seal'd with another Body's Seal. In short, Mr *Smith*, either reform, or I protest I'll not live with you, and if you return not quickly, I'll come to Town, and rout you out of your holes. What, tho' I am a little older than you, I am amiable enough in other Eyes, and if I were so minded, I could revenge my self in another way, but I scorn the thought on't, and only wish you could be as constant, and vertuous as my self, who am your faithful, tho' injur'd Wife,

Mar. Smith.

This

This Gentleman (said *Winter*) *is Wiv'd, or I'm mistaken. He had his choice* (answer'd *Brook*) *you find by this Letter. True* (said I) *Mony, and Age. 'Tis fit therefore* (pursu'd *River*) *he have his punishment for perverting the end of Matrimony; that is* (added *Summer*) *a scold, and jealous. She that's jealous* (said *Fountain*) *must be a scold. But* (said *Chappel*) *I cannot understand why one of our Poets calls Jealousie the Jaundice of the Soul, that Distemper holding no Analogy with it, that renders the Body heavy, weak, and drousie. Right, but Jealousie* (pursu'd *Temple*) *makes the mind active, stirring, and perpetually in motion. He scarce deserves pitty* (said *Church*) *since he cou'd expect no other when he marry'd, and he that sets a Danger, and will not avoid it deserves to perish in it; and truly* (concluded *Grave*) *the speedy way to ruine, is such a Wife, who affords no ease at home, but condems her Husband torments there, or the Fate of the Jews abroad, rambling. But here is another has a mind to venture into the Noose. Here's Love in abundance, whatever there is of Wit.*

LET-

LETTER XXII.

From a Dwarf, to a tall Lady, with whom he was in Love. 'Twas directed to Madam Carew, *at Mr.* Barral's, *in the* Pall-Mall, London.

Madam, *Oxford,* June 1692.

'TIS not Absence, which your Cruelty has commanded, that can efface that lovely Image your Eyes have form'd in my faithful Bosom. I have, 'tis true, but to no purpose, retir'd to *Oxford*, to see if Books, and learned men would bring me any Relief, but I find Philosophy is of no power to root out a Passion that is once admitted, whatever it may to defend us from an Invasion. I tell you, Madam, *Love* in my Breast is with greater difficulty remov'd, than Foreign Aids out of the distressed Kingdom they are call'd in to assist; Love has subdued me all, and I am entirely a Slave. Despise not my Stature, Madam, for tho' my Body be dwarfish, my Soul is greater than that of the *six-foot-high Lover*; it actuates this little World with more free Agility, and my Perceptions, and Operations of Mind are less confin'd, and clogg'd; there is a nearer correspondence betwixt my *Heart*, the Seat of Life, and Love, and the other subservient parts of my Body. In short, I can imagine no advantage the big men have over me, unless it be the damming up the nobler part of Man, the Soul, with a greater quantity of heavy and lumpish Clay, which ren-

renders its Passions, and Vertues less perfect, Wit, Courage, and Love being all more languid in them than us. Big men are very often Cowards, and very seldom witty, and ingenious. I confine these Observations, Madam, to the Men, since the composition, and matter of a Woman is of a finer, and more delicate Mould, nearer a-kin to the Essence of her Soul; and I venerate that quality in your self, Madam, it rendring you more like to Heaven, since I lift up my longing Eyes to both, tho' my Prayers soar no higher than your self, the glorious Image of the bright Empyreal; besides, the difference of your Stature would demonstrate your Authority, and Rule over me; for I desire to be eternally your Slave. Oh that your Compassion, and Justice would let me sacrifice my person on the fair Altar of your lovely Bosom, as I have already my Heart on those of your Eyes. If Love be Merit, none deserves you more; and sure whatever we may the other, the heav'n of Woman is gain'd by Merit. Your Rigour makes me bold, and vain, it forces me to boast, that as I deserve you better than any man, so that none shall bear you from me, whilst there is a Soul within the despised Body of your Faithful Slave,

Rob. Petite.

The little Gentleman (said *Chappel*) *seems to be extreamly in Love, tho' his descant upon tall men, methinks, is not so proper a Topic to a Lady that lyes under the same circumstance, lest she should turn it to her self. But he has taken care of that* (answered *Temple*) *by a handsom applying the Defect in Man to a Perfection in Woman. The truth on't is,* (said *Summer*) *his little Body seems to be well fill'd with Spirit. And by his Indignation one would think* (pursued *Brook*)

Brook) that he had the character Statius gives of Tydeus, in his mind, Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus; that is, The greater Soul the lesser Body fill'd. I can never blame that Assurance he expresses, (said I) since it is not the effect of Vanity, but Necessity; for a Woman that slights a Lover for his Modesty, is generally won by the contrary quality. Right (continued Winter) and a man that is too sensible of his own Defects, will never gain the Lady he pretends to. He may well pretend (said Grave) to merit her, when the depraved Appetite of Woman is such, that she will not bilk the variety and extravagance of her Pleasure, if an Hobgoblin were the Object, had he but some imperfect shape of Man, or the most deform'd disguise of Body, to hide the Terror of the Spirit. You have always a good word for the fair Sex, (said Church) but I can't think your Reflection just, since without doubt it reaches not all that soft Comfort of Mankind. That's granted (answer'd Fountain) but still the merits of Form, or Fancy prevails with the Sex, more than those of Wit, and Parts. But (concluded River) we labouring under the same Error, can't condemn them without including our selves. However, I wish the Merits of the Mind of this little Gentleman may prevail, tho' I confess, a little Husband seems to have been taken out of the side of a tall Wife, and not she out of his.

F LET-

LETTER XXIII.

From a young Lady, that had been betray'd by Love to the Embraces of a young Gallant, who had got her with Child, to whom she sends this Letter, to desire him to save her Honour, and by some means help her to something that may cause Abortion. 'Twas directed to Mr. Richards, *at his Chamber in the* —— Temple, London.

My dear False one, *Pomfret, 1692.*

WHY did you betray me by so many Vows, and Sighs, to believe you lov'd me? Or, why did you pursue my Ruin because I lov'd you? Is Mankind so strange a Creature, that we cannot love him without Ruin, nor hate him without the Imputation of Hypocrisie, and Cruelty? Sure you have bewitch'd me, to make me still love him that I perceive has not only undone me, but contemns me for what he treacherously betray'd my easie Heart to grant! Ah, if you have no Love, shew some Regard to my Misfortune, of which your self are Author, and send me some Medicine to procure Abortion, that so, at least by adding a fresh Crime to my former, I may secure my Reputation,

tation, tho I have loſt my Innocence. Your own Safety is concern'd in this, as well as my Happineſs, for you may be ſure my Brother will never forgive the Injurer of the Honour of his Family. I can no more at preſent for crying, to find what a condition my fond Credulity has brought me to, I am, falſe man, cruel, unkind, dear man, thy unhappy

E. R.

Well, did Perlander *ſay* (cry'd *Grave*) *that Conſideration was all in all? True* (continu'd *Winter*) *for that would redeem Mankind from all its Follies, if he weigh'd but the inconveniencies of all his actions. This poor Lady* (ſaid *Church*) *indeed, perhaps, would have ſav'd her ſelf a laſting trouble by that means. She is one of the million of daily Examples* (ſaid *River*) *of the forſaken, believing Sex. Conſideration* (ſaid *Brook*) *would have told her, that Man generally ſeeks that with earneſtneſs which he quits with eaſe, when once obtain'd. And that* (purſu'd I) *in Ambition as well as Love: Thus* Diocleſian, *that waded through Blood to Empire, when he was in the ſecureſt enjoyment of it, forſook it. So violent* (ſaid *Summer*) *and inconſiderate are all our Paſſions, and ſo changeable our Deſires. However equal the Folly, and Crime may be,* (ſaid *Temple*) *in the wanton Dalliances of Love, I'm ſure the Woman goes away with the Shame, as well as Pain. 'Tis pity* (ſaid *Fountain*) *that there is that Ignominy attends the propagation of our kind, that thoſe whom Heav'n has made fruitful, ſhould be obliged to deſire its Curſe Barrenneſs, for that Bleſſing, as this Lady does. As for her,* (concluded *Chappel*) *I find by the Letter her Honour may be ſalv'd, and her Child ſav'd, ſince there's a violent Brother in the caſe, who commonly makes the inconſtant man pay his Liberty for his Frolic.*

LETTER XXIV.

From a Lady, who consents to a Debauch, upon condition that her Husband agreed to't. 'Twas directed so Mr. Wealby, *at his House near* Brumly *in* Kent.

SIR, *London,* June 1692.

YOU have so importun'd me with Letters, and Addresses, that in my own defence I must send you an Answer, in which is my final Resolve: I am not so cruel to neglect his Sufferings, which I have caus'd, or to slight a man that I have reason to think values me; I shall therefore do any thing to satisfie your Passion, that I can do without prejudice to my Husband, but if he consent, there can be no Injury done him. Perhaps this Proposal is not so extravagant as it may seem, for Mony is his God, and his Love too: So that if I am worth the purchasing, I dare say, he'l scarce overvalue me. This Sir, I hope, will free me from your Addresses, or else satisfie your Desires, which I wish with all my Heart, who am

Yours to command,

Bab. Rock.

This

This is one of the oddeſt ſort of conditional Conſents to a Debauch (ſaid Temple) *I ever met with in my life. Nay, if ſhe will yield* (ſaid Winter) *to her Lover, with the conſent of her Husband, he has cauſe enough to believe ſhe won't long reſiſt without it. For my part* (ſaid Chappel) *I rather take it for a Banter, than her real meaning. The truth on't is* (anſwer'd Summer) *'tis not very reaſonable to think the Husband will ever conſent to his own cuckoldom. Oh! you're under a great miſtake* (replied Fountain) *for there's many a man will put his Horns in his Pocket, if they are but Silver-gilt. Nay, the Air of the Letter* (contiou'd Church) *ſeems to intimate the Husband's conſent already obtain'd. Right* (purſu'd Brook) *on the condition aforeſaid mony will do all things. The* City of London (ſaid I) *has not been barren of Examples of this nature, to my knowledge. In ſhort,* (ſaid River) *the Letter is ſo cunningly worded, that ſhe comes off with credit if the Gallant be ſtingy, and gains her point if the Mony be forth-coming. Nay, where Vice is to be manag'd with dexterity* (concluded Grave) *commend me to a Woman, eſpecially when ſhe has either Pleaſure, or Profit in it.*

LETTER XXV.

From a poor Sine-Cure to a young Heir newly come to his Estate, who had a Benefice in his Gift; for a little present Relief, and also for a Benefice. Directed to Th. Ch ---, *Esq; to be left at* Will's Coffee-house *in* Bow-street *near* Covent-Garden.

Honour'd Sir, *Stafford*, 1692.

I Would send you the Benediction of the Church, if I thought you would value it from the hands of a poor Sine Cure, as much as I shall the Blessing I desire from you. However, the Honour I had to be so intimate with you at the University, gives me the assurance of my Coat, to beg the favour of you to bestow something of your Bounty on me, for 'tis my fortune to be at present Journyman-Curate to your Parson, who saves the expence of his Journy out of the Allowance he gives me, and therefore by the by, Sir, I hope you'l give me the Advouson, that if the old Gentleman be gather'd up to his Fathers, at the *Bath*, whither he's gone for the cure of his Body, not Mind, I may officiate with the greater zeal, when the Advantage flows into my own Purse. The Scripture says, That *he that takes to the Altar, must live by the Altar.* Truly, I wish your Worship would put me into a capacity of complying

plying with this Precept; for if there were no better Altars than mine in the Nation, the Clergy might dwindle down to crape Gowns, and Small Beer, and be as out at Heels as

Your humble Servant,

Josiah Wittis.

A witty fellow this (said Temple) *but none of the most pious. One would think his Poverty, and Affliction* (continu'd Fountain) *should have taken away his jocose humour. No, no, a man that is that way inclin'd* (answer'd River) *if he were dying, would have his Jest like Sir* Thomas Moor, *on his Beard. What,* (said Chappel) *when he took his Beard, when he was laying down his Head on the Block, and told the Executioner his warrant was to cut off his Head, and not his Beard? If he'd have his Jest,* (quoth'd Brook) *he might have learnt in the School of Affliction to be a little more devout. Oh, that's a vulgar Error* (return'd Summet) *to think that Devotion springs from Poverty, with any more Certainty than Repentance from a Death-bed Sickness. No, no,* (continu'd Church) *Affliction seldom meliorates our Lives, and most men under them are like Boys only hardn'd by Severity. And contrive rather to encrease their crimes* (added Winter) *to ease their Necessities, than by a better, and more regular life. Too many of the Clergy* (said I) *make a Jest of Religion, both in their practice, and words. There is this to be said for the excuse of this man* (concluded Grave) *because his Necessity obliges him to take that method in writing, which may please the lewd Humor of his Patron.*

LETTER XXVI.

From a Citizen to one in the Country, who had his Baſtard to maintain. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Goſted *at her Houſe near* Rumford *in* Eſſex.

Dear Mrs. Goſted,

HAve a little patience, I proteſt, as ſoon as I can get a little Mony, without my Wifes knowing it, I'll ſend it you: I have ſent you Twenty ſhillings by the *Rumford* Coachman, I would not have it known for the World: I hope the Child is well, you need not fear your Mony, I'll omit no opportunity of getting it up, and that with all the ſpeed I can: Come, come, 'twas a delicious ſlip of Nature, and if Grace be wanting, and ſuch a tempting Creature opportune, come, there is none, tho more preciſe than my ſelf, but would do the ſame. Therefore, good Miſtriſs *Goſted*, have a care of my little Bantling, it may chance to be my Heir if I outlive my Wife, for 'tis a finer Boy than any ſhe has had by me. Dear Miſtriſs *Goſted*, I have ſent you a dozen of Gloves for a preſent. I am

Yours to command,

Dan. Rab.

Here's

Here's a Hen-peckt Slave (said Temple) *has ventur'd upon Adultery. Tho he can't purloin* (added Chappel) *enough from his Lady-wife to pay for the keeping of his Bastard. How epidemic, and powerful is Lust* (said Grave) *against which no station almost can secure us. The Divine steals time* (pursu'd Winter) *from the* Apocalyps, *to reveal his frailty to a whore. The Lawyer* (continu'd Church) *that cheats in his Study, is bubbl'd in a Bawdy-house. The Philosopher* (added Fountain) *retires from the disquisition of the Mineral Kingdoms, to find out the way of a young man with a maid. Which is a difficult search* (said River) *if we believe* Solomon. *The very busie trading* Citt (assum'd I) *can find his leisure hours from Oppression, for this Peccadillo. The Poor,* (said Summer) *and the Rich fall within the Observation. And the Tyrants of their Familys* (concluded Brook) *as well as the obedient Husbands, of this Spark's Kidney.*

LETTER XXVII.

From a Lawyer to his Knight of the Post, about a Cause he was to swear in, with Instructions in the case. This Letter was wrote in Characters, but the company at last decipher'd it thus:

'Twas directed to Major Bince, *to be left for him at the* Hand Coffeehouse *in* White-Fryers.

Dear Major, Wiltshire, *June* 1692.

BE sure you be not out of the way by the first day of the next Term, for then the Cause comes on; I have told you what you are to swear, be sure you remember all the Circumstances, and Directions I gave you, use your self to assert it in the mean time in company, and by their Objections you may find how to strengthen your Evidence on the day of Trial. If you, and your Creature do the Work effectually, I'll add ten Guineas to what we have agreed for; if we baffle the Plaintiff this bout, I know his Abilities so well, that he can never be able to bring it about again, and when I have him at my mercy, never fear, I'll secure him from ever attempting it. I have sent a Token to you by my man *Dick*, who left *Croom* a fortnight since, so I suppose you have received it. Let me hear from you, if you want my Advice in any thing of the matter, who am your faithful Friend,

W. H.

Have

Here's a pure piece of Knavery, (cry'd out Rivers) *the Law that is ordain'd for the security of our Property, is manag'd by the Sons of* Belial *to the ruin of Hundreds. 'Tis as dangerous* (said I) *to venture to ingage with a Lawyer in a Suit of Law, as with a Fencing-master in a Duel; Death, and Ruin's the consequence. The Fable of the Dog, and the Sheep* (pursu'd Brook) *is his parallel, the Vultures, Kites, and Wolves, all give in evidence against the defenceless Sheep. So that our Estates are upon a nick-tish point* (said Church) *for if there can be no Law against a Knavish Lawyer, they'l be our own no longer, than till they can get a Finger in them. True* (continu'd Fountain) *he that has the power, and the will to do an Injury, will easily find an occasion. This Spark is perfect in his Trade* (said Chappel) *for he has given him the Receipt of a Lyar, to tell his Story so often over, that at last he asserts it as if he really believ'd it himself. In short,* (said Grave) *the whole Affair is a Juggle, and he that pretends to get by the Law, must be none but a Lawyer; for let the Plaintiff, and Defendant have never so good a Cause, the Counsels run away with the Bone from both. Their numerous Volumes of Interpretation of Statutes, and Precedents, &c.* (said Temple) *have only served to confound the whole, and make it as doubtful as the true Religion. As the old man that consulted three Lawyers on a point in Law, found it* (pursu'd Summer) *you have earn'd your Fees,* said he, *for you have encreased my Ignorance, and I am farther to seek now, than I was at first. But methinks* (concluded Winter) *a Lawyer that is a Knave, and prophanes the Sanctuary of the wrong'd, deserves Death and Torments without Mercy, and is far more injurious to the Commonwealth, than a whole Band of Robbers.*

LET

LETTER XXVIII.

From a Lady in the Country to another in London; *giving an account of a Dream she had. 'Twas directed to Madam* Lock, *at her House in* Charle's-street, Westminster.

Dear Madam,

I Was extreamly surpriz'd to hear the News of your Daughters Marriage to Mr. *Softstead*, for the very night before I had this Dream, methought I was walking out into the Meadow just above my Cousin *Johnson*'s House, all alone, and of a sudden I heard a great deal of Music, but cou'd see no body, though methought I heard a great many Men and Women. After that methought my dead Husband was alive, and brought me home a whole Cargo of Diamonds, Rubies, and pretious Stones, I was so o're joy'd at the Treasure, that I awak'd, and your Son arriv'd here, and told me his Sister was to be Marry'd that very day; but having Company here I could not come, but I hope my Dream may presage her Wealth, and Content, my Dreams are always ominous. Little Betty is very bad of an Ague, this Kentish Air does not agree with her, and I begin to be weary of the Country; and wish for your good Company, whom am,

Your humble Servant,

Ruth Fall.

Now

Now can't I for my Life (ſaid *Summer*) *find what Analogy this Dream has to the Wedding. Full as much* (anſwer'd *Temple*) *as moſt Dreams have that paſs for Omens. Right* (purſu'd *Fountain*) *for what likeneſs has a Tree to Empire, yet the Dream of* Aſtyages, *was ſo interpreted to him. I am of Opinion* (ſaid *Chappel*) *that moſt of thoſe Prognoſtic Dreams we find in Hiſtory were made after the Event like the Prophecies of theſe latter days. I'm not of your Opinion* (anſwer'd *River*) *for 'tis certain that Dreams of old were the Informations of Heaven, for when* Saul *came to the Witch of* Endor, *he complain'd that God neither ſpoke to him by Dreams, nor,* &c. *Fancy the Queen of Dreams* (ſaid I) *rules moſt of the World more, than reality when awake, ſo that I know not whether they may not be as material a part of our Lives as that which is tranſacted when awake.* Job *ſeems to have as great a concern* (purſu'd *Winter*) *for it, and puts it in balance with the other,* Cap. 7. Verſ. 17. *I'm ſure* (ſaid *Grave*) *there is ſo great a ſhare of our Lives ſpent in ſleep, that we muſt deſire it ſhould be as ſedate, and quiet as may be. Nay* (purſu'd *Brook*) *the Viſionary Bliſs, and Happineſs, and Treaſure of Dreams, for that reaſon, are as deſirable then, as the real ones when waking. Nay, the truth on't is* (concluded *Church*) *if there be ſo great an uncertainty in our Knowledge of our being aſleep or awake, that it was worth the Diſquiſition of ſo great a Philoſopher as* Des Cartes, *with ſo ſolemn a face of Serioſity, I know not whether there be ſo material a Diſtinction betwixt our Dreams, and being awake, as the generality of the World imagines.*

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

This Letter the Company could not Decypher, but I hope by that time the next Volume is printed we may find it out. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Fox, *near* Bow *in* Essex.

7 16 16 208

5 12 21 20 8, 6 17 20, 4 16 22 21, 2 11 5 14, 19 16 12 21, 24, 7 22 11 11 14, 11 19, 5 20 12 5 7, 24 12 21, 13 2, 14 11 8 21, 8 11 22 17 20 7 6 20 8 7, 10 11 20 13 7, 7 20 12 21, 6 17 20, 4 17 11 14 20, 23 11 3, 2 24 8 19 5 1 14 14 2, 6 20 24 14 21, 5 10, —— 16, 24 13, 2 11 5 8, 14 11 5 16 12 18 7 16 7 6 20 8. 13 24 22, 19 11 3.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

From a Prisoner almost starv'd, to his cruel Creditor. 'Twas directed to Alderman Stage, *at his House near* Dover *in* Kent.

SIR, *Wood-street-Compter*, 1692.

I Know not but this may be the last time I shall be able to trouble you; I have had nothing but the Common Basket to live upon this half Year, and we are so numerous that that is not sufficient to find us subsistance. You know I never was extravagant, and that you are my only Creditor that confine me to this hated place, if I were at liberty, I would with all my heart give all that I can earn, more than what will keep me alive, toward the satisfaction of your self, for the rest will stay till you are discharg'd, my Death can do you no good, but my Life, and Liberty may. I desire your speedy Answer, for else it may come too late, Sickness and Imprisonment will soon make an end of me, and then you'll lose all your Money. I am

Your unfortunate Debtor,

James Truehelt.

This

This is one of the most barbarous Customs (said Church) *in the World, and which scarce any other Nation is guilty of, to permit such as are not able to pay to be kept in Prison. 'Tis foolish, and preposterous* (said *Temple*) *as well as barbarous, for instead of the Creditors getting the Debt, it only makes sure that he shall never have it. How much better is the Custom of* France (said *River*) *where the Debtor's Goods, and Books are seiz'd upon, and two parts divided among his Creditors, and a third left him to begin again. A Debtor here in* England (said *Brook*) *is in a worse Condition than a Felon, who by burning in the Hand may come off with Life and Liberty, or at worst, after a time to prepare himself by Death, freed from a Goal. Right* (pursu'd *Fountain*) *but a Debtor is for his life confin'd to a loathsome Prison, and the Tyranny of profligate Rascals, that will fleece the poor Unfortunates of ev'n that wretched Remainder that's left them. We punish Poverty* (said *Grave*) *as if 'twere a Crime, and honour Wealth as if 'twere Vertue. And if a Prince by an Act of Indulgence* (said I) *attempt the relief of the most necessitous, their very necessity shall be the only cause they shall not have the benefit of it. True* (added *Chappel*) *for the Fees of the mercilefs Gaolers must be got tho' hundreds of the wretches can't raise the tenth part of 'em. And then these Acts are generally perverted;* (said *Summer*) *for the Men of the Law, who have the Regulation of 'em, are 'em monstrously to gratifie the Spightful Creditors. Malice, Revenge, Cruelty and Pride* (concluded *Winter*) *dispose our Actions in this as well as other Affairs of the World. We are made up of various Nations, which I think makes us delight in such cruelty to one another.*

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

From a Superstitious old Gentleman to a Clergy-man, about disposing of some Estate to a Pious use. 'Twas directed to Dr. B--------, *at his House in* Watling-street, London.

Reverend Dr. *Epsom*, June 1692.

SInce I left *London* I find my self worse, and these *Epsom*-waters are of no effect, the time of the Lord is coming I find, and if it be his blessed Will to take me away, his will be done, only I desire that you wou'd dispose of the two thousand Pounds I ordered my *Goldsmith* to pay you if I die, to some Pious use. That as I have received plentifully from the Lord I may return it in some measure to him in good Deeds. I commend my self to your good Prayers, and those of all your Congregation. I would not have my undutiful Daughter *Betty*, that marry'd without my Consent have one Farthing of it, if she want it she may thank herself, 'tis fit she be punish'd for her Disobedience. Pray send me your wholesome Admonitions, that it may wean my thoughts from this World, and prepare me for a better. I have always been an honourer of the Clergy, a lover of my King and Country, and therefore I hope the Lord

Lord will have Mercy on my Soul, which I commend to your Prayers, whom am Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

J. Grevil.

To read the beginning of this Letter (said Grave) *one would think this Man is in perfect Peace with the World, who is so ready, and willing to appear before the dreadful Tribunal of God, and yet we find before he reaches half way this short Letter, his Rancour breaks out against his own Child, for so trivial a Fault too* (continu'd Temple) *as the following his own Inclinations, which doubtless he had indulg'd till then himself. For all his Piety* (said I) *he can die in hatred and anger against his own Child; yet blaspheme God* (pursu'd River) *with a boast of his Innocence; but you find he reckons not his Duty to his Children any part of his Justification, thinking the perfection of Christian Life consists in honouring the Clergy, the King, and Country, without regard to any private Duties. Oh! for all the breach of those,* (answer'd Summer) *like others of his City Tribe, he'll attone by giving largely to God, who had given largely to him; as if it were not giving to God* (said Fountain) *to relieve the necessities of his own Flesh and Blood. No, no, the force of Bigottry, and Superstition* (reply'd Winter) *have prevailed on the contrary. The Clergy, like Father* Dominic *in the* Spanish *Fryar concluding that they that are so charitably given can have no private Transgressions to be redress'd. Bigottry* (said Chappel) *is a Devotion form'd by the Passions of Mankind, and is Hood-winked by Fancy, beyond the light of Religion to direct, and in matters of this nature 'tis very like Hypocrisie, setting up publick Monuments of Man's Righteousness, at the expence of his private Obligations. Well may our*

silly

*silly City be guilty of this (*said Brook*) when I find so wise a Man as* Xenophon *under the same Dilemma, giving the greatest part of what he had got in his* Asiatic *Expedition to* Megnbyzus, *Priest of* Diana, *to make an Image of that Goddess; and afterward, in his retirement at* Scillunt, *by the Advice of the Oracle, and the Priest laid it out in a Purchase of Land to be consecrated to that Goddess. I know not (*concluded Church*) we talk against Bigottry in Religion, but we discover it in all our Actions, and every motion of our Understanding, not to the Dictates of the Clergy only, but to the Opinion of others, for if some reputed Wit either condemn or praise any thing, his Judgment makes it run the same fate where e're it goes. I plead not for Bigotry by this, but only shew that 'tis a Vice in our Nature, and therefore easier found fault with than mended.*

LET

LETTER XXXII.

From a Usurer to his Son, to take care of getting in the Interest of his Moneys, &c. 'Twas directed to Mr. Wely *the younger, next door to the Sign of the* Cock *in* Sice-lane, London.

DIC, *From* Epping-Forest, *June* 1691

I Charge you on my Blessing to lay out no Money on Cloaths, you have had that Suit but a Year, and half, and I can make a Suit serve me ten Years, go to Mr. *Pendal*, at *Greys-Inn*, Mr. *Gamell*, at his Lodging in the *Strand*, and to Mr. *Port* in *Sobs-Square*, and tell 'em if I have not forbearance paid down immediately I'll take the Forfeiture of my Mortgages. I charge you hearken no more to the Shams of the *Lace-man*, but arrest him immediately, and bring an Execution on his Body and Goods, for I have a Judgment; I shall lose Two hundred Pounds before it has got me twice its value else. Be quick in your dispatch, and make haste into the Country, for the Town is chargeable now you cannot dine at home. Good *Dick*, make haste to;

Your poor Old Father,

R. Gold.

This

This Man (said Church) *is another of the City Tribe. True* (pursued Temple) *and Gold is his God, as well as* Name. *Fool* (answer'd Grave) *is his true* Name, *for he's not so much a Philosopher as the Dunghil-Cock in Æsop, who wou'd not give himself the needless trouble of preserving, that he could make no use of. But Man* (said Winter) *pursues what he should avoid, and avoids what he should pursue. Right* (assumed I) *none else wou'd for a wretched Debauch, and a Bottle bring himself into the Clutches of these Misers, their Statutes* (added River) *their Banks, and Warrants. Man* (said Church) *is certainly a very stupid kind of Animal, that all the Examples of Follies punish'd in the Fore-fathers, should not correct the Posterity to more Sense. True* (continu'd Fountain) *but like People on a full career on the Ice, all slide directly into the same hole they saw their Companion sink into just before them. So many flatting Beaux* (said Summer) *being reduc'd too crazy Allatian Sharpers, one would think should make the rest better Husbands. No, no* (concluded Brook) *this Blindness, and Folly is necessary for the circulation of Estates, as Trade is for that of Money, Nature turns private Vices to put publick Advantages.*

I. I. I.

LETTER XXXIII.

Of Courtship from a Quaker; directed to Tabitha, *the Daughter of* William Goyle, *at his House near* Chelmsford *in* Essex.

Tabitha,

I Have told thee that the Spirit mov'd me to call thee to my Bosom, and make thee turn the Vessel to me, that I might raise up Seed to the Lord, and his holy one, yea verily when I see that my heart does yearn like the Daughters of *Sion* when they lost their Beloved. Have a care *Tabitha*, let not the wicked Spirit enter thy Tabernacle, and so defile the Vessel of thy Body, which was made for the Godly, ha-a-um — *Tabitha*, Friend *William*, thy Father according to the Flesh is full of the Spirit, and when he begot thee he begot a Daughter to *Sion* as stately as the City of *Jerusalem*, and as pleasant as the Mountains of *Gilead*, thy Breath as sweet as the Cedars of *Olybanum*, thy Belly is like the Downs, where the Lambs of the Lord should skip and frisk, and play. Ah! *Tabitha*, my Spirit is mightily troubl'd within me, and the outward Man cannot rest till *Tabitha* receive him in the way of the Godly on her Bosom, which is softer than the Lillies of the Vallies. The third

Day

Day of the Seventh's Month I will come to see thee. Who am thy Friend,

Eliachim Snush.

Certainly a Quaker in Love (said I) *is like a Monkey sick. The Figure I confess* (said Brook) *must needs be very odd. In their most serious Actions* (said Winter) *one would think them mad; what then* (interrupted Temple) *must their foolishness be? The truth on't is* (said Summer) *they never look like Men, but in their Shops.* Why *so* (interrupted Fountain) *because they cheat with a Face of Gravity? No other reason can I perceive* (said Chappel.) *They are proud* (said River) *in the Habit of Humility, Professors of Patience in Injuries, but the most violent Revengers of what they think so. And preposterous* (added Church) *even in their Affectation of Humility, in a rich plain Mant and Petticoat, condemning the Country Virgin in her Bone-lace Coif. In his Conversation* (concluded Grave) *a Hypocrite, in Religion a Madman; but in his Love most certainly a Fool.*

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

From Mrs. Brittaign *to her Correſpondant in the Country. Twas directed to Mrs.* Grummet, *a Milliner in* Canterbury, *in* Kent.

Mrs. Grummet,

WInter now coming on, the Town will fill both from beyond Sea, and the Nobility out of the County, pray ſee to ſend me up ſome delicate freſh Country Laſſes, let them be very pretty, well ſhap'd and limbed, no matter how mean, a good Dreſs, and a little Inſtructions will make 'em do rarely. I have had thoſe off from a Common in my time who have rais'd their Fortunes under me, and been Companions for Knights, and Lords, nay and marry'd ſome of them too after they had done me good Services; let them be very young, juſt fallen Man, then they'll be moſt tractable, and beſt form'd into a gentile Habit and Air,

Your Friend,

Brittaign.

Subſcrib'd

Subscrib'd (said Church) *like a Bawd of Quality. As indeed she is* (pursu'd Temple) *for it cost her no less in Intelligence of this nature all over the Nation than Four hundred Pounds a Year. At her House* (continu'd River) *you need never want fresh Faces, as long as you have Money, nor fresh Lasses neither* (said Winter) *at this rate. But e'ry good thing when 'tis perverted to a Trade* (said Brook) *is soon corrupted, and so is this; for the same Woman shall be sold to twenty Lords, Knights, and Squires, for a Maid, Each paying* (said Summer) *the price of her Virginity? Ev'n so* (answer'd Fountain) *Cheats in all Traffic you know* Summer. *Nay, to say truth on't,* (said Chappel) *this Lady by the Assistance of the Indian Women can help a Man to Beauty, and Quality; nor is any Man's Wife safe* (said I) *that is handsome, so many Shapes do her Agents take to insinuate into their Companies, and delude 'em into Opportunities, and as* Almahide *says, opportunity half of our Sex are undone by that. Bawds I think* (concluded Grave) *deserve Death more than any Animal beside, they are the Corruption of Families, and rob a Man not only of his Wives, and Daughters Affections, but Vertue, Honour, and Reputation.*

LETTER XXXIV.

From a City Wife to her Prentice, inviting him to Epſom *upon his Maſter's abſence. 'Twas directed to Mr.* Young, *to be left at the* Hand *and* Pen *in* Billeter-Lane, London.

My dear Boy,

YOur Maſter deſigns next Week for the *Weſt*, and therefore I expect you once a Week at fartheſt with me; you need not let any know whether you go, come out of Town on *Saturday* Evenings, ſo that you may get to *Epſom* by night. I'll remove my Lodging to the place I was at laſt Year, do not fail, and there we'll enjoy one another without Interruption.

A. M.

Here is a Lady (ſaid I) *that can be lewd without the expence of a Bawd. One of the City-ſtrain* (purſu'd River) *that had rather embrace her ſmooth young Prentice, than the Old doting Alderman. I know not* (ſaid Grave) *but the Women will always have ſome pretence for their Lewdneſs. Right* (ſaid Winter) *if her Husband be old he's impotent, and moroſe. If young* (continu'd Chappel) *he's wild, and ſpends all his Stock abroad, and ſo to the end of the Chapter. This way of taking up with the Prentice* (ſaid Fountain)

Fountain) *is very frugal, I confeſs* True, (purſu'd Brook) *and very convenient. And therefore* (added Church) *very common. Which is commonly* (ſaid Summer) *the eaſe, and ruine of the Prentice. And yet* (concluded Temple) *they can't reſiſt the Temptation, if the Miſtreſs be handſome as thy Story may ſhew you. There was one of theſe City Wives catcht in this manner by the Husband, who civilly reprehending the Prentice, charg'd him, it ſhould be ſo no more, but finding that Admonition of little force he ſent for the Parſon of the Pariſh, to preach up the heinouſneſs of the Offence to him; which made the young Sinner in his own Vindication ſay, his Miſtreſs invited him to do it; But you ſhould imitate* Joſeph, (*anſwer'd the Man of God*) *who ran from his Miſtreſs, and left his Garment in her hands.* "Twas the wonder of that, replied the Prentice, "to fly from the Embraces of an ugly Gypſie, but he "could have been hang'd before he would have left "a pretty a Miſtreſs as mine. Which anſwer convinc'd the Parſon that 'twas in vain to preach Reſtinence to Youth, who perverted even the Scripture to ſatter its failings.

LETTER XXXV.

From a young Heir newly come to a great Estate, to one of his Comrades here in Town. 'Twas directed to Mr. Snow, *to be left for him at* Richard's *Coffee-House, near* Temple-Bar.

Dear Jack,

MY old Dad has thought good to quit this World in search of a better, tho' 'twere a long while first. 'Tis a folly to grieve for't, and an hypocrisie, since he was a morose Gentleman while he liv'd, and kept his Money as if 'twere not to be touch'd, but dying left it all to me near Twenty thousand Pounds *Jack*, the shining Dirt I find would not keep him alive that lov'd it so well, Faith I am resolv'd not to be so fond of that, as good Wine, an honest Fellow, and an obedient balmy Girl. As soon as the ceremonious Formalities of the Funeral are over, and Affairs settled in a good Posture, I'm for delicious *London*, where I intend to wound the Ladies tender, in my Glass Chariot, and carouse, and frolic with my Friends whilst Youth lasts; O'd Age, or Death I find will overtake us in time; 'tis therefore good to make sure of the present Joys; the Possession of the Friendship is not the least of them to thy Friend,

Du. Charleton.

Hu

Here's one of the Race of Fools (said Grave) *who thinks Happiness consists in drinking, and whoring. And so he will think* (pursu'd Winter) *till the Pox, and Poverty convince him, he's in an as great an Error as his parcimonious Father was; in living miserable* (pursu'd I) *to leave such a Block-head an Estate. We are of such an odd Composure* (said Temple) *that we can't perswade our selves to observe a Moderation in either Plenty, or Want. Right, and most Men are* Phrygians (added Church) *never wise till it be too late to reap any benefit of their Wisdom. 'Tis the Fate of* Misers *I think* (said Summer) *always to have Sons, that hate them, and spend that with profuseness in Vice, which they got by Oppression, Extortion, and Niggardliness. And I'm out in my Politics* (added Fountain) *if this jovial Spark don't live to do penance for his undutifulness to his Father: So goes on the Circle of things* (said Rappel) *Sin begets Sin; and Sin produces Punishments; And the son of a Knave* (pursu'd Grave) *is commonly ruined by Fools, and Knaves. Thus shews Justice in Providence* (concluded Church) *to punish the Offence by the means 'twas committed.*

LETTER XXXVI.

From a Father, on the Death of his Son, to his Friend. 'Twas directed to Mr. Moore, Woollen-Draper, *at his House in* Wattling-ſtreet, London.

Mr. Moore, *Abington* 169[illegible].

I Write to you upon a more doleful Subject, than the laſt time, for poor *Ned* dy'd yeſterday of a Feaver: 'Twas the beſt natur'd, and moſt dutiful Child ever unhappy Father loſt, but I hope I ſhall not long ſurvive him; he was my delight, and my ſafe-guard, he manag'd all my Affairs with that care, and faithfulneſs, that he was the Love and Admiration of all that knew him, he was temperate, and ſtudious, never loving Idleneſs, nor any Vice. 'Tis true, he was too good for this wicked World, and for me his unhappy Father; I had juſt built him a pretty Appartment againſt his Wedding-day, which as I ſent you word would be ſoon; but alas, he is wedded to his Grave; but my comfort is, a happy Eternity will celebrate his Nuptials. *Dear Sir,* ſend me Fourſcore Yards of your fineſt black Cloth for Mourning by the firſt opportunity, to *Abington*. I can write no more, my Grief is ſo great. But I am yours whilſt in this Life,

John Summe

Here

Here's that, that is rare (said Summer) *filial Duty and paternal Love meeting together. A tender Father* (pursu'd Fountain) *and yet a deserving Son. Your Character of him* (said I) *is true, for* Jack Summer *was known to us all. Nature, that all the world about in other Families* (said Temple) *seem'd to be compos'd of preposterous Jarrings, seem'd here to discover her primitive Beauty. True,* (pursu'd River) *where the Son enquired not into the Father's Years; nor the Father* (added Chappel) *impertinently troubl'd himself about the Son's Actions. How agreeable to Reason has he liv'd, and what a Triumph has he gain'd* (said Grave) *whose Memory's embalm'd with the Tears of him that begot him. And whose Virtue* (continu'd Winter) *is confess'd the Support of the Life of him that gave him Life. 'Tis pity such an Example* (said River) *should be ravisht from the prevaricating World. The Prince of this World* (concluded Brook) *saw that the force of one such Example would in time reform Mankind, and so banish the Supports of his Empire's Strife, and Destruction.*

LETTER XXXVII.

From a pleasant Gentleman to his Mistress, to satisfie her he lov'd her; directed to Madam White, *at her House in* Abby-street, *near* Westminster.

Madam,

I Protest I can't tell what you would have me do, I have swore to you a thousand times, that I

love; if you expect any heroic Madness to confirm it, I profess I am not ambitious of that Honour; hanging, and drowning, and stabbing, are in my mind no more proofs of Love, than Courage, being opposite to the end of both. Courage being the supporting of Misery, and the utmost effects of Fortune, without sinking under them, and the end of Love is to enjoy the Object belov'd; but, in the Arms of the living fair One, for as for the *Elyzian Fields*, 'tis too Chymerical, and Spiritual a Happiness for a Man of Sense, and Flesh and Blood to depend on. Let me therefore, *Madam*, meet with the Death of a happy Lover in your white, and soft Bosom, and then if I be not the greatest Cooing Turtle, and most faithful fond-doting Lover in the World, discard me for a lying perjur'd Son of a Whore. Gad sweet Lady, I think my Proposal is fair, and I hope will work upon your Obstinacy so far as not again to require any test of the Sincerity of my Passion, so that at my return you will be ready with open Arms to receive,

Madam, your faithful humble Servant,

C. North.

If this Spark be in Love (said River) *the Passion is more Jocund, and gay than usual. He's like some Men* (pursu'd Chappel) *who dispatch a great deal of business playing, and without any concern; while others* (assum'd Fountain) *are poring perpetually over less. So you fancy* (said Temple) *that one Man can be really much in Love, and yet merry, and gay; And that* (assum'd Summer) *when his Mistress doubts of his Affection, whilst another* (pursu'd Brook) *for so it must be, is run on the Parallel, shows all the*

the Marks of Diſtrain in his Face, Actions and Diſcourſe. For my part (ſaid Church) *there is ſuch an Air of Indifference in his Letter, I think he can't be poſſeſs'd with the moſt violent of Paſſions. An Amourett perhaps* (ſaid I) *a tranſient gliding Flame, that can be extinguiſh'd in the next Puddle he comes to. The general Luſt* (ſaid Grave) *after the whole Sex, for, that a great many of our Beaux take for Love, when ever deſire is rous'd by a beautiful Object. But Man never yield* (concluded Winter) *that a real Paſſion can admit of thoſe Pleaſantries, which this Writer, as well as the Author of Letters, and Poems, amorous, and gallant are ſo very fond of.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

From a Jew *to a* Chriſtian, *recriminating upon him. 'Twas directed to Mr.* Farby, *Tobacconiſt in* Broad-ſtreet, London.

SIR, *Norwich, June* 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter laſt Week, but the Contents of it being ſo impertinent, I once thought to give you no Anſwer, but leaſt you ſhould take my Silence for a Confeſſion of my Guilt; I ſhall, in ſhort, tell you, that you not only accuſe me wrongfully, but alſo rail without any pretext to Senſe, or Reaſon. Firſt you are under a neglectful or wilful miſtake, in ſaying I twice charg'd to you the ſame Hogſhead of *Spaniſh* Tobacco; whereas if you conſult but your own Books you'll find I

have charg'd you with no more, than I ought, I having furnish'd you with two Hogsheads since I was last clear'd; one on the 25th of *May*, and another on the 1st of this present Month. Then for all your Nonsensical Abuse of my Religion, 'tis like the other gross Actions of your Life, the effect of brutal Instinct without consulting the Faculties of a Man; Else you would have remembred that I was of the Race of *Abraham*, whom you Christians confess the Progenitor of your *Messias*, and therefore merited a better Treatment from you, you might also remember that you Christians confess us to have been once the peculiar People of God, and I can see no reason we have not to think our selves so still, unless we will suppose he can either forget his Promises to *Abraham*, or that he can be Changeable, as Man is: Finally if your Religion teach you better Morals than ours (which I deny even from the Mouth of *Jesus*, who when he laid down the chief Precept of his Law of, *Do as you would be done by*, added, for this is the Law and the Prophets) the greater Shame you are so far behind us in Practice, who cheat not one another as you do, or cut one anothers Throats, for we know not what. We are not undutiful to our Parents, nor negligent of our Children to gratifie the Pride, and Revenge of our selves, or second Wives; but if I should run the Parallel, as far as I might, 'twou'd easily be seen who are the People of God, since you must grant the Tree is known by its Fruit. I shall return home in a few days, and then shall convince you of the Injury you have done.

Ephraim Bin Ezra.

The

The Jew *in my mind* (ſaid Brook) *has recriminated with a great deal of Reaſon. We have* (ſaid Winter) *a ſort of ſordid Animals among us, who think themſelves very happy, and excellent by being Chriſtians, tho they lead Lives more lewd and knaviſh, than the worſt of* Heathens; *And have no more Morals in their dealings* (purſu'd Church) *than the* Banians. *It may be doubted indeed* (ſaid Grave) *whether theſe People are animated with any other Soul than that of a Beaſt, they are ſo wholly led by Senſe. They diſcover ſo little of thought, I muſt confeſs* (added Temple) *in their Actions, that one might almoſt believe it without Hereſie; True* (aſſum'd River) *for the Soul of Man is a Cogitative Eſſence. You wrong 'em* (ſaid I) *for they are very thoughtful to Circumvent the Ignorant. So are Dogs* (anſwer'd Fountain) *thoughtful, as their Dreams will convince; But* (interrupted Chappel) *their Knaveries are ſo natural, that there is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe them capable of a rational Thought any more, than a Cat that watches, and feigns her ſelf aſleep to catch her Mice. For my part* (concluded Summer) *I think if Morality be juſtly obſerv'd, there will no Man of what Religion ſo ever be Damn'd for controverted doubtful Points.*

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

From a Gentleman of some Quality, to a Creditor of his. 'Twas directed to Mr. Woodford *at his House in* Maiden Lane, *near the* Strand, London.

SIR, Wilts, *June* 1692.

I Am sorry I must still put you off, since you have pressed me with so much earnestness for your Mony; I have retir'd from Town on purpose to retrench my Expenses, that I may be able to discharge all my Debts, but as yet I am not able to spare so much as your Bill amounts to, tho I hope it will not be long before I shall send to you, to your satisfaction. As for what you desir'd me to buy you, I have sent it by the Carrier, but you must pardon me if I refuse to put it to account, I freely present you with it, who am

Sir, your Friend, and Servant,

J. Bowlestre.

The Writer of this Letter (said Chappel) *is no less than a Baronet, born to Two thousand a year: And writes such a servile Letter* (pursu'd Temple) *to a Taylor, for such is this* Woodford. *I know him* (said Brook) *by the experience of his plaguy Bills. This shews* (said Grave) *that by being in debt, one makes one's self the Slave of the Creditor. Debt* (pursued Win-

Winter) makes a Mechanic familiar, and saucy with Quality. But Quality (answer'd Church) *has a Receipt of humbling that Sawcineſs, by never paying. And yet (purſu'd* River) *ſome of the Mechanics had rather have the honor of working for Quality, than the Money of the meaner ſort. I knew a Dutch Shoemaker (added* Fountain) *of that humor, and for his Work he talk'd Politicks with them at the Coffee-houſe. Their Pride (continu'd* Summer) *makes way for the others wronging 'em of their due. But (concluded* Winter) *their Quality is not much honor'd in ſharping on the Vices of their Inferiors.*

LETTER XL.

From an old Woman in love with a young Man. 'Twas directed to Mr. Scuthborough, *to be left for him at* Hypolito's *in* Bridges-ſtreet *near the Theatre Royal,* London.

Dear Mr. Scuthborough, *Oxfordſhire, June* 1692.

YOur repeated Letters to my Daughter, tho ſhe has aſſured you of her Pre-engagement, convince me that you are not inſenſible of Love, but I have often told you of your fruitleſs Endeavours here, and how much you were her Averſion; I have alſo told you, there was another Lady in the World, who would receive your Addreſs with a more

more favourable Ear, and said enough, I thought, to make you understand whom I meant, if my Eyes had not been sufficient to have betray'd the Secret to you. I am unwilling to think my Age, or Fortune so contemptible, as to be slighted by you; and therefore I hope this confession of my Love will be look'd upon as a modest assurance in my own Deserts, and not an overfondness of you; tho ingranting I love you, I grant you worthy of that Fondness. I hope you are a man of Honor, to make no use of this to my Prejudice. Remember that Youth is the Seat of Deceit, and fickle Inconstancy, its wishes, and desires are rambling, no more to be bounded than a Torrent, and Inundation, but Age (I mean Maturity, past which, I presume, you can't suppose me) is more fixt, as well as more violent in Love, continues pleas'd with its choice, and neither desires nor thinks of any change. If Youth has more of the sparkling gaudiness of Beauty, it has also the less care, as well as skill to please. And I think, without vanity, my Face has not lost all its charms, when my Heart admits of new Fires. In short, pray let us see you here, as soon as your occasions will permit; I intend for the Town in the Winter, who am

Your humble Servant,

Eugenia Allson.

This Letter is writ (said Chappel) *with the Soul of a Woman, in which Passion, and Pride are so mingled, that it discovers not a little Cunning. Cunning* (said Winter) *in Folly! Yes,* (return'd I) *there may be a great deal of Cunning us'd in compassing that which perhaps may be a Folly. True,* (pursu'd Temple)

ple) for 'tis no better than Folly, for a woman that is old, to think to divert a passion from a young Lady to her self. And yet, you see, she aims at it in this Letter, (interrupted River) with a great deal of Art. Right (continu'd Summer) by first presenting him with despair of the desired Object. And then (added Fountain) presenting with an Object of Interest, which is commonly taking with a man that is disappointed of his Love. And lastly, (said Church) by proposing the difference betwixt the two, with the advantage to the latter. Woman (concluded Grave) is exorbitant, and irregular in her Lusts, and Desires, but regular, and skilful to gratifie them.

LETTER XLI.

From an Irish-man to his Creditor. Directed to Mr. Russel *a Peruque-maker in* Drury-lane, London.

Dear Joy, *Tunbridge,* June 1692.

BY my Shoulwasion Ee was in hopes before nu indeed to have pleas'd thee sweet Faash of thee, bee St. *Patric*, with some Mony for the two last Perriwigs, but bee Chreest, and St *Patrik*, Ee was indeed disappointed of mee Bills of *Exchange*, from mee Steward in *Erland*, dear Joy, but bee mee Shoulwasion, Ee will turn him out of his Plaash indeed when Ee return home. Mee good Lady, your Weef, indeed, can tell you the truth of these, for Ee have shew'd her a Letter of it, which

which came bee, me veree good Friend indeed, Teague *Mack Allon*, that was Maſhor-General, bee mee Shoulwaſhion, when Ee was Under-Marſhal of *France*, and bee Chreeſt, mee good Friend, he is a very good Paymaſter, if thee canſt but get him to bee thee Cuſtomer. Chreeſt bleſs thee ſweet Faith indeed, commend me to thee ſweet Spouſe, ſhe is a very good Woman, bee mee Shoulwaſhion, dear Joy. Thee maiſt direct to me, at a Houſh, bee Chreeſt, about the meedle of a Street in *Tunbridge*, mee Landlerd's Daughter, bee Chreeſt, and St. *Patrie*, married the Miller's Son of a Village within a mile of this place; his great Grandmother was a Gentlewoman, bee mee Shoulwaſhion, and ſold Wine at the Wells; and his Grandfather bee the Mothers ſide was call'd *Honeſt Dic*, and wore Leather-Breeks indeed; and Ee remember, when Ee was in *Erland*, dear Joy. Ee was us'd to reede a hunting in Leather-Breeches, and Leather-Boots too. Ee am, bee mee Shoulwaſhion,

Thee verie humble Servant,

Teague O'Donnel.

Bee Chreeſt, and St. *Patrie*, Ee had forget; the beſt thing for your cold is Bonniclabar, and the beſt thing in the World for the Gout is Bonniclabar, and indeed, dear Joy, Bonniclabar is good for every thing.

I love

I love not Nutional Reflections (said Temple.) *But the dulness* (pursu'd Winter) *of this Nation is so really, and literally true, and general, that——— Twould be a Lye* (interrupted Brook) *to call them any thing but Fools. Bragging Tarr* (added Chappel) *and Cowards. To this you might* (said River) *have added superstitious Bigots. And yet* (continu'd Summer) *Ignorance makes 'em not devout. True* (pursu'd Church) *for they live generally by Fornication, and Adultery; And the Spoils* (added Fountain) *of believing Tradesmen. Well* (said Grave) *I grant you, for the generality of the original Irish, your Character agrees with them, both as Fools, and Cowards, but I must needs say, those who have had the advantage of a forreign Education, and of a Gentleman's Birth, want not Bravery, tho they are seldom overstock'd with Sence. Ireland indeed* (concluded I) *has the Fate of Boëtia, a fertile Soil, but barren Heads, to which Subjection, and the Consequences of it have added. But we have Follies enough of our own, that render us sufficiently blind, tho Scotsmen blind our Eyes.*

LET-

LETTER XLII.

From a Widow to a Lady, who advised her against a Second Marriage. 'Twas directed to Madam Loe, *at her House near* Rochester, Kent.

Dear Madam, *London,* June 1692.

I Received your kind Letter, in which indeed you discover a great deal of Zeal for my Happiness; I must grant I was once of your mind, tho I have at present far other Sentiments. I know your Observation to be true, that these second Matches have very often ill luck, but yet there's no general Rule without an Exception; and I have known some to this, and seen second Husbands kinder than the first. Besides, the ill success of these Marches proceeds commonly from the Indiscretion of the Lady, who understands not to chuse well. Fluttering *Beaux*, and impudent Rakehells generally take with our Sex, who have no Merit, but what's due to their own Braggs. But I have made choice of one whose Modesty is his only fault, which secures me of that, which you urge with a great deal of ardour, *viz.* that I shou'd remember how long I have been my own Mistriss, and then consider how pleasant it must be to submit to the Will of another. But the modest man is seldom an Usurper, and if he claim no more than his due, I shall never think my Liberty infring'd: that's only to be fear'd from an assuming conceited Coxcomb, that thinks nothing a Fault but Modesty. You say

say 'tis too great a Bleſſing to meet with two good Husbands, and that I, having far'd ſo well at firſt, ſhould have a care of wrecking my content in a ſecond adventure; but I muſt tell you, where the *Halcyon's Senſe*, and *Modeſty* have built their Neſts, there's no great fear of a Storm. For my part, I never ſet up for the ſuperſtitious Niceties of the *Epheſian Matron*, and therefore need not fear a Puniſhment like hers, of ſhame, and Infamy: if I continued a Widow thus long, 'twas but to meet with a choice agreeable to my Reaſon, her violent Reſolutions were not Proof againſt the Aſſaults of the moſt inferior, and commonly the worſt qualified of men; but I was always of opinion, that no Woman ought to pretend to that, which their after-frailty would diſcover to be ſo ill grounded. My Children are all provided for, by the care of their Father, and I know no reaſon why I ſhould not alſo provide for my ſelf, and gratifie my Deſires, when I find my ſelf overcome by a prudent Paſſion. In return of your good Advice, I wiſh you may ſoon meet with as good a Husband as I am confident Mr. *Hall* will prove, Madam, to

Your humble Servant,

Elizabeth Moon.

To ſee the ſtrength of Deſire (ſaid Grave) *in this Woman, which turns all Difficultys into Advantages. True,* (purſu'd Winter) *and muſters all the Reaſons ſhe can, to put a ſpecious gloſs upon her Failing. And to repreſent that a happy Certainty* (added Church) *which ſhe deſires ſhould be ſo. I know not,* (ſaid Brook) *but ſhe diſcovers a great deal of Sence, and a generous Temper in what ſhe writes. And I am*

ſure

sure (pursu'd Temple) *she has taken the best Road to Happiness, if she place it in Marriage, in chusing a* Modest Man: *and a* Man of Sence. *Very true* (added River) *for the Gentlemen of the contrary Kidny think all Rewards of the highest virtue, their due. And are therefore* (continu'd Fountain) *negligent, and unconcern'd for every thing but themselves. But there is* (said Summer) *a modest diffidence in Virtue that thinks every thing above its desire. If the Ladys* (said I) *would follow this method, they would seldom buy Repentance so dear, as they generally do, by preferring the forward Boldness of a Fool to the humble modesty of a man of Sence. But* (concluded Chappel) *'tis hard to distinguish, especially in Sence, how rendring all things as they ought to be in the Object belov'd; and there is no Virtue, but a Hypocrite can frame a Vizzor like it.*

LETTER XLIII.

From a Gentleman to his Wives Mother-in-Law, who had been a true Step mother to her. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Nicholson, *in* Gracechurch-street, London.

Madam, *Essex,* June 1692.

FInding that you return'd a Denial to my Wives Letter, I thought my self oblig'd to let you know, that tho you had not so much Regard to the only Daughter of your deceased Husband, as to lend her Ten pound till Lady-day, to deliver her from the

the greatest Necessities (tho her Father left you a Legacy of One hundred pounds, a better Husband than Father; besides your Joynture, and the Housewilly Elucubrations of your own Industry, to the tune of five times that sum) yet I am so good a Christian to return you Good for Evil, and therefore resolve to immortalize your Name, and thus force from your Gratitude a Present of twice the value she desir'd only to borrow, for a Dedication I suddenly design you. I have a Book in the Press of The Folly of Cuckolds, and the good-natur'd Tricks of Stepmothers, and the Delights of Hypocrisie. These Subjects being so adapted to your several qualifications, I design you as a Patron of it, and in the Epistle I'll vindicate you, as well as matter of Fact will bear, from those odious Imputations your Enemies lay on you; for, who that knows your *tender compassionate nature* can believe you, coud whip the only Child you ever had to Death, when 'twas but eighteen months old. This therefore, as well as the rest that follows, must be a notorious defamation, *viz.* That upon your second Husbands death, you wisely convey'd away several pieces of Plate, which else would have come to his unhappy Orphans. But were this true, I cant see where the Crime lyes, since without doubt you only did it to keep those precious Reliques of the dead man you lov'd alwales in your sight, as a melancholy *Memento* of Mortality, that you might not forget your second Love, nor admit the Addresses of a third, else you could never have had the Heart to have held out against the Onsets of my Wives Father, till he had engag'd to turn all his children out of doors as soon as he married you; and that, sweet Lady, was the effect of Wisdom, which Love is too great an Enemy to. But I suppose, 'twill not be worth my while to clear you of the next point, since it

will

will not be much resented by the World, that you should be so providential a Lady, as upon my Wives Fathers Death to keep your Room warm with two pair of Hangings, and would not gratifie the prying Executor (tho by the way he was but a Coxcomb for not forcing you to't) to let him see your Chamber, to convince him that you had nothing there but your due; that you had hid Pewter under the Faggots in the Garret, and a great many more such odious Calumnies, too long to be repeated here.

Perhaps I may not be able to clear you of all these Imputations, yet I'll warrant you I'll do you this Kindness, that your Name shall be known from the Sheriffs, to the Porter, and from my fine Lady Mayoress, to the little tho Oysterwench, in her lawful and virtuous Occupation at the Tavern door. Oh, how will you be esteem'd as a Pattern of the best of Mother-in-laws, so tender, and loving of your fond Husbands Off-spring, that you'd not part with Ten pound to keep 'em in this wicked World, tho you were sure of your Money again! *Garagantua* himself, nor any of the terrible Race of the Hobgoblins, shall be more rever'd by children, than your Name: For to shew you, that my zeal for the exaltation of your Honor, and Glory is not confined to the narrow compass of a Nuncupatory Epistle, Ile bring you acquainted with the Beaux of the Pit, in a Comedy I'm writing, and with the *religious Multitude*, in a Ballad just now in the Mint, to the celebrated Tune of *Chevy Chase*, by which you may be sure no County of this spacious Land, nor Village, or Fair, but shall hear the Glories of your Faith, and Nature, sounded with the vocal Harmony of Male, and Female Ballad-singers. But that you may have no cause of Offence, I'll use you as we Authors do our Patrons, take your *Silence* for *Consent*, and without any more ado, print your name

at

at the front of my Epiſtle. Madam, you can't imagine how happy a thing 'tis to oblige us Scribblers, for we have a rare Art of immortalizing our Friends, as well as Enemies, tho in a different manner. Perhaps you'l be ſo modeſt now (*for I know you abound in all ſorts of Virtues*) as to wiſh you had comply'd with my Wiſe, and prevented this Honor; but Madam, I am confident a Lady of your admirable Qualifications can't but delight to ſee them expos'd to the World in their proper colours, which muſt not be pleaſant to you alone, but alſo to your whole Pariſh, that muſt be proud of ſuch a Pariſhioner. But I have been ſo tedious, that I muſt here conclude, becauſe my Paper will not let me ſay any more, unleſs I have recourſe to an Endorſement; I'll leave off therefore betwixt Neceſſity, and Deſire, and make my Exit like Prince *Volcius* in the *Rehearſal*, with one Boot on, and another off; who am,

Your extreamly-oblig'd Son-in-law,

R. Illford.

Here's a true Character (ſaid I) *of one of thoſe Prodigious Monſters in Nature, a Stepmother.* *True,* (ſaid Brook) *all the old Stories reviv'd, and their Quality, combin'd in one.* *Strange prepoſterous Humor* (ſaid Grave) *in Man, that for the ſake of being thought a fond doting Husband, ſhould merit the Name of a Knave, Fool, and Cuckold!* *Right* (purſued Winter) *and forget all the Bonds of Nature for one that diſcovers ſo little value for him, to hate his Children.* *True,* (ſaid River) *and ſo endeavour'd to extinguiſh his Name, and Family.* *A juſt Reward* (ſaid Fountain) *on him, that could be ſuch a Fool.*

To

To clap his Reason (interrupted Chappel) under his Wives Smock. The Gentleman (said Summer) *has ingeniously rally'd her, without incurring the Law. But all he'll get by't,* (answer'd Church) *is but a greater Certainty of her Hate. Which I think* (concluded Temple) *was no great matter, since he was sure of that before, by her Denial, and women of her Kidny seldom relent, or grow better, the Curst of Hypocrisie, and Cruelty pursuing them to final Impenitence.*

LETTER XLIV.

From a Gentleman to his Friend, relating what several great things his Mony has effected for him. 'Twas directed to Mr. Norris *Merchant,* London.

Dear Sir, *Amsterdam, June 16[illegible]*

Since I left you, and *England*, I have expended all that Money I return'd over hither by you, and therefore desire you to do me the same Kindness again, the other Thousand pound may effect to gain my point, if, as I foresee, I apply it wholly to that use; what I have spent already, has convinc'd me, that Mony will do any thing; as a Proof of which, I here send you a little of my great Experience in this affair. Upon my first arrival, I brought

brought over some prohibited Goods, and had the ill fortune to have 'em found out by the Tyde-Waiters, but less than half the value into their own Pockets, secured them from the public; so that their Oath, and Trust were not Proof against Gold. Next, coming to quarter at a Merchants House, to whom I had Letters of Recommendation, I found he had a Wife, beautiful, young, and chast, as she was generally thought, but by Gold I gained admittance to her Bed, where being caught by the Husband, Gold soften'd his Indignation, and gave me a more secure, and free access to her: But weary of that, I posted to some neighbouring Courts, upon the Negotiation you wrot of, and there I found Gold open the Secrets of Princes, debauch the Honour of Ladies, the Religion of Devotes, and the Integrity of Servants, oblig'd to their Masters for their very Life, and Bread. Meeting with some Controversies in my Dealings, I found always the Judge on my side, as well as the Advocate, for I open'd the justice of my Cause in a Golden shower: Wanting Revenge, and the Heart to venture my self in a Duel, I for my Gold, found those that made no more of a Murder, than I do of cutting my Nails. In short, Mony has made me beautiful, tho I am deform'd, honest tho a Knave, stout tho a Coward, virtuous tho an Atheist; and yet I'm as good as the rest of the World, who have no more of either, than the outside, and he that can best disguise his own Failings, is the best man; *Interest* is the God of this World, who will be sacrificed to by Hypocrisie, for Plain-dealing will never gain its Favour. Fail not therefore to send me the Mony I write for; Mony, that purchases Honours, Truths, Friendships, Beauty, Love, and Courage; send me this divine *Elixir*, and assure your self of

the Succeſs of our mutual Profit, and Intereſt; who am

Yours to command,

J. Palſon.

'Tis a ſtrange thing to me, (ſaid River) *whence Gold has this bewitching Power. It ſhews* (ſaid Grave) *the meanneſs of our Being, that is ſubject to ſuch an inanimate Creature; That has* (aſſum'd Winter) *all its nobleſt Faculties, its Vertues, and all its greater, as well as leſſer Movements, dependant on dead Metal. 'Tis indeed the blind Guide of the World,* (ſaid Church) *and that Goddeſs of humane kind,* Fortune. *Well obſerv'd* (purſu'd Fountain) *for if we are ſucceſleſs at Court, at Law, in Love, or any other Affair, we cry out,* We have no Fortune. *That is,* (interrupted Temple) *we have no Money. True,* (continu'd Chappel) *for if you want not that, the Deſigns of Court are unravell'd, that oppos'd your Riſe. The Lawyers Mouth* (added I) *and the Judges Eyes are open'd to ſee your Cauſe plainer, and the cruel Nymph proves more eaſie, and tractable. The Myſtery of Money* (concluded Summer) *I find is great, its power is not known to its ſelf, nor the reaſon of it to Mankind, who is ſenſible of its Dominion, but not the Juſtice, or Cauſe of it.*

LET-

LETTER XLV.

From a Black to a fair Woman, with whom he is in Love. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Mary, *at Madam* Brent's *House in the* Pal-Mall, London.

Mrs. Mary, *Epsom,* June 1692.

I Have been very uneasie since I saw you last, for I fear some other should possess your Heart, before I have prevail'd against the Prejudices you have conceiv'd against my colour. If I am black, 'tis the Night, which delights you with pleasant Dreams, and to whose confidence you commit the secretest of your Actions, and the most transporting of your Love; Night is conscious of all your Desires; Night sees you unveil those killing Beauties which you hide by Day. I will not prefer my colour to white, because you are so, else I could tell you, that the Spouse in the *Canticles* was black, and the Sun had look'd too much upon her; she was *black, and yet beautiful.* Add to this, that I can ne'r betray your Thefts of Love by foolish Blushes, my colour is constant as my Heart, which is not of so changeable a nature, as the white men. Besides, believe me, I am of a softer make within, and more sensible of Love, as well as my Body is without, than the white men; they are too rough hewn for these tender Arms, too unconstant to possess such Beauties, and too proud to value the Favour. Let not Prejudice plead against me, and you'll find Jett not less amiable than Ivory. Try

me, and you'll find my Words, and my Heart agree, make me happy, and I'll always adore you, who am

Your faithful Slave,

George.

How prompt Nature is (said Grave) *to what is unlawful! I can see no reason* (answer'd Chappel) *for that exclamation. Nor I* (said Brook) *since whatever the cause of our different colour be, I'm sure we all of human Race. Right* (pursu'd Temple) *and therefore 'tis but Fancy, and Custom that make People think the conjunction of White, and Black, unnatural, or unlawful. If it be Fancy* (said River) *'tis my Fancy, that Nature has set that visible Bar between our Embraces. The Woman* (replied Winter) *for a wager, is of another Fancy. The more* (added Church) *because 'tis thought unnatural. Prithee* (assum'd Fountain) *have a more favourable opinion of the Sex: Or he never deserves* (said I) *to have any Favour from it. I'm sure* (concluded Summer) *I'll keep at peace with it in thought, word, and deed, unless I could find a more reasonable, and more safe cause of War.*

LET

LETTER XLVI.

From a young Spark, discovering the Debaucheries of the Town. 'Twas directed to Mr. Tomlins, *at his House near* Dover, Kent.

Dear Rogue, *London, June 1692.*

YOU desire to know how I spend my time, now you have fled from the Arms of a Friend, to those of a Wife; I won't remark the disadvantage of the change, but I'll only let you know how I now live, and that will make you long for the Joys you have voluntarily banish'd your self from. The Night, whilst you in conjugal fear are confin'd to your Spouse's Arms, I am carousing it with half a dozen Friends, over a brisk Bottle, which has no Deceit, but gives us fresh Vigor, and elevates our Thoughts above the brutish, drowsie World; sometimes perhaps, for variety, we admit a docil supernumerary Harlot, lewd for our Diversion, not serious Embraces, who for an honest George, and her Dose of Liquor, and a little Victuals to her empty Stomach, shall give a present view of all the Mysteries of the Kingdom of mighty Lust. Having supplied the want of the Suns cheering Influence, by no less cheering Wine, all the Night, I retire to Bed, to sleep away that time the rest of senceless men trudge up and down, to circumvent one another. From Bed I retreat to *Sylvia*'s neat Abode, where I revel in her Arms till Play-time, where, if it be a dull one, I pursue some wand'ring Game in

the Pitt, or Gallery, with whom I frolick, and play till our usual time of rendezvous at the Tavern. Sometimes I'm in pursuit of Maidenheads, and try all under Fifteen; to this I bow with an awful respect, to gratifie her Pride; to that I swear a hundred foolish, passionate Oaths, to salve her unseasonable Scruples; a third I gain with Presents; a fourth, by rallying to humour her Caprice, that likes no love but that of Cats scratching, and fighting: With the silent, and languishing, I bill like a cooing Turtle; with the coquet, a id buxom I frisk, talk loud, and laugh; and so with all gain my point, and walk at large, whilst thou, poor wretch, art confin'd. These are some part of the Pleasures I take, whilst you, like a Mill-horse, plod on in your daily drudging round, to day a Wife, to morrow the same, and so on till Fate, the kind dissolver of the Cares of a married Life, deliver her, or you, which I wish thee with all my Heart, who am thy Friend, and Servant,

Ed. Watson.

What a thoughtless Life (said Winter) *is this? Hurry, and Noise supply the place* (pursu'd Grave) *of Thought, and Divertisement. If the* Italian *Proverb be true* (said Church) *that* he's a Fool that's not melancholy once, or twice a day, *this Gentleman* (assum'd Summer) *must be something more True,* (pursu'd River) *for he never intends to think till either his Health, or his Purse deny him any farther use of this sort of Life. And then* (added Temple) *Thought comes too late. Or is of small duration* (continu'd Fountain) *and little force. The Pleasures of Youth* (said Chappel) *are not to be condemn'd, any more than avoided, provided they be us'd with moderation. I agree with you* (pursu'd Brook) *but when they*

they once transgress the mean, they degenerate into Vice, and Folly. I'm sure then (concluded I) *they are of more general power than their contraries, Virtue, and Wisdom.*

LETTER XLVII.

From a great News-monger, to his Correspondent in Holland. *'Twas directed to Mynheer* Van Schelshate, *in the Great-Street in* Amsterdam.

SIR, *London,* June 1692.

I Receiv'd the last News very timely, but you might have had less regard to the severity of Truth, for if it be any thing near it, it will do full as well, especially if it be current with the Vogue of the People. 'Tis true, I can enlarge upon it my self, and therefore, as to the nicest matter, I should desire the best account, because I know who to gratifie with the one, and who with the other; but your additional Comment from Report will save me a great deal of labour, for whatever goes down with you, I'm sure, can't fail here, our People being fully as desirous of News. As to the business of *Dauphine*, I wish it were magnified more than really 'tis; but as for News against us, that also sometimes ought to be set off in the most dreadful characters it gives the better relish to the good News that follows it. I am yours to command,

R. Luist.

These News-mongers (said I) *in my opinion, are the most dangerous Vermin of the State. And ought, I think,* (pursu'd Winter) *to be us'd like such. They spread false News* (continu'd Temple) *to serve their own Interest. And live* (added Chappel) *like the Devil, by Lyes. They gratifie Factions* (said Summer) *And keep up Animosities* (pursu'd Brook) *stir up Fear, and Jealousies,* (continu'd Fountain) *Or hush us too much in Security* (added Church.) *The very Design of them* (said River) *seems to affront the Government, supposing that does not, or can't publish all, that is fit, and necessary to be known in the Gazet. In short,* (concluded Grave) *Man in general is covetous of News, and the English most voracious; that makes every thing go down, where they hope to find it.*

LETTER XLVIII.

From a Relation that was angry with another, to a Gentleman that interceded for him. 'Twas directed to Mr. Claypool, *at Mr.* Buck's *near* Dowgate, London.

SIR, *Suffolk,* June 1692.

I Wonder, after so many Denyals, you still urge so ungrateful a Subject, as the reconciliation with my Cousin, whom you may assure from me, that whatever Civility I may in any company, for my own sake, shew him, I will never have any thing to

to do with him more, nor assist him if perishing, let him know what it is to disoblige a Friend. His Afflictions shall furnish me with Pleasure, for there is nothing in Nature I hate and abominate more than I do him; nay, and all such as pretend to espouse his Interest so far, as to speak to me in his behalf.

Obadiah Alstone.

Anger (said I) *is an ill Dissembler. But* Hate (pursu'd Winter) *is worst. Right,* (added Temple) *Hate is the Opposite to Love, and can't be conceal'd; Words, and Actions will discover it. I have observed* (said Grave) *that your greatest pretenders to Godliness, are generally the hardest to be reconcil'd. And the easiest offended* (added Church.) *They are so taken up with the Name of God* (pursu'd Summer) *that they forget his Nature, Mercy, and Justice; Neither of which* (continu'd River) *is the measure of their Indignation. Nay,* (assum'd Brook) *they forget his Precepts too, of* Forgive your Enemies, do good to them that have done ill to you. *They either never say the Lord's Prayer,* (said Temple) *or always skip* Forgive us our Trespasses, &c. *Their Passion's their God,* (reply'd Fountain) *and the Gratification of that is their Zeal. True,* (concluded Chappel) *that's the only God the Angry, and Envious sacrifice to, using the Fact of Religion as a Pimp to their Vices.*

LETTER XLIX.

From a proud man, to his Friend. 'Twas directed to Mr. Walters, *near the Blew Ball in* Airs-ſtreet *in* Picadilly, London.

Honour'd Sir, *York*, June 1692.

I Hope I have better deſerv'd from you, than for you to think I keep ſuch mechanic Company as you write about; a man of my Quality, who has had an Education anſwerable, ought to be allow'd to know his Diſtances to keep with all the inferior ſort. I look upon a Gentleman to be as good as a Lord, or indeed better ſince the King may give Nobility, but not Gentility; Favour may gain Titles, but Merit, and Virtue only that of a Gentleman. And as Virtue gains the Name of a Gentleman, ſo methinks little mechanic Converſation ought to looſe it. Here abundance of the ſordid Gentry ſhall ſit check by jowl, over a Glaſs of *Stout*, with Farmers. Aſſure thy ſelf, I know my Quality better, than to yield in the leaſt Nicety. I advise you to avoid the Bouncing Captain, he's certainly one of the Vaineſt, Proudeſt Men under the *Copus of Heaven*, fiſical, and phantaſtical to boot, preſerve thy Friendſhip unſully'd, *for* him only that deſerves it.

H. Marſhal.

This

This Gentleman, (said Summer) *like old* Rome, *will suffer none to be Proud but himself. Right,* (said Winter) *for the Learned, and Ingenious* Cicero *himself glories in the destruction of* Carthage, *and* Corinth, *those* proud *Cities. Tho' much inferior* (added Church) *to* Rome, *in that qualification. The Nicetie's of Birth, and Quality, methinks,* (said Grave) *might be numbred among the Vulgar Errors. True* (said River) *there is no more real Excellence due to them, than there is to a Player, that acts a King on the Stage, but is no better than the rest within the Scenes: So the Grave, when we withdraw after the Farce of this life, will equal all men. So that 'tis a Folly* (added Fountain) *to be proud of that which lasts but so short a time. But as it is absolutely necessary* (answer'd Temple) *that the other Players should shew him that respect on the Stage, as if he were really more excellent than them. So* (assum'd Brook) *on the Stage of the World 'tis as necessary for the Order, and Oeconomy of the Universe, that there should be a difference observ'd of Quality, and Dignity. Nay,* (pursu'd Chappel) *I'm of opinion, that there is a real distinction here, as well as above in Heav'n. I must confess* (concluded I) *it seems not irrational, that there is a difference of Excellence of Souls, but I very much question that of Quality.*

LET-

LETTER L.

From a severe Melancholy Philosopher to his jovial Friend. Directed to Mr. Hooke, *to be left for him at the* Nags-head *Tavern in* Newgate-street, London.

SIR,

I Received your rallying Letter, but wonder what pleasure you can find in that Mirth, all your Words, and Actions abound with; Laughing methinks is such an Assinine Quality, that Men of Sense should be asham'd of too great a use of it lest they should be thought to border too much upon the Nature of that Beast. I can never think Democritus a wise Man, that had so ill a Notion of the Affairs of this World, to think they merited nothing but a foolish Laughter; which was only to condemn one Folly with another. Heraclitus certainly had a much better Idea of the desperate condition of humane Life, when he gave himself over to Tears for the daily Miseries 'twas subject to. Christ himself was often seen to Cry but never to Laugh. What a melancholy Prospect does each part of this World afford? the Elements, the Seasons of the Year, are subject to strange vicissitudes the Affairs of Man much more: The strongest, and best design'd Policies, can scarce produce a few Years publick Peace, or Success to any Nation. We find that the *Roman* Empire, which was of such strength as to subdue the greatest, and most formidable Empires of the Earth; is now no more

but

but an empty Name, less than the Ghost of the departed Power. In the time of *Gallienus*, when it seem'd to feel the greatest Convulsions, *Sapores*, King of *Persia* having taken the Emperor *Valerianus* Prisoner, *Belliosu*, who stil'd himself King of Kings, writing to *Sapores*, upon his Victory says; that if he thought the *Roman* Empire could be overcome he should rejoice in his Success, firmly believing it should be eternal, as the rest of this Letter testifies; but we have lived to see it no more thought of as a Terror, but a Prey to all Nations, so fading is the Glory of the World. I tell thee Friend thou art a stranger to thought, thou couldst not laugh else whilst Death was besieging thy brittle Carcass on every side with the irresistible Artillery of a thousand Accidents. Oh, leave that lewd thoughtless Town, and come, and join Sorrows with thy Friend, sigh out the remainder of thy days for the many trifling Merrinesses thou hast lost thy self in. Believe me, this is not only a Duty, but a Pleasure. Sorrow is natural to a Man, he has a taste of it when he first springs from his Mother's Womb, and is therefore more agreeable to his Constitution; the Soul seems to be at ease when 'tis cloth'd in its Native dress of Tears and Sadness, and is not weary, as 'tis when it has been entertain'd with Mirth, and Laughter. How can you be so much pleas'd in the Tempest of the World, where Sickness, Poverty, Disgrace, and Death toss thy little Bark with such impetuous Fury? 'tis ten to one if one, or all of 'em do not prevail; retire therefore to me, and to this sad Contemplation; Sorrow's our Portion, and our Satisfaction; I wish thee therefore not like the Friends of this World Joy, but multiplicity of Sorrow, who am thy real Friend,

Dr. Holton.

Here's

Here's a dismal Letter indeed (said Chappel) *enough to make a Man fall asleep to read it. He would have us* (pursu'd Temple) *all like the Son of the Emperor* Philip, *that succeeded* Gordianus, *who was never seen to smile. He's one of our modern Cinics* (added Brook) *who thinks Wisdom, and Devotion lies in Ill-nature, and Pale-faces. 'Tis true* (said Summer) *'tis visible that all Humane things are subject to change, but for that reason must I vex and cry to no purpose? But* (added River) *he obliges us to a Certainty, and Constancy of sorrow whilst every thing else is upon the swift Whirle of Fate, and alters every moment. Right* (pursu'd Fountain) *the Vicissitude of Things methinks should rather perswade us to a vicissitude of Temper, and to mix seriousness, and mirth in our Lives; According to the Advice of* Solomon (said Church) *and the Practice of the* Italians. *He is like the rest of the World, spight of his Philosophy* (pursu'd Winter) *so unreasonable as to censure all, that are not of his mind; which proceeds* (added Grave) *from the defect of his Constitution, and Complexion. True* (concluded I) *because that inclines him to Melancholy he would have Nature inverted, that all Contraries might meet in his Humour.*

LET-

LETTER LI.

From a poor Gentleman to his rich old Friend that is ſick. Directed to Mr. Loid, *at his Houſe in* Graves-End, *in* Kent.

Honour'd Sir, *London, June* 1662.

WE have once been very intimate Friends, till Fortune was pleas'd to divide us, you ſhe mounted up to the topmoſt ſpoke of her revolving Wheel (and Death I find has a mind to ſave you from falling from it) me ſhe caſt down to the bottom, and no wonder therefore, that we could not hear, and converſe with one another at ſuch a diſtance: But now Death is going to lay you a degree lower, than Fortune has me; I hope, ſince you can no longer uſe the benefits of Fortune you'll part with a ſmall pittance to him, you once profeſs'd to Love. I ſhall value that more, than your Heir ſhall all you'll leave him. Therefore ſince Wealth cannot be convey'd to the next Life, but by Bills of Exchange, 'tis beſt to take the ſureſt way, and ſend by God (I mean his Friends the Poor) and not by the Devil leaving more to them, who have too much already. This Advice will be profitable to both of us, to you hereafter, and to me at preſent, who am

Your Friend and Servant,

C. G.

The

The Maxim of Periander (*said I*) to thy Friends be the same in Prosperity, and Adversity, *is of very little force in our days, whatever it was then. It had then* (answer'd Grave) *the fate of all good Precepts, a great many Admirers but few Observers. True* (pursu'd Winter) *the Example of* Timon *may prove that. Nay, I was always of Opinion* (said Church) *that it was only a vulgar Error, that Vices were more numerous, now than in days of old. The lesser Writers of those Ages* (assum'd River) *as* Catullus, Petronius Arbiter, *&c. Evince the truth of that; nay, that if there be any difference* (pursu'd Fountain) *the advantage is on our side. Our Writer of this Letter* (said Temple) *would have found Fortune could have divided him from his Friend, in the days of the Philosophers and Prophets, as well as now. He deserves relief, tho* (replied Chappel) *from him since he was so civil, as never to ask it of him till he found his Friend could have no farther use of it himself; but it is ten to one* (answer'd Brook) *whether he gains it or no. True* (concluded Summer) *for they that misuse their Wealth in their Lives, seldom mend their Management at their Death, custom having perswaded them of the Wisdom, Justice, and Generosity of their Actions, tho contrary to all three.*

LET-

LETTER LII.

From a young Lady, who resolved ever to continue a Maid, with her Reasons for it. Directed to Mrs. Dorothy Wood, *at Mr.* Tompsons, *near* Holbourn-bars, London.

Dear Madam, *Cheshire, June* 1692.

YOU send me word, that you now begin to think of Marriage lest you should be look'd on as an old Maid; that is the Reason I'll never marry, because I would be one of those few wise Ones, that merit that Name, who have never been polluted with the Embraces of Mankind. I fear the Troops of Virgins will not be very numerous in the next World, any more than in this. Chastity is so rare a Gift among us, that we think it a greater Scandal, than Prostitution; and the Daughter of Jephtha deplor'd not that State more heavily, than the Women of this Age would in the same Circumstances. I love the Vertue that is not common, and would be one of the Heroines of my Sex, which I can never be in the vulgar way of Wife, my Temper is too impatient of controul, and I had rather be a slave to my own will, than to that of another. Besides I have a fancy that there is a real Preference of a Virgin-state to that of Marriage, if the Example of Christ may prove it, and the Words of St. *Paul*: which makes me very uneasie to hear the Successors of the Apostle, the

the Clergy, villifying that seraphic Vertue, rendring all that affect it odious under scandalous Names. I must needs say I am so much a Papist (tho in nothing else) as to think celibacy more conducing to the Service of God, than a marry'd State: there is less of Flesh, and Blood, and less of Interest mingled with the Service of Heav'n. The common Objection is nothing in my mind, that 'tis better to marry than burn, since 'tis certain, 'tis better that none should be admitted to the Clergy but such as could live chastly, and have no other Spouse but Christ, and 'tis hard if out of so many Millions as compose a Nation, there should not be found enough to officiate without Bribe of a Wife: But I digress, tho not much from the purpose, since I have by it only shew'd my Value for the State I choose. I fancy I shall enter Eternity uncorrupted, as the Angels themselves, with any carnal Impurity. In short 'tis a noble Ambition to emulate the Perfection of Heav'n, and its glorious Inhabitants. Quit thy foolish thoughts of Matrimony my Dear, and leave the Town that Enemy to chast resolves, and let us lead a single and pious Life together, the Envy of our Sex; we have both Youth, and Beauty, which will shew our design the effect of Consideration, not Necessity. I am, my Dear,

Thy Faithful humble Servant,

Phillis Evans.

Her

Her Letter (said Church) *shews she has Sense*; *Ay, and Youth, and Beauty* (pursu'd Winter) *if you believe her. Notwithstanding she would have us think her Aversion to Marriage grounded on her Love to Chastity* (said Summer) *yet Nature breaks out, and discovers the main Cause to be the gratifying her own Humour, which delights in Freedom from controul. I am of Opinion* (added Grave) *that few take to any Vertue for the sake of that Vertue, but to please the Caprice of the most predominate Folly, or Vice. Nay, here is we find* (said Temple) *the Affectation of Singularity, which has no little Charm with her. Right* (pursu'd Brook) *for she has not a mind to go to Heaven like the rest of her Sex. We may rail at Flesh* (said Chappel) *but the Best of our Actions relish of it, and our Passions have a great share in our most religious Choices. We may as well pretend* (added I) *to live without food, as to live in a Body without the effects of it. For my part* (said Fountain) *I am almost of her Opinion, that 'tis more convenient, if not better to have a single, than marryd Clergy. So am not I* (concluded River) *Nature will have vent, and a black Gown is no proof against Temptation.*

LET-

LETTER LIII.

From a Poetaster that would foolishly rhime on every thing to his Friend in Town. Directed to the Maecenas of the Age, Mr. Thomas Pathal, *Prentice to Mr. — a Mercer in* Pater-noster-Row, London.

Witty Sir,

BElieve me, tho' I am Poet, I don't feign my Affection for ——

To feign Affections base,
The Fool that does it is an Ass

Fiction I confess is the life of Poetry,

We feign Amours, we feign Adventures,
As City Scriveners do Indentures;
We for the Fair do feign Grimaces,
And for the ugly, a thousand Graces,
Tho' they've no Noses to their Faces.

But Sir, as I said before, I scorn to feign Affection, I relish your Appetite, your Judgment, and your Wit *Moncur*, my Heart,

The Heart is the Seat of Life,
Then why should we give that to our Wife?
No, let a Friend enjoy mine,
Whilst I lay it a soak in good red Wine.

Well,

Well, I protest I never think of you but I'm inspir'd by the Muses from their sacred Hill,

A Hill that is two horned,
And ne're will be suborned,
To side with Fools, and Knaves,
They may still blow their Nails
And rub their Tails,
They still will be but slaves.
A Poets born, and not made by art,
Whoe're would be a Poet so he is not worth one (*fart.*

But Sir, to stint these Effluviums of the sacred Heliconian Raptures, I must tell you that I want your charming Conversation, as the Bee does the flow'ry Meads, *Crura Thymo Plena,*

The Meads, the flowry Meads all crown'd with (*gawdy Flowers,*
The Bees suck Honey, and the Nymphs deck bowers.

Now methinks I wish you, and I were in the sacred Elisian Fields, with the great Bards of *Tore,*

How would the Groves, how would the Thickets ringa
whilst thou, and I did our past Actions singa,
Destructive Chaos *would to peace incline-a,*
And Europe list'n as well as Greece *and* China;
All glorious Nature from her wondrous Bed,
Would raise her bright astonish'd Head
To hear our wondrous Songs, would gaze and stare
Like Country Clown at shew of Barth'l mew-fair.

Well, but I profess my *Mæcenas*, I can't live no longer without thee; but that thou knowest Love is a Tyrant that will separate the dearest Friends; my

my kind indulgent Miſtreſs will not part with me till ſhe has certain Advice by the extraordinary Conveyance of the near approach of her Husband. I made theſe following Verſes from *Horace* to her t'other day, I deſign'd it for a Serenade, but ſhe was ſatisfy'd with my Intentions; 'tis part of that *Ode* of *Horace*, *Extremum Tinaim ſi bibiſſes* Lyce. Ode. 10. lib. 3.

I begin with the ſecond Stanza, becauſe the firſt was nothing to my purpoſe, my Lyce being kind you know. None of the Tranſlations I have met with (from whom I muſt confeſs to you I took the Senſe) come near mine. But here it is,

Dear Bud, I prethee prick thy Ears up,
And hearken how the Tempeſt bears up.
Hark! how the Winds break out in cluſters;
Hark how old bully Boreas bluſters;
Hark how thy rotten Chamber totters,
As if 'twould tumble all to ſhatters;
The ſilent Trees may too in one ſort
Be ſaid to all to hold ſad Conſort.

Sad Conſort indeed (*interrupted Temple*) Prethee, no more of this wretched ſtuff. Nay, prithee, (*anſwer'd I*) lets have an end of the Letter, for I find there are not many more Verſes. Well, well, proceed (ſaid all.)

My dear *Mecenas*, if ever I was inſpir'd, 'twas certainly when I wrote theſe Verſes, Deſcription is the life of Poetry, and he that excels in that muſt be the beſt Poet, and if I may judge of my own, I think it far excels this of *Spencers*; which I have ſeen quoted for an Excellence,

The

The joyous Birds ſtrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their Notes unto the Voice attemper'd ſweet,
Th' Angelical ſoft trembling Voices made,
To th' Inſtruments divine Reſpondence meet;
With the baſe Murmurs of the Waters fall,
The waters fall with difference diſcreet:
Now ſoft, now loud unto the Wind did call
The gentle warbling Winds low anſwered to all.
He makes the warbling Wind, &c.

Which is abſolete as Trunk hoſe, but to make the ſilent Trees keep ſad Conſort.—— The Trees you know *Sir* are certain mute Animals, and to make them keep ſad Conſort is ſurprizing, and new. I'll tell you what Mr. *Watts* ſaid, he ſaid, I had better have made my Trees have kept time to my muſical Tempeſt, I laugh'd and told him we were not all born Poets. I told him I improv'd *Horace*, who only call'd it *murmur'd betwixt the beautiful buildings*. I have no room left, I would elſe have ſent you the reſt of my Serenade in deſign or proſſe,

Who am, dear Sir, and ſweeteſt Mæcenas,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Nicholas Enas.

Sure

Sure (said Church) *since the* Crispinus *of* Horace, *and the* Eumolpus *of* Petronius Arbiter *there never was such a Master?* Yes indeed (replied Winter) *most of our modern Authors, especially of this Gentleman's Class, are eternal Versifiers. True* (pursu'd Brook) *from their Mistresses commands to the Shadow of her Shoe-tye; and from their Friend in Inditures* (added River) *to their Patron-master absolute of the Shop, there's nothing can escape a Stanza, or Distich. The Muses as well as other Ladies of Pleasure* (continu'd Chappel) *breed Vermine, and they are your City-wits. This Spark* (said Sumner) *is not the only that has set up for a Son of Horace's, merely by the help of those wretched Translations, we are oblig'd to some of the Universities for, and turn'd him* (concluded Grave) *in to ridicule when they meant the contrary. But I think such scoundrel Interlopers in Wit ought to be us'd more severely than the more honest Interlopers into the* East-India, *and* Guinea Companies *Properties.*

LET-

LETTER LIV.

From a Philosopher, broaching new Notions, that Birds, and Beasts may be more excellent Creatures than Man. Directed to Mr. Sharp, *at his Chambers in the* Inner-Temple, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Oxford, June* 1692.

I Receiv'd yours dated *Tuesday* last, in which you desire to know my Sentiment about the Birds, and Beasts. The Motive of your Curiosity you tell me was some dispute you lately happen'd into about the Reason of Brutes. *Sir*, I am not desirous to set up for the Leader of a new Sect (tho' this is no new Opinion) yet for your private Satisfaction, I'll give you my present Opinion, with liberty tho' of retracting upon better proof. I desire my Letter may be private, at least my Name.

I must freely therefore confess that I know not whether that Preference we commonly give to humane Kind above all other sublunary Beings, be really just or no, because upon a serious Consideration, I cannot see any advantage Man has above them, for if we conclude the other Creatures made for Man, because he, when he has the advantage of Power, or Stratagem over them, turns them to his use; the same will prove that Man was made for the Service of Birds, and Beasts; if we eat them dead, they do the same by us when they can catch us in the same Condition: If some Beasts are em-

ploy'd for the Service of Man by Man; most Creatures, beside (nay, and they too) live by the sweat of Man's brow. They neither plow, sow, reap, nor manure the Earth, but like Lords of the Soil reap the Benefits of humane Toil; So that it may be a sort of Impiety, or Rebellion to kill them for-al't I know.

Some, I know, urge, that no Creature is fram'd for Society but Man. Which I deny, as is obvious to e'ry one that has consider'd the Kingdom of Bees, the troups of Birds, especially Ravens, who observe all the effects of Conversation, Government, and Policy; *Cicero* and *Pliny* report, that the Cranes observe a regular, and successive Order in their flight, which must be the effect of the Word of Command. I have seen two talk together a little, and presently one of 'em separate, and pass to the next, and so on till at last they have all given a *general* Raa, and taken their flight to some adjacent Field, or perhaps farther. The very Sheep understand their several Tones of Bleat, and move accordingly. 'Tis true, the Language of most Beasts is not so numerous, as ours, nor is that of *Hebrew* so stock'd with Words, as the more Westerly Tongues.

Again, I am more than half of Opinion, that as they have the use of Reason, so they have immortality of Soul: For it seems to me irrational to think God Almighty could make so many Millions of Beings only for a moment's time, and after that never to be no more, methinks all the Works of an eternal Being should continue to Eternity, it would else insinuate, that the Creation of those things being the effect of his Power, and Wisdom had not participation enough of the Power, that created them to make 'em Immortal. I'm sure as the Text of Scripture, which says, *Who feedest the Ra-*

ven

vens, that call upon thee! Proves not only a Language of Birds, but the highest Work of Reason, Prayer, and Contemplation, so do these following more than intimate, that there is no such material difference betwixt us, and our fellow Creatures. *Ecclesiastes*, Chap. 3. verſ. 18. *I said in my Heart concerning the Estate of the Sons of Men that God might manifest them, and they might see that themselves were Beasts.* Verſ. 19. —*For that which befalleth the Sons of Men, befalleth Beasts*, even one *thing befalleth them*, as *the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea they have all one Breath, so that a Man has no Preheminence above a Beast, for all his Vanity.* Verſ. 20. *All go to one place, all are of Dust, and all return to Dust again.* These are my extempore thoughts of the Matter, but I will now give my self to a more serious Consideration of it, I will only add, that I am apt to think *Pythagoras* having been in *Judea*, and instructed in the Law might from this draw his Opinion of the *Mitempsicosis*. I am

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

C. D.

Our Philosopher (said I) *has forgot what* Philostratus *tells of* Apollonius Tyanæus, *and others of* Pythagoras, *that they understood the Language of the Birds. The same* (answer'd Church) *is reported of some others of the Antient Philosophers, whose moral Precepts could not teach their Followers not to lye, and to love truth better, than the magnifying their Founder by Falsities. I rather therefore* (pursu'd Temple) *approve his Method in sticking only to*

Reason, and Experience, letting weaker Tradition shift for its self. But *as for what he proves* (said Brook) *about the Language of Birds, and Beasts, methinks he might have spar'd his labour, for what advantage has Mankind by Conversation? Right* (pursu'd River) *unless Cheats, Rapine, Perjuries, Plagues, Wars, and Famine, and Desolation the Effects of Society be Benefits? which made the wisest, and most holy of Mankind* (added Fountain) *the Philosophers, and Fathers, withdraw themselves from that to Solitudes, and Deserts. The Birds, and Beasts* (said Winter) *keep up to the holy Dictates, and Laws of Nature, which Man in all things deviates so much from. True* (return'd Chappel) *what think you then, if these are the Progeny of the Golden Age, transform'd to secure them from the greater Bestialities of Humane Race? The Birds indeed* (said Summer) *might be thought to be that innocent Race, Metamorphos'd, that they might soar above that Earth they excell'd, and nearer that Heaven they serv'd. I know not what to make of this your new System* (concluded Grave) *but I'm sure the Argument from Reason, which the Philosopher makes use of to prove the Immortality of Birds, and Beasts will never hold more for them, than for every Leaf of Grass, or Sand of the Sea, which are equally the Work of an eternal Being.*

LET-

LETTER LV.

From a little Parſon that had ſeen the Queen, and falls in Love with her, and deſires his Friends Advice what to do in the Caſe. Directed to Mr. Hockley, *at* Chelmsford, Eſſex.

I Find that my little Body is capable of great, and noble Fires; I was to ſee the Queen at Dinner, but I found her the *Queen of Beauty*, as well as the Queen of *England*, and I muſt own I ſuck'd in a Poyſon from her Eyes, which I know not how to find an Antidote for. The boldneſs of my Paſſion is grown to that extravagance, to wiſh I could make her know her new Adorer, thinking Love like its Brother plague infectious, and becauſe I love ſo much ſhe muſt love ſo too; perhaps you may think me mad, but if I am 'tis *glorious Raving*, and I deſire not to be ſober in your humble Senſe, let me *love a Queen*, tho my Love coſt me my Life, a Prince would be glad to die her Martyr; my Pen I uſe in her Cauſe with the greater Ardor, and when I preach I turn the Goſpel into an Encomium upon her. I deſire dear *Sir* your Advice what I ſhall do in this caſe, how to manage a Love of this nature, to the Satisfaction of, *Sir*,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Thomas Spicer.

As Pedro *says, in the* Spanish *Fryar* (said Temple) *I think if I never was to die till my Flesh, and Blood rebell'd against our Soveriegn Lady, that way I should be free from* Tybourn *this many a fair Year.*

In the midst of our Mirth, at the Extravagancy of this Letter we heard a very great Knocking at the Court-yard-gate, and upon the opening of it, a great noise in the House, which did not a little surprize us, for fear it had been some in pursuit of us, having got intelligence either from our Inn, whither they might have dogg'd us, or from the Watter-men, who might have overheard some of our Discourse in the Boat, which made us presently to send Summer *out to see what the matter was, and to gain us time to dispose of our Letters into a more secret part of the Summer-house, which we did with all the speed imaginable, shuffling them all into our Box, and placing that among the Gardiners Tools, and Utensils under the Summer-house; after which placing the Bottle, and Glasses, regularly in the midst of us, we were resolv'd to expect our Fate, as* Epicure *did Death that is each Man with his Glass in his hand. We had not drank above two rounds when* Summer *sent his Valet to us, to inform us, that it was my Lord —— come to pay him a Visit; and a little after he gave his Lordship the slip, and came to us, to let us know he was afraid he should not get rid of his Lordship till after dinner, unless* Grave *came into his rescue, with his starch'd and surly Morals, to which his Honour was a mortal Foe. Grave therefore by common consent was deputed for the delivery of* Summer, *from the obsession of Quality, and restore us to our pleasant Enquiries; he obey'd, and we in the mean time fetch'd up our Cargo, and began to sort 'em again, seperating those we had read from those we had not;*

not; and by that time we had done that, and taken one Glass apiece, Summer *and* Grave *came to us, having dispatch'd his Lordship to Dinner to some of his brother Peers.*

We were all desirous to know the Adventure before we proceeded; which Summer *gave us in these few words,* My Lord, (you know Gentlemen) is *one that values himself so much upon his Quality, and Wit, that he can bear no disrespect to either, and he esteems it a disrespect to his Quality, if your whole behaviour be not as solemn, and ceremonious, as an Audience of an Ambassador, or an interview of two Princes, and to his Wit, if you oppose the absurdest thing he says; this being his Honors genius,* Grave *here, whose Face would perswade one he were a* Surly, *or* Manly, *perpetuates a rough uneasie Temper, contradicts all my Lord said, scarce aloud him a Bow, never laugh'd at his Jest, nor admir'd his Dress, or Liveries. My Lord grew presently uneasie, and tho' he at first pretended to dine with me, made his excuse, that he was oblig'd to dine with my Lord ——— and like Sir* Topling *cries Hey, Page, my Coach, wither with a great deal of Ceremony, I attend him, whilst* Grave *makes a stop at the Parlor door, and bids his Lordship plainly good buy, his Lordship return'd him no answer, but asked me what ill bred Clown I kept Company with? I told him a Country Cousin that was not yet polish'd enough for his Lordship's Conversation, and so with an hundred senseless Bows, and Cringes we parted, my Lord into his Coach, and I to my Friend* Grave *here, and having given order for delaying of Dinner till two or three a Clock. We came, you see Gentlemen, to this honourable Bench; let us therefore proceed. Happy be the Omen* (said Chappel) *the first I light on is the Hand of one of*

the fair Sex, and (having broken it open) which is a wonder concise, I'll read it if I can for the ill spelling with an audible Voice.

LETTER LVI.

From a fair Lady being a Profession of Constancy in Friendship. 'Twas directed to Mr. English, *to be left at the* Raven *in the* Poultrey *till call'd for.*

Dear Sir, *London, June* 1692.

I Receiv'd a Letter, and Copy of Verses from you, and shall at present answer you only in your own words, *viz.* to assure you, distance of Place, change of Air, or Fortunes, or length of time shall never alter that real respect I have for you, who am,

Your true, and real Friend,

Parmenia.

Her

Here is a great deal in a little (said Grave) *a great Miracle of the Sex, both in Constancy* (added Winter) *Wit, and Brevity.* Pliny (said Temple) *says Nature is ever greatest in her least Productions, and so is Wit, for then 'tis improv'd by Judgment, a rare Qualification in a Woman. Nature* (said Summer) *is sometimes as prodigal of her Favours to one, as she is nigardly of them to another, and here I assure you* (said I) *she has been lavish; to Youth, giving the Judgment of Age, to Beauty, the Wit of the Ugly, to a Woman the* Constancy, *and* Stability *of Man. Nay, there* (interrupted River) *you injure her for the Constancy of Man extends no farther, than prosperity, as his Friendship reaches no farther than Words or Self-interest. Right* (pursu'd Church) *but hers not only in profession, but reality was not confin'd to Times, Places, or any accident of Fortune. For* (continu'd Winter) *were their Professions made in the Sun-shine of a happy State, but when the Man was actually under a Cloud. The only time* (added Brook) *that words of that nature are meant as they are spoke. May she therefore* (concluded Chappel) *always meet with Sincerity in her Friends, Constancy in her Lovers, and Success in her Wishes, and Desires. May she be always beautiful, and young, and witty, as she now is. For sure nature may work Miracles for such a Miracle in nature.*

LETTER LVII.

From a Relation, giving advice to another. 'Twas directed to Mr. Long, *at his Lodgings at the twisted Posts in* Sulfolk-ſtreet, London.

Couſin, *Norfolk, June* 1692.

I Am ſorry to hear you ſo much pervert your Father's Indulgence, as to throw away both your time, and money in purſuit of Women: If you don't reform, ſome malicious, or officious Perſon, or other may chance to acquaint your Father with it, and you know your Mother-in-Law would be glad of a pretence to alienate his Affections from you. Take my Advice, who really love you, and wean your ſelf from ill Company, who love your Money, not *you*, as you'll find too late, if you ſtill purſue the thoughtleſs Dictates of Vice, and Youth. I wiſh you health of Mind, and Body, that you may know your falſe Friends from your true ones, as is your loving Couſin,

Iſa. Richards.

Tho' this Letter (said Winter) *shew a great deal of reality, yet I dare say 'twill afford much more of disgust than pleasure to him 'tis sent to. Because* (answer'd Church) *Youth drown'd in Wine, and the pursuit of Pleasures hates the cautious Admonitions of Wisdom. No, no* (said Brook) *because unask'd advice, tho never so good is always suspected of Self-interest. I can see no cause for that Suspicion here* (return'd Summer) *where the Benefit accrues wholly to him that is advis'd. Ah* (said I) *are you so ignorant in Man, as not to know that the Prejudices of Passion, and Pre-engagement, never consider Reason? or at least* (added Grave) *forge Reasons out of Air, and Imagination to flatter the Folly they are bound to. Small indeed is the number of those* (said River) *who are capable of giving a disinterest'd Advice; and vastly less* (pursu'd Temple) *of those that will take it. Self-esteem* (said Fountain) *is the cause of the last, and Self-interest of the first. I am of opinion* (concluded Chappel) *that our Passions set things in so false a Light, that we easily misjudge of them, that are not extreamly self-evident, and Advice depending generally on Events is seldom so.*

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LETTER LVIII.

Of Entreaty, desiring a Favour of a Friend. Directed to Mr. Goff, *at his House in* Duck-Lane, London.

Dear Friend, *Plimouth, June* 9.

I Am sorry that the first time, you hear from me, must inform you of the Misfortune of your Friend. We set Sail, on the Monday after I left you, from *Weymouth*, and had a good fresh Gale, which bore us over nearer the *French* Coasts, than we desir'd; and the next day about seven in the Evening a Vessel made up to us, which upon our making away gave us Chace with all the Sails she could, and fir'd two or three Guns at us, and being within shot, brought our Main-mast by the Board. In short, we were took, but the Night coming on, my Cousin *John*, and I, and two more of the Ships crew got the Boat over-board, and so stole into it, and cutting the Cable, put off to Sea, and ply'd our little Sail, and Oars with such success, that tho' they fir'd at us, we before day got out of sight, and by next Morning came near a Man of War of our own, whom we inform'd of the Privateer, and having had from us as good directions as we could give, sending us aboar to *Plimouth*, went after the Privateer. I am now in a strange place, and without Money; I desire therefore you would send me five Pounds, which I promise to repay you as soon as God enables me; you may remember when I did you a far greater Kindness, and in less likely Circumstances

cumſtances of being ever able to return it, which makes me think, I ſhall not write in vain to you in this Exigence, whom am,

Your unfortunate Friend,

R. Iſaacs.

I dare engage (ſaid Chappel) *this Man receives not ſo obliging a Letter in his diſtreſs, as that of the Charming* PARMENIA. *Pity* (replied Grave) *is the Vice of the Nature of that Sex. Prethee* Grave (ſaid I) *remember thy Mother was a Woman, and have a little more tenderneſs for them, and not pervert that which is an Excellence in the Sex. Right* (purſued Temple) *for 'tis the Vertue, not the Vice of their Nature. But* (ſaid Winter) *this Man has taken a wrong method to prevail, in putting him in mind of a greater Favour receiv'd formerly. For* (purſued Brook) *we take no pleaſure in proſperity in a grateful Remembrance of a paſt Obligation. Eſpecially* (added Church) *if we are put in mind of it, by the neceſſity of our Benefactor. As if* (ſaid Sommer) *his misfortunes had cancell'd our Duty. 'Tis true,* (ſaid Fountain) *we are not pleas'd to be told of an Obligation by him that oblig'd us, becauſe it ſeems to leſſen our Gratitude, in returning it, by making that a Duty, which we would have thought the effect of our Generoſity. No, no* (concluded River) *we are only angry at the unpleaſant* Memento, *becauſe it ſtares us in the face, and tells us we are* Monſters *if we refuſe, and ſo leaves us no place for excuſe.*

LET-

LETTER LIX.

A Complement from a fair Lady to a Gentleman, that had sent her some Verses. 'Twas directed to Mr. Abbot, *in* Cornhill.

SIR,

I Should begin my Letter with those Encomiums your Wit justly merits, (should I follow my own Inclinations, and fill this Letter with your Praises, but that for fear your Modesty would make you look on those Commendations (really due to your Wit) as Complements. But alas! were that reason remov'd, I know not where to begin, nor where to end, for your Verse has this advantage beyond all others, that it is not only above Flattery, but above Praise. You have by that discover'd your self so great a Critic, that the fear of being too justly counted a Fool forces me unwillingly, tho sincerely to subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

Cleona.

These Letters of Complement (said Grave) *are but Essays, to set how a man can bear an Abuse under a title of Civility. 'Tis true* (added Winter) *'tis but a general way of lying, and therefore very natural, and proper for a Woman. But who* (said I) *would not be proud of being flatter'd by the Sister of* Parmenia, *for so is this Lady, that wrote this Letter. Right,* (pursu'd Chappel) *to be esteemed worthy the Thought of the fair* Cleona, *so much, as to make her take the pains ev'n to abuse one, if her Praise can be call'd so; Which* (added Brook) *like that of Kings, confers Merit where 'tis not. If* Cleona (said Temple) *be the Sister of* Parmenia, *they are nearer ally'd in Wit, than Blood. Right* (pursu'd Fountain) *they are so much the same. Beauty, and Wit are seldom Companions,* (said River) *but in these Sisters inseparable. Nay, that which is more* (added Summer) *Nature spreads her Favours through the whole Sisterhood. 'Tis pity* (concluded Church) *such Excellence should stamp so fair a mark on Complements, where she's so much for Reality her self.*

LET-

LETTER LX.

From a Friend proffering his Service. 'Twas directed to Mr. Knash, *to be left for him at* Man's Coffee-house *near* Whitehall, London.

SIR, *Darby, June* 1692.

HEre is a Discourse, that you have a Design to make your address to Sir *Roger's* Daughter; if you have any such Thoughts, I desire you would lay your Commands upon me, who, by my Intimacy with him, can make an easie access to her. My Kindness for you, and the memory of the Obligations I have had to your Father, makes me take hold of the first opportunity, of desiring thus to satisfie you of the Gratitude, and Friendship of

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

J. Green.

I find (said Temple) *there is still some Gratitude in the World. Few remember a past Benefit,* (said I) *or depend much upon the future, the present Advantage is the most charming to the major part of Mankind.* 'Tis *rare indeed* (said Winter) *we meet with a Return when we desire it. But here* (assum'd Church) *'tis offer'd before ask'd. But that which should ren-*

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der it the more acceptable in Reason, (purſu'd Brook) *will perhaps make it neglected. The ſingularity of it* (added River) *will make one ſuſpect the Sincerity of the Proffer. As 'tis Imprudence* (ſaid Grave) *blindly to follow Advice, without bringing it to the teſt of our Reaſon. So* (aſſum'd Summer) *'tis not Wiſdom preſently to accept of a proffer'd Kindneſs; Becauſe* (purſu'd Fountain) *Self-intereſt is generally ſo predominant, that there are few in their Advice, and Service, have not regard to it. But perhaps* (concluded Chappel) *this Gentleman, like Sir* Jolly Jumble, *has ſo particular a delight in bringing Couples together, that he makes his Gratitude but the Pimp to his Lecherey of procuring. We generally chooſing our Virtues as they agree with our over-ruling Vices.*

LETTER LXI.

To a falſe Friend. 'Twas directed to Mr. Jones, *to be left for him at the* Roſe *Tavern near* Temple-Bar.

SIR, *Monmouth,* June 1692.

AS I did not expect ſo much foul-dealing from you, ſo it the more ſurpriz'd me, when I underſtood how much you had oppos'd my Intereſt in the very Affair, you pretended to negotiate for me; your Obligations, your Oaths, and Proteſtations, I find, are ſoon forgot, which ſhall learn me for the future to confide in no man that makes ſuch

such wondrous Professions, since I have had such a dear Error in paying for the knowledge of your perfidiousness.

R. Morgan.

This Gentleman's Wisdom, (said Temple) *like that of most young men, is bought at his own expence. Young, or old,* (return'd Winter) *we often, by our Unskilfulness in Men, cherish a Snake in our Bosom; And pour our Favours on those* (added Church) *who on the first opportunity to serve their own separate Interest, turn the Benefit against the Benefactor. This* (said Grave) *is too often the Fate of Princes, who make Favourites rather by Fancy, than the Merits of the Person. Or* (added I) *the Dictates of their own Reason. We ought certainly* (said Summer) *if we would not repent of our Actions to no purpose, never to let it be in any man's power to betray our Interest. At least* (assum'd Chappel) *by our over-confidence in him. Then you would* (said Fountain) *destroy all Friendship. No* (reply'd River) *the Practise of the World now renders, that you call Friendship a meer Notion, and Theory. Right,* (concluded Brook) *for Interest is the Cement of Friendship; and since 'tis possible that may divide the dearest, 'tis Prudence to secure ones self, by a cautious distrust.*

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LETTER LXII.

From an Author to his Bookseller, haggling for more Copy-mony. 'Twas directed to Mr. —— at the Golden Ball *in* Cornhil, London.

SIR, *Richmond, June 1692.*

YOU were so hard with me, that tho I undertook this first part at your rate, because I both wanted business, and Mony, yet I must needs tell you, that I cannot go on with the Undertaking, unless you are a little more generous, for this will scarce find me Bread whilst I am writing it; but I leave it to your own Reason to think, whether a little more Copy-mony would not turn for your own advantage; for the greater Encouragement I have, the more Pains I shall take, and the more cause I shall have to do so. I therefore leave it to your consideration, who am

Your Friend, and Servant,

J. S.

This Author (said I) *is not well vers'd in his Profession, since he thinks to get any thing from the generosity of a Bookseller. He might as well have left it* (purfu'd Chappel) *to the generosity of an Usurer. Right* (added River) *a Bargain is a Bargain with them. And tho Necessity oblige the Author* (continu'd Win-

Winter) to comply with their hard Agreement, yet they'l ne'r have regard to that, tho he live upon a clove of Garlick, like a Spanish Don. They make no distinction (said Brook) betwixt a man of Parts, and Learning, and one that in spight of Education, and Nature, assumes the Name of Author; And will (continued Temple) murder a good subject like a Brave of Sence, for a George. Apostates (added Church) from the honest Mechanics, to be a plague to Men of Sence. Both Authors, and Readers plague (pursu'd Fountain) and the Bookseller's Tool. Who had rather sit at the foot of Parnassus (said Summer) than get Money in their natural station. I find (concluded Grave) that all a Man's Study at School, and at the University, and all the Gifts of Nature besides, only qualifies him for a Slave to the Booksellers, if Fortune be wanting.

LETTER LXIII.

From an Admirer of Platonic *Love. 'Twas directed to Madam* Field, *to be left at Mr.* Williams's *House near* Deal *in* Kent.

Honour'd Madam, *London*, June 1692.

'TIS with a great deal of regret I have been thus long kept in this busie senseless Town, so far from the happy conversation of a Lady of your Perfections; but, Madam, as our Souls, I'm confident, meet when we sleep, and enjoy each other, so when we

we wake, methinks we ſhould employ our Thoughts about each other, when we are not contemplating Virtue, which I envy you, for the hurry, and noiſe of this place deprives me of thoſe ſedate Thoughts your agreeable Converſe, and the calm of a Country Retreat us'd to inſpire.

The miſtaken World condemns your Sex for want of Judgment, and of being govern'd by the blind Dictamens of your unruly, and criminal Paſſions, but I, that have the honour to know *you*, dear Lady, find their ill-natur'd Error, in fixing the Crime of a few on the whole Sex; but let theſe Self-eſteemers ſhew me two of the Philoſophers regular, as *You*, in their Affections, and Lives, except the divine *Plato*.

Ah Madam, how happy are we in ſo pure, and undefil'd a Love, by which Souls mingle e'ery minute, in the higheſt extaſie of Union, without the impeding help (if I may uſe that ſeeming contradiction) of our Bodies! Immortal muſt our Flame be, ſince the immortal part of us is only intereſted in it. The cauſe of Inconſtancy in *Common Love*, is the *Body*, which being of ſo changeable a nature, 'tis impoſſible it ſhould retain any thing long, which has the leaſt dependance upon it: But the *Soul*, that is ſtill the ſame, muſt ſtill perſevere in the affection it has once made choice of. Wonder not at the Expreſſion, Madam, for our Loves are the effects of Choice, not Fancy; *Virtue*, and *Wit* engage *us*, but Beauty, and Vice *them*, both frail, and fading, as the Joys they bring.

But ours, Madam, is the *Love of Angels*, ſacred Sympathy unites our Souls, and mutual Virtues cement our holy Vows, not only till Death, but even to the next Life of Glory; for it being a Native of Heav'n, it cannot loſe its Being by returning thither, but rather improve it to a greater degree than it

it could attain here, oppos'd by the cloggs of gross material Bodies; for, like Fruits transplanted from a warm to a colder Climate, 'tis less perfect here, tho it still retain its form, taste, and other Excellencies of its Heav'nly Nature, tho not in so exalted a degree.

Uninterrupted Joy is the Product of our Passion, (if it merit so gross a Name) without any mixture of Pain; 'tis like the *Vestal* Fire, burning without material Fuel; whereas the other dyes, and is soon extinguish'd, if depriv'd of its Fuel Beauty; and the auxiliary *Bellows* of Strifes, and petty Squabbles, so small, and so unhappy is their Pleasure, that they can't arrive at, or relish it, unless they first, and often taste of Pain. Satiety attends their Success, and Quarrels serve for Exercise, to gain them a fresh Appetite. 'Twould be endless to run through all the Advantages we have above them, and impertinent to you, who are so sensible of them. Nor need I caution you how to preserve the Empire you have obtain'd over your Body, since you know the Body is a *true Coward*, where it has the mastery, being a Tyrant, but where 'tis overpower'd, easily kept in servile awe. I shall therefore only now subscribe my self,

Madam,

Your Admirer, and zealous Lover,

A. James.

My Life on't (said Chappel) *this is some antiquated Batchelor, whose Sins of his Youth have made him abominate Matrimony.* *Or rather* (interrupted Brook) *disabled him from Matrimonial Performances; and therefore prudently* (pursu'd Temple) *hides his bodily*

bodily defect under the Mask of Platonic Love. And for some superannuated Matron (said River) that has been neglected in a carnal way, even by her own Coachman. Right (assum'd Grave) a Woman never forgets the Flesh, till her Skin's turn'd into Buckram by Age. Nor then neither (added Winter) if she can make it subtile, and smooth to some younger Brother by her Fortune. This Lady therefore (said Summer) must be poor, as well as old, she would never else take up with empty Alms of Passion, meer words. 'Tis well (said I) she can make a Virtue of Necessity, and fly to the Spirit, when she can't make use of the Flesh. Platonic Love, (said Church) if we may judge by the Founder's words, is not without its secret Heautgust of the Flesh; I'm sure Plato seems to relish the Kiss of Agatho, with all the fire of the most amorous Debauchee. Right, (concluded Fountain) 'tis only a demure Bawd to secret whoring, they being the greatest Friends to the Flesh in a Corner, who espouse the Spirit so much in the face of the World.

LETTER LXIV.

From one beyond Sea, expressing his desire of returning to his own native Country. 'Twas directed to Mr. Gregory, *at his House in* Charles-street, Westminster, London.

Honour'd Master, *Hagne,* June 1692.

THE Obligations I have to you, engage me to return my Thanks, as often as I may without being too chargeable, or too troublesome to you.

I am

I am asham'd to let you know on how ill-deserv
a Subject you have plac'd all your Favours; for
must confess, I had rather be confin'd to my nativ
low condition in my own Country, than have th
Place of Preferment you were so generously pleas
to obtain for me. The Splendor of the Court whe
'tis here, nor the Civilities of the Natives, or m
own Countrymen; nay, scarce the Advantages o
Interest can make amends for the loss of old E
gland, the hopes of seeing which, after the Ca
pagn is over, keeps me alive. With my Respect
and Duty to my Mistriss, and your self, I subscrib
my self,

SIR,

Your ever oblig'd, humble, and faithful Servant,

John Robinso

Here's one (said Grave) *taken up with the Epid*
mic Distemper of Mankind: The doting (adde
Brook) *on one's own Country; Which is better* (re
ply'd Temple) *in my mind, than that Contempt so*
men shew for the place of their birth. The love of on
native Country (pursu'd Rivers) *has such a swe*
ascendant over us, that it will not let us forget it i
the greatest plenty, nor in the remotest parts of th
World. True, (continu'd Fountain) *and we me*
sure the fulness of our Happiness by the distance, or nea
ness it sets us in from thence. The Pleasures, an
Grandeur of old Rome *were scarce Bribes enough* (sa
Church) *to win the Captives from a desire of the*
own barren Country. There's no greater Proof of thi
(added Summer) *than the Inhabitants of some of th*
most Northern parts of Norway, *where one would wo*
d

r any of human race should endure to live, the insolence of the winds being there so great, that it blows way the tops of Houses, and Trees up by the Roots, at the People chuse rather to live there in Caves like easts, than to seek some more Hospitable abode. Especially (said Chappel) *since the World is so wide, and much of the finest Country in the World uninhabited some parts of* America. *But* (pursu'd I) *this is ot so terrible, as to live near the Mountains* Vesuius, or Ætna; *the very reading of the account* Pliny *he younger gives of the fiery Inundation, in his twenieth Letter of his sixth Book to* Cornelius Tacitus, *ould make a man have a care of coming within some eagues of it.* But *this fondness of the Country we are orn in* (concluded Winter) *seems to me a piece of igottry, since it goes so far beyond what Reason requires, and since the whole World is the Country of a wise man.*

LETTER LXV.

From a Coward to his intimate Friend, to assist him to gain the Reputation of a man of Courage, by parting him in a Duel he must be engag'd in. 'Twas directed to Mr. ——— at Mr. Herd's near Tunbridge-wells *in* Kent. *With care, and Speed.*

Dear NED, *London*, June 1692.

THE confidence I put in you, when you read this Letter, which is to desire your immediate return to *London*, for I happen'd to be in company last night with Bully *Hack*—, some words past betwixt us, about *Arabella*, 'twas in such company, that I know I shall be stigmatiz'd for a Coward, if I don't challenge him; but you know I have often told you, I durst not venture upon a Duel, 'tis the fault of my Constitution I think, and therefore I can't help it, nor am I asham'd to own it to such a Friend, as I have always found thee to be. I'll defray the charge of your Journy, and present thee with Ten Guineas more if you come away immediately, that you may be near the place where we meet, and so interpose, and save both my Life, and the credit of thy faithful, humble Servant,

E. Rouse.

This Letter (ſaid Winter) *ought immediately to be diſpatch'd, to ſave the Reputation of a Coward. Well,* 'tis *natural* (ſaid Temple) *for e'ery one to endeavour to hide his own Failing, if he be ſenſible of it. He makes the right uſe of his Mony* (added Brook) *to bubble the World out of a Reputation of Courage he deſerves not. At leaſt, for Duelling,* (aſſum'd Grave) *and thus many a Spark paſſes that Teſt of Courage with little danger. Right,* (purſu'd Fountain) *for there is many a man that will quarrel in the Pit, or in the Street, where there's a certainty of being parted, that will never venture out behind* Southampton-Houſe. *But they ſometimes* (reply'd River) *meet with a thruſt through the Heart, before their hoped Reſcue come. Which ſhews* (ſaid Church) *that 'tis but a Folly to attempt any thing above our abilities. Right,* (added I) *for we generally reap nothing but Contempt, and Miſery, or Ridicule, and Laughter. Let e'ery one therefore* (ſaid Chappel) *that has not a Reſolution to go through with a Quarrel, affect Peace, and learn to avoid Affronts, and give none. And then* (concluded Summer) *he may paſs for a ſtanch Duelliſt, tho' he be none, as a Fool that holds his Tongue, does ſometimes for a Philoſopher.*

LETTER LXVI.

From a Servant, giving an account to his Mistriss of all his Master's Failings in his absence from her. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Smithies, *in* Canterbury, *near the Market,* Kent. *With care.*

Honour'd Madam, *London,* June 1692.

SInce my last, I have not much Variety to send you, my Master keeping on in the old course, the Evening he spends at the Park, in pursuit of one Whore, or another; or at the *Spring-Gardn*, after Citizens Wives: All night he spends in Drinking, at the Tavern. The other day we took a walk into *Red-Lion-Fields*, and he order'd me to stay at the end of *Kingstreet*, or to go home to his Lodgings, for he should have no occasion for me. I staid till he was gone a little way, and keeping him in sight, I saw him meet a Woman, and with her turn'd toward *Maribone*; I follow'd at a distance, till they were hous'd, whither I also went, and finding the Room they were in, I peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and there discover'd him very familiar with one of the prettiest young Creatures that ever my Eyes beheld. I could not blame my Master methought. But just as I was peeping, the Drawer came up, and caught me, gave me a Box o'th' Ear, and if I had not run for't, had discover'd me to my Master, by making me his Prisoner, and as he swore ducknig me in the Horse-pond; but trust-

truſting to my heels, I got ſafe away, tho my Maſter ſince has examin'd me where I was then, the Drawer having given him an account of my Livery. I hope Madam, you'l remember your faithful Servant,

Will. Foot.

'Tis pity (ſaid Summer) *the Maſter ſhould not be inform'd of his worthy Servant. Why* (reply'd Winter) *he's truſty to one half of his Maſter. Yes, yes,* (purſu'd Grave) *to the worſt half, the Woman. Nor to her neither* (added Church.) *Right* (affirm'd Brook) *for 'tis to himſelf he's only true, betraying his Maſter for the advantage he gets by it. Which we find* (ſaid River) *he'l not forget to claim; as the end of his Letter ſhews. If he be a Raſcal* (ſaid Fountain) *I'm ſure the woman is a Fool, to purchaſe a Trouble ſhe can't perhaps redreſs. Prithee* (purſu'd Temple) *'twas the Folly of her Grandame* Eve, *her curioſity of knowing damn'd us all. Right,* (added Chappel) *'tis fit therefore that the ſame Crime ſhou'd be inherent in the Sex, for their perpetual Puniſhment. But perhaps* (concluded I) *this Lady may have her End in it, either in a pretence for the like Extravagance her ſelf, or by that means to make him the more ſubmiſſive to her will, when he finds his Failing diſcover'd to her.*

LETTER LXVII.

From a great Wagerer. Directed to Mr. Brown, *at the* Nags-head Inn *near* Cripplegate, London.

Dear SAM, *Briſtol*, June 1692.

I Long to hear how Wagers go about *Pignerol*, the *Deſcent*, the retaking of *Namur*, or any other public Affair. I have laid Five hundred pound there will be a Deſcent into *France*, by the Engliſh, before *Auguſt*; and I've laid Fifteen hundred pound on the contrary, and if you can get me any more on that account, I'll make it up Two thouſand: They are wholly poſſeſs'd with the Deſcent here, and I can eaſily, I believe, if I'll make it my buſineſs, get Wagers enough here, but I had rather have them in *London*, becauſe I ſhall be preſent there to demand them. By way of Policy I have received Five pound a piece, from above Twenty, to make it Ten, if there be no Deſcent before the time agreed on. I wiſh *you* good Succeſs in your Wagers, who am

Your Friend and Servant,

R. Hare.

The

Tho' this be a new ſort of dealing, (ſaid I) *ſprung up ſince our preſent wars, yet 'tis arriv'd to a perfection of cheating, as well as the old-ſtanding Trades. You are juſt in your obſervation* (purſu'd Chappel) *for I think 'tis arriv'd to ſuch a perfection of cheating, 'tis nothing but a Cheat. True,* (added River) *for here is one man of Ability is at the expence of good Intelligence from the place of Action. Right,* (aſſumed Temple) *and by that taking his meaſures, he and his Agents diſperſe themſelves to ſeveral Coffee-houſes; And there* (continu'd Fountain) *according to the Inclinations of the Company, frame their wagers. That is,* (ſaid Church) *if the News be agreeable to the company, they lay ſmall wagers to the contrary of what they ſuppoſe will come to paſs; And the ſame of theſe wagers laid by them* (ſaid Brook) *ſhall engage twice as many to lay on the ſame account. There* (added Summer) *they have their ſecret Agents to take 'em up, and ſo for the loſs of One hundred get Ten. But* (ſaid Winter) *if the News be oppoſite to the Inclinations of the Company, they lay boldly, never fearing Betts, no body being eaſily brought to believe contrary to what he deſires. 'Tis a ſure Card,* (concluded Grave) *for Deſire is moſt commonly blind, and we loſe a Certainty in purſuit of that we have no probability of, but what Fancy furniſhes us with.*

LETTER LXVIII.

From one that adviſes his Friend to Diſſimulation in all his Actions. 'Twas directed to Mr. Johnſon, *at his Lodging at Mr.* Moudy's *in* Thredneedle-ſtreet, London.

SIR, *Rutland, June 1692.*

YOU ſend me Letter on Letter, of complaint of the Perfidiouſneſs of your Friends, and the Villany of Men, who ſtill deceive you; and I muſt tell you, Sir, you may thank your ſelf for it. You are for Plain-dealing; you love not to ſay one thing, and think another; and you reap the Fruit of what you love, that is Ruin, and Contempt in the end. All that I can do, is only to adviſe you to alter your methods, and live as other men do; that is, never be what you ſeem to be. If you would injure a man, profeſs a great deal of Friendſhip for him, and ſo he'l not be upon his Guard, and you may ſtrike home. If you'd ſeem honeſt, talk much of Religion, but obſerve but little Morality: And ſo in all your actions put on another Face, than what they tend to, and by that means you may chance to rub through the ſharping World. As my Advice is the beſt Service I can do you, ſo is this the beſt Advice I can give you, who am

Yours to command,
S. Grimault.

This

This Gentleman (ſaid Winter) *is learn'd in Mankind.* *True,* (purſu'd Church) *for Diſſimulation is ſo general, that 'tis become neceſſary.* *Right,* (added Temple) *for he that knows not how to diſſemble, knows not how to live.* *If you can't live temperately,* (ſaid Summer) *ſin at leaſt with caution; ſo that if you are not free from Vice, you may at leaſt be ſo from the ſcandal and puniſhment of it.* *Once failing to diſſemble,* (ſaid Brook) *coſt* Claudius's *Life, as well as the good Emperor* Probus. *'Twould be endleſs to run through all that Hiſtory preſents us with* (added River) *it gave occaſion to* Nero, *to exerciſe his Cruelty on his neareſt Relations;* *And* (purſu'd Fountain) *to* Jugurtha, *to deſtroy the Son of him that had made him Co-heir in the Kingdom of* Numidia. *It ſeems not only neceſſary* (ſaid I) *for life, but won to afford a pleaſure too; For we ſhall obſerve it practis'd very often without any need.* *Right,* (added Chappel) *for why elſe ſhould this Fop come a mile out of his way to ſee me, only to tell me a Lye, that he loves, and admires me, when before he has turn'd his back, he ridicules e'ery word, and action I ſaid, or did in his company, and ſo on.* *well therefore* (concluded Grave) *may all the world be ſaid to perform the part of an Actor, ſince e'ery body repreſents another, not himſelf.*

LETTER LXIX.

To a Friend that adviſed him to overcome a Paſſion, where he had ſo little Hopes; giving an account of the preſent ſtate of his Love; and his Reſolves to endeavour at a Complyance with his Friend's Wiſhes. 'Twas directed to Mr. Ed. James, *at his Houſe near* Harwich, Eſſex.

My Friend,

I Received your Letter laſt night, in which indeed you diſcover the *Zeal* of a Friend, but little *Conſideration* for the Frailties of a *Lover*. Haſt thou never been in Love thy ſelf, that thou ſhouldſt think *Advice* of any force with thoſe that are ſo? I confeſs, indeed, the Arguments you have us'd carry enough of Truth to prevail with my *Reaſon*, to baniſh this fatal Paſſion from my Heart, if it was in the power of *Reaſon* to do ſo, but alas, it has taken Reaſon captive, and domineers o'er e'ery Faculty of my Soul; and therefore to little purpoſe you tell me, there are three Obſtacles that obſtruct my Happineſs in the Embraces of the divine *BELVIDERA*, *Marriage*, *Modeſty*, and *Poverty*. You urge, that being marry'd, I can't make her my Wife; that being *modeſt*, and *diffident in my ſelf*, I can't ſuppoſe I can prevail on any other Terms, ſince 'tis *Aſſurance*, and *Impudence* that gain the Sex in that way; and laſtly, that being *Poor*, I ought never to think of *Hope*, ſince no Advantage

can

can be reap'd from an Intrigue with me. Mony (you add) may gain the faireſt, nobleſt, moſt religious, and moſt chaſt of all the Sex, but that *Woman* ſeldom commits a Crime without ſome proſpect of *Intereſt*. Ah, my Friend. I wiſh you had in theſe enumerated all the Difficulties, I find I ſhould then have hopes of ſucceſs: For I might preſume, ſhe being a Lady of incomparable Sence, and Judgment, and no Bigott, would be perſwaded of this Truth, That one Wife was no more than Cuſtom, and national Law, and not of force enough to make the Embraces of a married man criminal in the face of Heaven, whoſe Laws are not ſubſervient to thoſe of Men; beſides a Thouſand Arguments more to that purpoſe. As for my Modeſty, I confeſs 'tis a great fault in *Love*; but *BELVIDERA* ſtrikes ſuch an Awe into me, that I love her with ſuch a profound Veneration, that I fear it approaches too near Idolatry: But yet I have often heard the charming Angel condemn the forward confidence of one that admir'd her, (for, ah! there's none that ſees her, but muſt do ſo, where'er ſhe paſſes the dazled Throng, ſtand ſtill, and gaze, as if ſhe were ſomething more than mortal) and when I have told her, *Impudence* was the way to gain the Fair, ſhe has, my Friend, ſhe has *declar'd* that ne'r ſhould take with her. Laſtly, *Poverty* would never harm my dear Pretence, for ſhe's not made of vulgar Mould, her Soul is charming as her Body. *BELVIDERA* has *Wit*, my *Friend*, but not the *flaſhy*, *noiſie*, *tattling* Wit of *Coquets*, which dwells on Sounds, and Words, no, ſhe has ſolid Parts, knows *Nature*, knows *Reaſon*, and builds not her Judgment of things on vulgar Notions, or common Practices, like the reſt of the Sex; *her* Soul's above the contagion of a *mercenary* Thought, ſo that if a poor Lover had but *Merit*, ſhe

ſhe would ne'r oppoſe the guilt of Fortune to his Happineſs. Had I therefore *Merit* to plead, I ſhould not deſpair, but alas, I have none——— but *Love*, ——— and, ah! *that* every one that ſees her may plead without a Eye. My Friend, you are miſtaken in calling her *Yielding* a Crime, (kind Heaven makes her yield, to convince the erring World, that 'tis not ſo, for ſhe can do no *ill*, and her Example would be the ſtrongeſt Argument). Prithee, if thou wouldſt leave *Bigottry*, leave it for good, and all, and rail not at it in this, or that, and careſs it in another thing. It was no Crime, when *natural Religion* rul'd the World, till *State-Politics*, and *Prieſt-Craft* made it ſo. Thus you ſee *Love* has deſtroy'd all the Difficulties your Friendſhip rais'd. You ask me, whether I have ever told her of my Paſſion? I anſwer, No; ——— unleſs my tell-tale Eyes, or Sighs, have betray'd the Secret; for when I've ſate wrap'd up in contemplation of her, ſhe has ask'd me what was the cauſe of my Melancholy; I *durſt* not tell the *Truth*, my Friend, but ly'd even to my own Prejudice; and hence ariſes one of the *Difficulties* greater, than you propos'd.—*BELVIDERA* has declared, ſhe'l ne'r confeſs it, tho ſhe lov'd with all the Extreams of Paſſion; nor dare I diſcover mine, tho I love to *raving*.

I go once, or twice a week, (for I can't refrain her ſight) and ſteal a thouſand Looks, run ore her wondrous Beauties with my Eye, and judge of thoſe unſeen, by what obliging cuſtom lays open to our view. ——— Nay, in my fond Imagination I commit a pleaſing Rape upon her, and ah methinks, my Friend, methinks I am dying on her Snowy panting Boſom, till from my ſacred Dream her Tongue awakes me. Her Voice is Harmony, fair *BELVIDERA*, ſpeaks ſoft as the melting Sighs of Lovers: But I am loſt in the raviſhing Thoughts of her,

her, till my Paper denies me to tell thee the greater Obſtacle, which yet remains; and I am glad, my Friend, I cannot do it, leſt if my Love ſhould caſt my Honour, thou ſhouldſt be able to upbraid me, I had once done a thing I ſhould not. But I will try the common Medicine of unhappy Lovers, *Abſence*; I have not ſeen her theſe many Ages, called a fortnight, and if 'tis poſſible, will not above this fortnight longer. Theſe are my preſent Thoughts; but oh! I fear the next minute will condemn my Reſolution as a *Falſeneſs*, and make me forſwear all Thoughts of *Cure*. I am, my Friend, at leaſt all of me I can call my own,

Thy poor unfortunate Friend,

C. G.

Whoever reads this Letter (ſaid Winter) *may eaſily grant the Writer of it in love. Then I'll declare him a Fool* (replied Grave) *that can make ſo ſerious a matter of ſuch a Trifle, as woman. Ah, you know not* BELVIDERA, (ſaid I) *elſe with all your Cinic nature you'd molliſie into that Fool you laugh at. Right,* (purſu'd Chappel) *for ſhe is* Beauty *in all its awful Majeſty. Features* (added Brook) *form'd by the conſidering hand of Providence; And expreſs* (purſu'd Temple) *the affability of her nature, the ſeverity of her Principles, the Judgment, and Charms of her Mind. 'Tis with regret indeed* (ſaid Fountain) *I ſee Beauty poſſeſs'd by a Fool, and Wit by a Knave. Such a form* (ſaid Summer) *would Truth, or Wiſdom take, if they would make themſelves viſible to human Eyes. I know* (concluded River) *the writer of this* Letter *thinks her all this, and much more, loving her to the extravagance of*

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Romance. I know him too, constant by Nature, secret, humble, and modest, and no Fool. May she not thereby be wedded so much to mistaken Virtue, as to prefer a notional Chastity, unvalu'd in reality by ev'ry one, to the secret Relief of the most faithful, secret, and loving of Men.

LETTER LXX.

From a Debauchee that had a mind to lead a penitent Life. Directed to Dr. W——, *to be left for him with Mr.* T——, *Bookseller, at* Grays-Inn-Gate, London.

Reverend Dr. *Buckingham, June* 1692.

I Have follow'd your Advice, and now begin to find the benefit of it, and to see that ev'n an inveterate habit in Vice is not such an insuperable difficulty, but that it may be overcome by Resolution, and Prayer. My Whoredoms, my Adulteries, my Drunkenness, Swearing, and other Vices, in which woeful Complication my poor Soul was a long time bury'd, carry now another face. Those that once seem'd Gallantries, and venial Peccadillo's of Youth, seem now heinous Sins against the most high God. Such wonderful effects have your pious Exhortations had upon the greatest of Sinners; I confess indeed, with shame, and contrition of Heart, that I have fall'n back sometimes to my

my Vomit; but never without plentiful Repentance after it was over, and firm Resolutions never to be guilty of the like again, which I hope I shall now keep, and for which I ardently pray to the Lord both day, and night, and for which I earnestly desire the Concurrence of your good Prayers too, who am,

Your penitent Child in the Lord,

T. B.

I must confess (said Chappel) *I am something incredulous of these wondrous Conversions. From that* (said Brook) *which nature pleads were not such heinous Crimes, I plead not for Adultery, Drunkenness, nor swearing —— But* (interrupted Temple) *for a little delicious Fornication? I must needs say* (pursu'd River) *I can't conceive how that which was once no ill in its self, should ever be so afterward. I wish* (said Church) *he had put his Name at length, that I might have seen this Miracle of our Age? for so you think* (assum'd Summer) *a repenting Debauchee? with such an entire flinging off the old Man* (answer'd Fountain) *as this Gentleman expresses. True* (pursu'd Winter) *for* Naturam expellas furca licet usque recurret, *Nature will return, tho' you force it back. Especially* (continu'd Grave) *when back'd with such inveterate Custom. This you find* (concluded I) *our penitent confesses he found true; but the help of such a Guide as his will do Miracles; that Doctor is an extraordinary Man, he preaches Charity, and acts more than he preaches, and I can scarce perswade my self to think that Man can be guilty of an ill thing, who makes that Virtue his Darling.*

LET.

LETTER LXXI.

Giving an account of the Resolutions, of the Passengers that had like to have been cast away at Sea. 'Twas directed to Mr. Thomas, *at his House in* Eagle-street, *near* Red-Lion-Square, London.

Dear NED,

AFter a hard Passage we are arriv'd safe at *Harlaim*, whence I fear I shall never be able to get your Cousin *Jack* to return again for *England*, not for the love of the place, but the fear of the Sea. We were so near casting away, that all prepar'd themselves for certain Death. The Master and Ships-crew giving us for gone, the Vessel being leaky, the Tempest strong, and the Pump broke; the general Resolutions of all to lead better Lives, were very loud, and extraordinary, but none was so vehement in their Repentance, as *Jack*, and I think none sooner forgot his Resolutions when on shore. After we had in rumminging about found a new Sucker for the Pump, and by the carefulness of the Sea-men, had hopes of Life, but not out of fear of Death we all agreed to go to Church, and give thanks to God for our deliverance, as soon as we came on shoar; tho' instead of the Church the whole Company run to the Tavern to wash their insides, as the Sea had their out, from whence *Jack* was soon in pursuit of a Dutch *Bona roba*, and none remember'd their Resolutions, but to laugh

laugh at them, as the effects of Bigotry and Fear. I intend for *London* again in a Month, if I diſpatch my buſineſs with *Min heer Van Stoopsdare.* I am dear *Ned*,

Thy loving Friend,

Sam. Mercy.

This ſhews (ſaid Grave) *how fickle the Converts made by fear are. And how extream ſome Men are* (added Winter) *in all their Actions. Right* (purſu'd Church) *extravagant in their Vows, and Reſolutions when in danger, as well, as in their breach of them when ſafe. Becauſe they promiſe Impoſſibilities* (continu'd Summer) *they perform nothing. The old Proverb has a general Truth in't* (ſaid Temple) *when the Devil was ſick*, &c. *Well may we be* (ſaid Brook) *unſincere to Men, when* (aſſum'd River) *we can diſſemble with Heaven. Heaven* (ſaid I) *is a diſtant, unknown place, and we ſoon loſe the thoughts of it in preſent viſible Objects. Right* (added Chappel) *moſt Men are for a Bird in the Hand; and ſuit their Devotion according to the preſent Circumſtance. There are* (concluded Fountain) *a great many of that Man's mind, who had rather truſt God with their Souls, than Man with their Intereſts.*

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

From a Lady in the Country to another in Town; about the Fashions. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Dugdale, *at the Sign of the* Myrtle-Tree *in the inner Walk of the* New Exchange *in the* Strand, London.

Mrs. Dugdale, Northampton, June 1692.

I Desire you would send me down all the new Fashions, and to let me know whether they wear all Passes this Summer, and in what manner they dress their Commodes, for I'm loath to be at the charge of new, if the Fashion don't very much vary from what it was last Summer, pray send me an account how many Knots they wear, and in what manner plac'd, I would not for the World, but you should be exact in this. Let me know whether they wear Tippets this Summer very much, and whether Lace, or Feather-tippets; and what Alterations have been made in the Mantua's that my Taylor may not fob me off with an old Fashion for a new one; and if you can get any Patterns of Silk, to send me; by all means I would have you send me some of your best Ribbons of the newest and most gay, that I may consult which will best agree with my Face. I had almost forgot Shoes and Fans, pray buy me two Pair of the best Shoes you can get for twelve Shillings a Pair;

I

I would have you change your Shoe-maker, for methinks the laſt I had were made by a meer bungler. Dear Mrs *Dugdale*, be exact in all that is here deſir'd of you, by

Your Friend to Command,

Ephelia Roſs.

Here's one (ſaid Grave) *of the true Stamp of Woman kind. More concern'd* (added Winter) *for the having her Dreſs Alamode, than her mind improv'd with the leaſt Reaſon. Thence perhaps* (ſaid Church) *ſome Men have thought Women have had no Souls. Becauſe* (aſſum'd Fountain) *their whole thoughts, and time are employ'd on the Body. How great a part of Mankind* (ſaid I) *might come under that cenſure if that were a ſufficient Reaſon? Right* (purſu'd Summer) *for there is not one in a hundred of us that dedicate any time to the Improvement, or Pleaſures of the Mind. The Beau* (added Chappel) *is more buſily'd with Dreſs than a Woman. The Drunkard* (continu'd River) *has no other regard to his Mind than the Elevating his Spirits, as he phraſes it, with a chirping Bottle. The Trades-man* (ſaid Temple) *the Statts-man, the Soldier, nay, and the great part of the Divines too, are wholly intent on the Exaltation of the Body, for Riches and Honours terminate there. Well then* (concluded Brook) *may we allow Women a little more than ordinary ſhare in this ſo Epidemic a Diſtemper, eſpecially ſince their care contributes to the ſatisfaction of ſome by the ſetting off their Beauty.*

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

From a vain-glorious Man, boasting of ſome of his good Actions. 'Twas directed to Mr. Phillips, *at Mr.* Newmers *in the old* Palace-yard, Weſtminſter, London.

SIR, *Dorſet, June* 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter, and you have choſen well when you addreſs'd to me to ſpeak in your behalf, for I make it my buſineſs to do good to Mankind, eſpecially my Friends. I will therefore ſpeak to the worthy Squire in your behalf; If he be deaf I'll do ſomething for you my ſelf, for, I ſet apart ſo much of my Eſtate to good uſes e'ry Year; the whole Country knows my way, and I ſeldom want thoſe that make uſe of my generous Temper. I am

SIR,

Yours to Command,

H. Mould.

The

The vain-glorious Man (ſaid Grave) *will never want Flatterers*; *Nor Spungers neither* (purſu'd Temple) *'tis the moſt pardonable of faults* (ſaid Fountain) *what* (aſſum'd Church) *becauſe it brings advantage to a great many. Right* (added Brook) *for a vain glorious Man, will attempt all the good he can for the ſake of his own Reputation. That is* (interrupted Winter) *if his vain glory lie that way. True* (purſu'd River) *for there are a ſort of Men that are penurious in action, and yet take a great deal of pains not to be thought ſo. Others* (added I) *are only vain-glorious of their Wit*; *which has no benefit* (continu'd Chappel) *to recompence the nauſeouſneſs of the Fault. There is a lawful* aſſuming (concluded Summer) *due to merit, in what kind ſoever*; *the Great Men have expreſs'd it in their Writings without fear of cenſure, as* Cicero, Ovid, Pliny *the younger*, &c. *and I never blame* Cicero *for pleaſing himſelf ſo much in the delivering his Country from Ruine*; *it ſhews a noble Soul, that's pleas'd in doing great Actions, and I think a Man ought to take pleaſure, and diſcover it too, in Actions which contribute to the good of the Publick*; *or of others private Capacities it ſhews one is ſenſible he is not born for himſelf alone.*

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

From a Gentleman, giving an account of the Enmity, and Disagreement of Poets, and Authors with one another. 'Twas directed to Mr. Beedle, *at his House near* Brentwood, *in* Essex.

Dear Brother, *London, June* 1692.

I Supp'd last Night with Mr. *Chappel*, at the blew Posts; and there happen'd to be one of the new celebrated Authors in our Company: But certainly whatever his Writings were, his Conversation was the worst I ever met with; there was no discourse to be admitted but of Plays, and that of his only, and no other of his Brother's of *Parnassus* were permitted to have one good word allowd 'em but this Self-esteem, and Enmity at the rest I find is not his fault alone, but generally all them who set up for Wits, and Authors. They are so full of themselves, they are angry all the World are not as much taken up with them. I sent my Man to Mr. *Sawbridge*'s for one of Sir *Roger*'s *Æsops*, who is not of this Humour I assure you, I'll send it to you by the *Brentwood*-Coach to Morrow. My Love to my Sister, and all my little Cousins, I am

Your Loving Brother,

Nic. Beedle.

Fame

Fame is the Miſtreſs (ſaid Winter) *of theſe Scriblers, as they pretend, and they ſquabble about her like Bullies for a Whore. And like Bullies* (purſu'd Summer) *rail at one another behind their backs, each thinking* (ſaid I) *by the villifying another to enhance his own Reputation. I have obſerv'd* (ſaid Grave) *that in the chaſe of* Fame *our young Authors have found a ſhort road to* Reputation, *that is to condemn or attaque ſome great Man of eſtabliſh'd wit. True* (added Chappel) *for the World is pleas'd with detraction, and hugs Scandal cloſer than Wit, and Merit. And they are ſecure from him, they abuſe* (continu'd Fountain) *ſince a Man of Senſe ought not to turn at e'ry little Cur that barks at him. Right* (aſſum'd River) *their happineſs generally being to find themſelves worthy to be taken notice of: Nor ought we* (ſaid Church) *to degrade our Reaſon as oft as e'ry Fool in our Company does his. You are under a miſtake* (ſaid Temple) *if you think they diſagree for empty Fame, for 'tis for its preſent advantage they hate one another. Right* (concluded Brook) *for the Authors of Antiquity had a better Correſpondence, when the* Roman *Wits were ſo ready to correct one anothers Performances; as is evident from the Advice of* Horace *in his Art of Poetry. And from* Pliny's Epiſtles, *Book* 3d. Ep. 15. *Book* 4. Ep. 14. Ep. 26. *Book* 5th. Epiſt. 10. *and* 11. *and* 13. *and ſeveral other places of his Letters, in which we find both him ſubmitting his Works to the Correction of others, and* Tacitus, *and others requiring the ſame Office of him. 'Twere to be wiſh'd for the good of the Publick, that this were ſtill obſerv'd, we ſhould not be peſter'd then with ſo many impertinent Pamphlets.*

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

Giving an Account of a Funeral. Direct-ed to Mr. Dorm, *near* Sennock *in* Kent.

Gracechurch-ſtre

Loving Couſin, June 16

SR. *Peter* was bury'd laſt Night in St. *Gile's in t Fields*, with no leſs Solemnity, than he lay in State a Fortnight before. There were the Herald with their Coats of Arms; ſix Men on Horſe-back with Flags, and all the Hearſe adorn'd with Streamers, and Eſcuteons. I counted an hundred, and ten Coaches, forty with ſix Horſes, and nineteen with four, and the reſt with two. A great Doctor preach'd his Funeral Sermon, but I do not yet know his Name. There is to be they ſay a very famous Tomb erected over him out of hand. So much for the dead, and now for the living, if they may be call'd ſo that are dead to you. Two of your Tenants in *Spittle-fields* went off yeſterday into the Mint, and got off moſt of their Goods, but my Son coming by prevented the reſt, which is ſomething tho' of ſmall value. My Siſter Baroughs is very ill, nor am I very well, who am

SIR,

Your Loving Kinſman,

Lemuel Kidder.

Of all the Vanities of Mankind, (said Winter) *certainly there is none more vain than this affectation of Pomp, and Splendor, in's after death. Right* (added Grave) *when we are no longer sensible of the pleasure the admiration of the Vulgar brings us. There is some excuse* (said Church) *for our Ambition whilst we live. True,* (added Summer) *for we may be sensible of a pleasure, to see our self serv'd, lov'd, and reverenc'd by our Brother-mortals. But* (pursu'd Temple) *after the cold hand of Death has damp'd all those Mad Enjoyments, to serve up our Carcass with such a ceremony to the Worms, is unaccountable. For my part* (said I) *I shall never be sollicitous what becomes of my Body, when my Soul has left it. Nor I,* (pursu'd Brook) *the Survivers will, for their own sakes, take care to bury me. Methinks* (said Chappel) *'tis very silly, to go with all that Formality to our Goal; where we are* (added Fountain) *only to rott. This Trash,* (concluded River) *as 'tis the last, so 'tis of a piece with the rest of the Glories of Mankind, a mere mock amusement.*

LETTER LXXVI.

From a young Student, about an Apparition. Directed to Mr. Molins, *to be left for him at* Jonathan's *Coffee-house near the* Royal Exchange, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Cambridge,* June 1692.

There was a strange thing happen'd last night in our College, which was this: A very sober grave man sitting late up to study, about One a

Clock saw his Candle burn blew, and in a minute went out. At the same time he heard a Noise at his Door, like the snarling of three or four Dogs; presently after the Door burst open of its own accord, and there came in with Flambeaux in their Hands, three, or four Boys in a green Livery; after them follow'd a Huntsman with his Horn, and his Pack of Hounds, and after them a Gentleman on Horseback, who seem'd to pass over his Study, out of the Window, as he supposes, for he sunk quite down out of his Chair for fear; but he was not come to himself again above two minutes, when thinking to run into the next Chamber, he was stopt at the Door by a lusty Fellow, that had Horns, and Hair much like the Description we have of the Furies; struggling to get from him, he beat hard against the Door, which rouz'd two of his next Neighbors, who calling to him, and he answering but very faintly, they both came out to him, and found him in a Swoon, but saw nothing; being brought to himself, he gave 'em this account, and afterward I had the same from his own Mouth. What to think of it I know not, whether it be the effect of his own melancholy Imagination, or a real Apparition, but there are four of us are resolv'd to sit up with him to night, and then you may expect a better account of the matter, from him who is

SIR,

Your humble Servant, and obliged Nephew,

R. Molins.

The

Theſe Apparitions (ſaid Chappel) *are wholly unaccountable things to me. And to me too* (added Fountain.) *That the Dead, or the Devil* (ſaid Temple) *ſhould have nothing to do, but to play* Jac Pudding *Tricks, is ſomething ſtrange. And that* (added Brook) *only to fright Fools, and old Women, without any advantage to either the Living, or the Dead. Right,* (purſu'd Summer) *for the ſtate of the Dead being either eternally happy, or eternally miſerable, what Eaſe, or advance of Glory can it be to them, to reform ſome Slip of theirs in Mortality? But if Oppreſſion* (continu'd Church) *Cheats, and the like, were ſufficient to make the Dead walk, to make Reſtitution, why does not all the Knaves that dye ſo, return, and put an end to their Villanies? That indeed* (ſaid River) *would ſave many a Law-ſuit; And make many an honeſt Family happy,* (ſaid Winter) *which elſe are fain to ſave themſelves from ſtarving, by the Charity of others, or their own Induſtry, tho' not born nor bred to labour. I muſt confeſs* (ſaid I) *that the Proofs Mr.* Glanvil *brings, being from the confeſſion of old doting Women, and ignorant* Laplanders, *ſeem not very convincing, yet when I hear a learned* Roman *aſſuring us of Matter of Fact, it almoſt perſwades me to believe it, tho like him I am to ſeek the Cauſe, and Reaſon of it; I mean* Pliny *the younger, who in his Epiſtle to* Sura *gives an account of 2, or 3 Apparitions. Tho ev'n ſo learned a man as the Philoſopher he mentions, might be deceiv'd, ſince I was acquainted with a Doctor of Divinity, who tho in his nocturnal Studies he had ſeen ſomething in the ſhape of a Woman come, and draw open his Curtains, and ſtare upon him, and ſhutting them again, retire, yet would not believe, but that it was the effect of Fancy only. But the account that* Pliny *gives of the Apparitions he mentions* (concluded Grave) *is ſo very circumſtan-*

tial, that it could not be the effect of melancholy Thoughts, form'd out of our Fear. To omit therefore the business of Curtius Rufus, *which might be a boast of his own, like the* Egeria *of* Numa, *I'll proceed to the two more remarkable.*

There was (*says he*) in *Athens* a noble, and spacious House, which was haunted, for in the dead of Night there was the noise of Iron, and if you hearkened a little, you might perceive it to be the rattling of Chains, first at a distance, but approaching nearer, and nearer; after which appeared an old man, worn out with Grief, and Sadness, with a long Beard hanging down, and Hair all staring, his Legs, and Arms were bound with Chains, which he shook: This made the House be deserted. But the Philosopher *Athenodorus* coming to *Athens*, and seeing a Bill on the Door, demands the Rent, which being very small, gave him some suspicion, and there he enquir'd into the matter, and had it all related to him, which made him the more earnest to take the House. As soon as Evening came, he order'd his Bed to be made in the fore part of the House, and his Books, and Pen, and Ink, and Candle to be placed there, and sends the rest of his Family to their Rest in the inner part, and taking his Pen in his Hand, he set himself to write with all the Intention imaginable, lest the Account he had heard should, by the help of Fear, form those Images in his Mind, if not employ'd. The noise first began at a distance, then approach'd nearer; the rattling of Chains was heard, but he kept still to his writing, but the noise approaching by degrees, and now seeming within the Chamber, he turn'd about, and saw the *Spectre* he had heard describ'd; it seem'd to beckon him, but he making a sign with his Hand, bid him stay a little, and then returns to his Writing, but the *Spectre* upon that came

and

and ſhook his Chains over his Head, upon which he look'd back once more and obſerving it beckon again, he took up his Light, and follow'd it; it went ſlowly before him, as if oppreſs'd by Chains, but in the Garden it ſuddenly diſappeared: *Athenodorus* with ſome Herbs, and Graſs, mark'd the place; next day, having inform'd the Magiſtrates of it, deſires them to order that place to be dug, where was found the Bones of a Man in Chains, his Fleſh being eat off by the Worms; which being taken up, and buried according to cuſtom, the Houſe was never troubled afterward.

This is ſomething long, but upon ſo extraordinary a Subject, 'twill not be amiß to add what happen'd ev'n in the ſame Pliny's *own Houſe.* He had a *Freeman* call'd *Marcus*, a man, as he ſays, not unlearned, with whom his younger Brother lay, in the ſame Bed, he thought he ſaw ſomebody ſitting on the Bed, and cutting off his Hair cloſe to the Head. At day-break he was found to be ſhav'd, and the Hairs all lay down about him. A little time after, a Boy ſleeping in a Dormitory, among a great many other, ſaw two in white enter the Window, and cut off all his Hair, which was found in the ſame manner the next morning.

Here were evident Proofs of the Matter of Fact; but now to the next.

LETTER LXXVII.

From a Gentleman, to a Fop that desir'd to know how he should salute, and compliment his Mistriss. 'Twas directed to Mr. Tipping, *to be left at* Sarah's *Coffee-house near* Queen-street *in* Cheapside, London.

Poor Lover, *Leicester,* June 1692.

I'M sorry I should just go out of Town as you arriv'd thither on the account of Matrimony, and Courtship. You tell me you want me, to instruct you how you should complement, and entertain your Mistriss, when you wait on her; but I can give you choice Instructions, at this distance, in the matter, which if you follow, you will gain the Reputation with the Lady, of a very accomplish'd Spark; 'tis the newest Mode of Wooing. You must be sure to carry a piece of Crape in your Pocket, to wipe the Dust from your Shoes before you approach her, and to have your Comb ready to adjust your Wig. If you sit, be sure place your self where you may look in the Glass, and be very diligent in giving the genteel turn to the Curles of your Perruque, or the Ribbons of your Cravat-string, and seem not to take much notice of your Mistriss; admire your own Dress, your own Person, and Parts; for to tell her she's pretty, is to make her proud, and so stand off the longer. If you don't sit, and indeed Motion is more natural for a Lover, so it be but graceful, you must be continually upon the trip, often visiting

viſiting the Glaſs, asking your Miſtriſs how ſhe likes this Ribbon, that Cutt of the Sléeve, this Stocking, that Cravat, and which ſhe thinks becomes you beſt. This will give her occaſion to praiſe your Shape, your Legg, your Face, or ſome, or all the parts about you; then ſtrike in, and tell her they are all at her ſervice, that you are wondrouſly ſmitten with her, and ſo the Suit is over. I wiſh you good Succeſs, which you can't fail of, if you obſerve the Directions of,

SIR,

Your Friend, and Servant,

R. Arnold.

A pritty Method (ſaid Winter) *to win a fair Lady; And yet this Method* (reply'd Grave) *ſhall win more fair Ladies than Sence, and Reaſon. Right,* (purſu'd Church) *this they call an airy modiſh* Beau. *An accompliſh'd Gentleman* (added Brook) *learned in Dreſs, and Mein. They hate the whining Lover,* (ſaid Summer) *except in a Play, or Romance. They will have* (added Temple) *this airy way, as they call it, more natural. Becauſe* (aſſum'd Fountain) *more faſhion; Which is* (continu'd River) *doing Buſineſs without any regard to it, or minding quite another thing. I know not* (ſaid I) *but we are equal with them there too. Right* (concluded Chappel) *for a raiſh* Coquet *ſhall gain a Train of Admirers, with her ugly Face, when a modeſt charming ſenſible Lady ſhall ſcarce have enough to keep her from loading Apes in Hell.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

From a Husband to his Wife, against absence. 'Twas directed to Mrs. Orkney, *at Mr.* Lovel's *House near* Tunbridge *in* Kent.

Dear Love, *London,* June 1692.

I Never was more dissatisfied with business, than when it hinder'd me from going with thee to *Tunbridge*, especially since you went thither ill; for now I desire to be with thee, that I may see how you gather Strength, and what advantage you reap from the Waters. You send me word you are troubl'd at my absence, and that for me you carest my Books, and put them in my place in the Bed; thy desire of me is very pleasing to me, as well, as the satisfaction thou takest in any thing that's mine. On the other side, I often read over thy Letters, as if but just receiv'd, but that fires me the more with a longing for thy company, which can't but afford a great deal of Delight, when your very Letters yield so much Sweetness, and Content. Write therefore often to me, tho thy Letters give me a Pleasure that's mingled with a great deal of Pain, both for thy Absence, and Health. 'Tis incredible how I long to see thee, which proceeds chiefly from my Love, and next from our seldom being separate; and therefore I desire the time of our present separation may be as short as possible, who am

Thy faithful loving Husband,

S. Orkney.

Sure

Sure this must be Honey-moon (said Winter) *with this Couple, that they expreſs ſuch a mutual Fondneſs. It may be not* (anſwer'd Grave) *for Expreſſions of Kindneſs in abſence is often the Cover of other deſigns, which each has a mind to conceal. Ay, ay,* (added Summer) *the Myſteries of Matrimony are not eaſily div'd into. If it be poſſible* (ſaid Temple) *to have Plain-dealing, and Sincerity among Mankind, and this be ſo, 'tis no unhappy ſtate. Right,* (added River) *for that which baulks our Happineſs, is want of confidence in one another. The Intereſt of married People being the ſame,* (purſu'd Church) *methinks it ſhould not be impoſſible to find that there. I am of opinion* (ſaid Brook) *that Intereſt is not the only Hinge on which the Affairs of the World turn. Right* (added Chappel) *for we have Paſſions that will often be gratified to the prejudice of our Intereſt. And theſe ſeldom concurring* (purſu'd Fountain) *'tis no wonder Wedlock wants ſo often mutual confidence, without which it can't be a happy ſtate, as you affirm. This Letter ſeems to carry the Air* (concluded I) *of Sincerity, though 'tis the moſt difficult thing in the World, to diſtinguiſh betwixt Reality, and Diſſimulation.*

LETTER LXXIX.

In answer to a Letter of Praise. Directed to Mr. Brook, *to be left at* Nando's *Coffee-house near* Temple-bar *in* Fleet-Street, London.

How, for me (said Brook)! *and would have got it away. Hold there,* (said I) *your Vote pass'd but now for a free Communication, without Reserve, and are you already for transgressing your Act, like a Parliament-man drinking French Wine in a Tavern, when he had voted it down in the House? Prithee* (return'd Summer) *we are never willing to stand to the Law we prescribe another.* But (said Chappel) *'tis more than arrogant for a Parliament-man not to be content to break the Law establish'd by common consent, in a Tavern; but to bring his Pontac into the very House of Commons, and drink it about there, among his Brethren. Right,* (pursu'd River) *and therefore let him be Fin'd that presumes to infringe our Decree for the future, for I was oblig'd to lead the way to you. Agreed,* (said all) *proceed therefore. Upon which I read it out to them, but* Brook *stood close by me, ready to snatch it away, if it had been what he suspected, a Letter from a fair Lady.*

Honour'd

Honour'd Sir, *Oxford*, June 1692.

IN your Letter I receiv'd last from you, you discover'd how much you deserv'd Praise, whilst you prais'd me, by your Wit being able to make so worthless a Subject seem fine, even to him that has the most despicable Opinion of it, that is my self. But this effect your undeserv'd Praise will have, that I shall endeavour to merit it, and turn your Complement into a Reality, that so I may be able to repay your Bribe. I shall only in the mean time subscribe my self what I am, without Reserve,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

R. Codrington.

What, my Friend Brook, *are you in for a Complementer,* (said Winter) *who was but now so free in your Censure of it? Prithee* (return'd Brook) *we are all guilty of the Faults we condemn here of other men. Right,* (said Chappel) Grave *here, who has so many good words for the Sex, keeps a pretty Girl in a corner; And yet* (added Temple) *can rail at Hypocrisie. And* Summer (pursu'd I) *can censure the fondness of the Married; And yet* (continu'd River) *ne'r suspect his own. Prithee* (answer'd Grave) *who doubts it, but we have all our Vices, but we see 'em not in our selves, as we do in another. Right,* (added Summer) *they have private Beauties near, which are hid in Deformities afar off, like some sorts of Painting. Is't as 'twill* (said Fountain) *'tis not civil,*

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civil, to tell us when we like not the squinting of another, that we are guilty of the same. In short, (concluded Church) *this I'll say in vindication of* Brook, *He could scarce say any thing in praise of this Gentleman, which he deserves not.*

LETTER LXXX.

From a Chymist that had ruin'd himself by it, to a Gentleman, to perswade him to Chymistry. 'Twas directed to Mr. Raw *near* ——

Honour'd Sir,

I Would not have you discourag'd from your Inclinations to the noble Art of *Chymistry*, by the Perswasions of the Ignorant; certainly I that have spent so fair an Estate in the search of Nature by Fire, should know what can be done in this Art. 'Tis demonstrable, even to a very mean Understanding, that the great Hermetic Work may be performed; nay, it may be made out, that not one half of the Gold that is used in *Europe*, and transported thence to the *East Indies*, was e'er dug out of the Mines, or taken up in the Rivers in *Africa*, or *America*. 'Tis true, a Philosopher should not be fond of Wealth, and that makes me not affect Pomp, and Splendor, I could else convince the World, that I had not spent all my time to no purpose. Be not therefore discourag'd, and remember, that the Operations in this kind are tedious, yet that the Trea-

sure

ſure that attends them more than anſwers the expence of Time, and Mony. I am

Your Friend, and Servant,

R. Simmons.

This has been a Cheat of ſo many Ages (ſaid Chappel) *That one would think* (aſſum'd Summer) *it ſhould be worn threadbare by this time. Oh,* (ſaid Grave) *it has ſuch a Support, that it is no Wonder at all. True,* (purſued Church) *as long as we are poſſeſt with inſatiable Deſire after Riches, We ſhall* (added Winter) *graſp at every appearance of ſo large a Gain. The wonder of this is,* (ſaid I) *that all theſe Pretenders are poor when they have ſuch a Treaſure in their power. Oh* (anſwerd River) *they would have you think that their Poverty is the effect of choice. Right* (added Temple) *as more agreeable to the life of a Philoſopher. But yet* (ſaid Brook) *the end of their Philoſophy being the gaining this Art, and the uſe of the Art contradictory to the end of the Philoſopher, it hangs not well together. Nay, farther,* (concluded Fountain) *they pretend none but a Philoſopher can obtain it, which is only, we ſhall never have it till we care not for it, and ought not to uſe it; and yet they perſwade others to the proſecution, by the hopes of Gain, which I can imagin to be nothing but the Excellence of Poverty, or the Art of being content with a little when a great deal cannot ſatisfie.*

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

From one that had ſtoln a Marriage, giving an account of Hony-moon, &c. *Directed to Mr.* Arnway jun. *at the ſign of the* Golden Serpent *in* Tuly-ſtreet, Southwark.

Dear Sam, *Briſtol, June* 1692.

YOU us'd to laugh at the extravagance of my Paſſion, but now I can laugh too, being poſſeſs'd of dear *Clemine*, whom you thought I could never obtain. She came out of her Father's Houſe to me, with her truſty Maid, after Ten at night, when all the orderly Family was a-bed, and by the help of a Canonical man, we were joyn'd at an uncanonical hour. We revel'd in each others Arms moſt part of the night, before day ſhe left me bleſt with the ſweeteſt Joys in Nature, and return'd to her own Bed: And thus by ſtealth ſhe comes each night to her longing Arms, more beautiful, gay, and loving by Enjoyment. I wanton in my Happineſs all night, and borrow of the day for Reſt. Two months are already paſt in theſe lawful Theſts of Love, and now ſhe begins to find her ſelf with Child, ſhe's infinitely fonder than ever. Her Father will therefore ſuddenly be acquainted with it by ſome common Friends to both, and that with ſucceſs I hope; at leaſt, it will not be in his power to hinder me from being one of the happieſt men alive in a Wife; which Bleſſing, I confeſs, I deſerved not, having ſo often condemn'd, and ridicul'd a mar-

married life, but to attone, by imparting the Pleasures of it, I'll make a thousand Converts of such as thee, dear *Sam.* I am in haste, it being now near Ten,

Thy fortunate Friend,

Jo. Man.

A happy Man, (said Grave) *content with his present Fortune; And yet perhaps, before the revolving year comes about,* (pursu'd Winter) *he may sing another Tune. True,* (added Church) *for now it bears so much the Face of Whoring, that it makes him glad with it, as if 'twould always be so. They had not yet* (said Fountain) *known the Contradictions of one anothers Humors. Nor had he yet* (added Temple) *known the insipidness of one Object continually day, and night to dwell on. We are all violent in our first Transports* (said Summer) *of a new-married Life; But after a little time Satiety comes on,* (added Chappel) *and then you find no relish of your best Pleasures; No Novelty* (pursu'd Brook) *in her Embracts, no new Charms in her Face, all familiar, and old. But it discovers want of Judgment* (said I) *to be changeable in our Affections; And* (concluded River) *to imagin the absent Pleasure greater, than the present.*

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

From an Hermaphrodite to a Female Lover.
'Twas directed to Mrs. Kates, *at her Lodging at the white Posts in* Panton-ſtreet *near* Leiceſter-fields, London.

My lovely Amoret,

CErtainly Jealouſie is the Child of Love, for I'm ſure I love thee with all the extravagance in Nature, and yet I'm afraid, leſt in my abſence ſome deluding man ſhould alienate thy dear Affections; but have a care, my *Amoret*, for that Sex is falſe, and entirely compos'd of Ingratitude; Men ſee nothing at the expence of a thouſand Perjuries, and the ruin of the fair ones, they ſwear they love, but a minute's ſatisfaction to their Curioſity, not Luſt, or Love; they only aim at the vanity of bragging they have lain with this, or that Lady, without any farther regard to them. Believe me, my *Amoret*, to whom Nature has given a ſhare in both Sexes, for I can beſt judge of their faults: that part of me that is divine Woman, ſoftens, and improves the other, which would elſe engage me in a thouſand Villanies; but I have the Love, and Fondneſs of a Woman, and the Vigor of a Man, by which I bring thee the pleaſure of Love, and Enjoyment, without any hazard to thy Reputation, tho an hundred ſhould ſee me in bed with thee, but the contagion of a man's Embrace brings certain Ruin, and Pain to her that yields. You have a Happineſs in me that is not common; Nature has made us ſcarce

like

like all extraordinary Beings, intended only for a Bleſſing, for ſuch of her Darlings as thee art, my Dear, my *Amoret*, my Angel, my Goddeſs, for ſo thou'lt be, till polluted by the infamous touch of Man; which I'll ceaſe to fear, leſt that Fear ſhould make me ceaſe to be happy, as to ſubſcribe my ſelf thy faithful, loving, doting

More.

I can't conceive (ſaid Chappel) *the nature of theſe amphibious Creatures: Nor before now* (purſu'd Temple) *did I believe there were any ſuch. They are not the effect of Nature* (anſwer'd Winter) *but Accident. Right* (added Grave) *for they are not born ſo, according to the account* Montaigu *gives us. True*, (purſued Church) *for I never heard of any of them, that were ſo much men, as to get a Child. I muſt confeſs my Ignorance in the matter* (ſaid I) *but if I may believe thoſe that have better Skill, they are diſtinctly Man, and Woman. All that I can ſay of the buſineſs* (ſaid Fountain) *is, That if all are like this, 'tis an Animal of a very amorous nature. It ought* (anſwer'd Brook) *ſince it has both Sexes, to have the Luſt of both. True*, (added Summer) *and therefore Nature has furniſh'd it with the means of ſatisfying both. 'Tis the Emblem of the Hypocritical World*, (concluded River) *the viſible appearance of Woman deceives the Eye, and makes one imagin the Petticoat hides no more than it does for the reſt of that Sex; which renders its dalliances indeed very ſecure, and unſuſpected.*

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

From a Lady, to know the meaning of a Prophecy she had found in old Parchment. Directed to Dr. Wet——n *of* Chri—— *near* Foster-lane, London.

Reverend Sir,

RAking out a secret hole in my House t'other day, I found an old Worm-eaten tatter'd piece of Parchment, which upon my Son's perusal prov'd to be a Catalogue of Prophecies, but none of them legible but this,——The number 8 is wondrous in all its parts, and wondrous Events shall happen when 'tis doubled, Changes of Kingdoms, Ruins of Families, Power broken, and Woes, and Desolations shall reign, but Peace, and Plenty follow, when the Wolf's caught in the Cork's Ginn, and the Lion trembles no more at the neighbouring Cork's Crown. I desire, Sir, your Judgment of this, which will oblige

Your humble Servant,

E. Wansel.

Now by my Soul (said Grave) *I could never attribute the silencing of Oracles to the Excellence of our Religion; because* (assum'd Summer) *in the place of that of* Delphos, *and two, or three more, every Nation is now fill'd with them. Every Almanack-maker* (said Winter) *with his Prognostics, usurps the Office of the Devil of* Delphos: *Nay, and every zealous Enthusiast* (pursu'd I) *sets up the Ravings of his distemper'd Brain for Prophecies: And all the old Matrons, and*

and ignorant Plebeians *have more Faith in 'em* (said Church) *than in the Word of God. Ay, and have a greater Veneration for 'em* (added Brook) *than for the Bible. Particularly those of* Noſtradamus (purſu'd Fountain) *which have the Honour to be plac'd in the Studies of ſome that ought to have more wit. They are* (continu'd River) *the plague of a Commonwealth. They put the People in mind* (ſaid Chappel) *of Novelties; And tho they have no other ground* (concluded Temple) *but fancy ſet them a madding after them.*

LETTER LXXXIV.

From a Baud to a Juſtice's Clerk. Directed to Mr. Thomas Jacques, *to be left at the Barber's-Shop at* Epſom, Surrey.

Mr. Thomas, St. *Gile's*, *June* 1692.

I Wonder how it comes to paſs, that becauſe I gave you not my Quarteridge juſt at the time, I had my Houſe diſturb'd laſt Night by a Warrant from your Maſter, where an impudent Quean of a Wife, found her Husband a Bed with an honeſt Girl, who is ſent to *Bride-well* upon it, and I my ſelf was feign to make an eſcape with the loſs of all my Houſhold-Goods; and for all't I know of my honeſt livelihood. You'll get nothing by't I'm ſure, for there'll never come a civiller Perſon in my

my place. But if you would ſecure me better, I don't know but I may make Friends among my good Cuſtomers to furniſh me up another House within your Precinct; I hope your ſelf will contribute to ſetting up old Mother

Forby.

Here's another Myſtery of Iniquity (ſaid Winter) *reveal'd*; *the near Relation* (continu'd Chappel) *betwixt the Breakers and the Preſervers of the Law. 'Tis a Policy* (ſaid Temple) *our Juſtices of the Peace, or their Clerks learn of the* Venetians; *that is* (added Brook) *to ſqueeze out Subſidies out of the dealers in Fornication. Is this* (replied Fountain) *they do their Duty ſtill, in keeping the King's liege People in ſecurity in their ſeveral Occupations. True* (continu'd Church) *for the carefull Bawd need not fear diſturbing as long as the Juſtice denies his warrant. But you find* (ſaid Summer); *the unfaithful Clerk upon the firſt default of payment leaves her to the Mercy of the Multitude: That is* (replied Grave) *becauſe the Bawd was poor*; *Elſe* (added River) *her Caſtle had not been demoliſh'd. 'Tis with this* (concluded I) *as* Seneca *obſerves of Thieves, that little Robbers of private Men are hang'd, whilſt the Robbers of the Public live in Purple. So had this Bawd been a dealer in greater Matters ſhe had thriv'd by her Sin, and not been ruined.*

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

To the Maid that was to manage the Intrigue with the Miſtreſs. Directed to Mrs. Bridget Dod, *to be left at Mr.* Dod's, *a Joyner in* Thieving-Lane, *near* Weſtminſter-Abby, London.

Cornwal, June
Prety Mrs. Bridget, 1692.

I Have directed this Letter to your Brothers, in whom you ſay, you can confide. Be careful of my Affair, and you ſhall find me faithful to my promiſe. Five hundred Pounds, Mrs. *Bridget*, will marry thee to a ſubſtantial Country Gentleman; nay, what's more I'll engage to get thee a good Husband into the Bargain, if thou wilt but firſt provide me a Wife. Mind exactly my Directions, to time your ſpeaking to thy Miſtreſs and mine of *me*, and *Love*. Take her in a Morning, when ſhe has all the remembrance of pleaſing Dreams, with their Impreſſions on her, before ill-humour, and moroſeneſs are awake; or elſe when ſhe's newly got to Bed, her ſeverer Thoughts being long ſince gone to reſt, tir'd out with the hard Duty of the Day. Watch her ſofteſt hours, when her Soul's in Tune to join with the Harmony of Love: After her Mind has been employ'd in Romances, Plays, and Novels, then nought but ſweet Ideas fill her Soul, and Love can't be denied admittance,

mittance, those having so well prepar'd its way. Send me exact Advice of what Progress you make. I'll be in Town, as soon as I have dispatch'd my business here. When I return you must so contrive it, that I may once more have a private Interview with her; but so as if it were not design'd by you, the last was extreamly well order'd: But we'll better consult of that when I see you; in the meantime, dear Mrs. *Bridget*, be not forgetful of

Thy humble Servant,

P. Wexford.

The Spark (said Summer) *is learn'd in Womankind; and gives not better rules* (continu'd Temple) *to steal upon the Affections of the Mistress, than he takes* (added Brook) *to win the Maid to his interest. A good Portion* (said Grave) *and a good Husband; with the Appendix* (assum'd Chappel) *of Gentility too is enough* (pursu'd Winter) *to make any waiting Maid in Christendom sell a hundred Mistresses. Nay almost* (said Fountain) *her own Soul, if she has any. Tho' this Gentleman* (said Church) *seem to deserve her for his Ingenuity. He seems indeed very well qualify'd* (pursu'd River) *for a happy marry'd Man, that is so well skill'd in the Nature of Woman, that he can't be at a loss to manage it to his own content. That is* (concluded I) *if he know himself as well.*

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

From a poor Scholar, in answer to one that invited him to London, *complaining of the small Regard that's had to Learning there. 'Twas directed to Mr.* Jackson, *to be left for him at* Man's *Coffee-house, near* White-hall, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Cambridge, June* 1692.

YOU press me in your Letter, to forsake this sacred retreat of Learning, and come to *London* again. I confess your Conversation, is a mighty bribe, to draw me to that hive of *Noise*, and *Nonsense*, *Ignorance*, and *Villany*. But your command (for so is your request to me) I should not be proof against, had I not too fresh an Experience of the servile Condition a Man of my little Circumstances must be in there; whereas my small Fellowship affords me ease and content here in conversing with Men of *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Honesty*; who for many a year have not forsook this blessed abode of the Muses, for all the Baits of Interest, and Preferment, but content, sate down with unenvy'd Arts and Sciences, whilst the rest of the mad World were scrambling for Riches, and Dominion. 'Tis true they are not very learn'd in the Practice of the World, nor desire to be so; having no other insight into Man, but what their Books afford them; and chiefly for that reason I covet their Company, that I might forget what I know of Humane

mane kind, and return to the first Innocent, tho' false *Idea* I had of it, before I was made sensible of my Error at so dear a rate as *Experience*. The practical Knowledge of *Man* may be curious indeed; but I'm sure 'tis a filthy curiosity, that obliges us perpetually to pore in Excrement, and corruption with little, or no advantage. For what am I the better for knowing that a Fool in a gay Coat shall be set at the upper end of the Master's Table, whilst a Man of *Sense* shall be put off with a scrap at the lower end of the Servants? Or that a bold tatling *Ignorant* shall pass among the greatest part for a *Scholar*, whilst a modest *Scholar* shall be censur'd for a Dunce? Or what advantage have I, by knowing that this young Spark, that owes the little Embellishments of his Mind, which he has to my care, and Industry at the University, shall be asham'd to be seen in my Company, because I've not a daub'd lac'd Coat, or Wastcoat, for fear of scandal to his Fops, and Beaux's, that now pervert with ease what I with such pains had been so long establishing.

I can't sit spunging at a Tavern with a pack of Knights and Squires, and for my Club be oblig'd to laugh at, and praise their insipid Raileries, and think my self honour'd in their Conversation. Nor can I with a parasitical Face, creep to this Lord's Table till I'm affronted by the very Foot-men. In short I can't make my self the Jack-pudding of the Company, to make a Set of Sots laugh till their Eyes are liquor'd like their Throats; and because Fortune has made me poor, fling away the Blessings of Nature and make my self a Fool to save the Charges of my Club. To conclude *Sir*, I can do nothing that's taking with the Town, and

therefore

therefore I desire you'd hold me excus'd if I keep from it. Who am

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

J. Bowls.

This Spark (said Grave) *has Judgment, as well as Wit, contenting himself with his present Condition, rather than hazard a certainty, for an uncertainty. Why* (pursu'd Winter) *a Man of Wit, and Learning pursues a certainty of Poverty in the World, whilst he puts in for the prize of Fortune with Fools, and Knaves. True* (added Church) *for* Learning *like* Honesty *is very much extoll'd but very poor. Villany, and Ignorance* (continu'd Summer) *gain* Wealth, *and* Honesty, *and* Learning *starve. But if Fools and Knaves* (said Brook) *have a momentary Reign, the Man of Sense triumphs over them to after Ages. I like his Expression* (said Temple) *of* Scrambling for Riches, and Dominion, *for in the World Men like Sir* Bartholomew Coake *in* Bartholomew-Fair, *scramble for the* gilded *Ginger bread, and Apples Fortune throws among 'em, without regard to the Order, and Decency of their Habit, Quality, Age, or Station. Here a judge casts off his formal Gravity to sooth a great Court Lady to make an Interest for the great Seals. Right* (pursu'd River) *and there a precise Doctor throws aside his sanctified Grimaces, to flatter a supple Favourite for a Bishoprick. And that antient Lord* (added Chappel) *lets fall his paternal Coronet, whilst he's scrambling for the Prize with an up-start petty Fogger. But*

the medly of Mankind (said Fountain) *is endless; and the Dance in the* Rehearsal *gives the best Idea of it of any thing I've seen, and therefore by the Critics leave, I think that Dance better Writ than an hundred of their ineffectual Precepts. The Anatomy therefore of Man* (concluded I) *both as to* Mind, *and Body is a* filthy Curiosity, *as he observes, where one must besmear ones self with Blood to trace the intricate Meanders of each Nerve, and Motion, and all the private Kingdom of Veins, and Arterits; by which the Mind as well as Body moves, and subsists.*

LETTER LXXXVII.

From an old Maid. Directed to Mr. Nicholls, *at the Sign of the* Sugar-Loaf, *in* Tower-street, London.

Dear Mr. Nicholls, *Staines, June* 1692.

I Wonder you should question my Love to you, when I have given you so many marks of my Sincerity; I say not this to shew you that I am very fond of you, for I need not have liv'd a Maid to these years, if I had been so forward to be marry'd; the Men have been wooing me this dozen Years to it. Dear Mr. *Nicholls*, don't fail coming to *Staines* next *Saturday*; that you and I may go to Church together on *Sunday*. You may believe me, I wish we were never to be asunder more: But nothing should have gain'd this Confession from me, but

but your repeated assurances of honourable Love to her, who is without reserve,

SIR,

Yours to Command,

Rebecca Bond.

This poor Lady (said Chappel) *is in a great fear of leading Apes in Hell. Right* (pursu'd Brook) *she takes a great deal of pains to keep this only hopes of her Salvation; and* (added Temple) *to convince him of what perhaps he sees too plainly already,* viz. *the reality of her Love; or doting* (said Winter) *nay if you seem in the least* (said Church) *to doubt the Love of an old Maid, tho but by way of course she'll be giving you a thousand nauseous forc'd assurances of it. Till* (added Fountain) *she is more intolerable, than two or three* Irish *men making Love to a Coffee-woman, with a damn'd perpetual noise* (pursu'd Summer) *of singing out of Tune, and a curs'd voice, till the besieg'd Damsel* (continu'd River) *is forc'd to give 'em a Glass of cool Tea, or Usquebah to stop their mouths.* Quisque suos patimur Manes (said I) *we have each our several Faults. And Men as well as Women* (concluded Grave) *are most fond of Pleasure, and Riches, when they are past the right use of 'em.*

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From a Doctor of Trinity Colledge, Cambridge, *to a Gentleman, to perswade him to neglect the vulgar Sollicitudes of a busie Life, to raise to himself a Name hereafter. 'Twas directed to Mr.* Bens, *to be left for him at* Child's *Coffee-house in St.* Paul's-Church-yard, London.

Honour'd Sir, *Cambridge, June* 1692.

I Want to know how you spend your time, Whether the Diversions, and Business of the Town still monopolize your Thoughts? Prithee bid adieu to the hurry of the thoughtless part of Mankind, that live here only to scrape together a little shining Dirt, with a great deal of trouble, and often injustice, to furnish their Children with Supplies to their Lewdness, and Profusion. 'Tis below a Man methinks to live only for the day of the short of Life. We are Immortal in the Rowls of Eternity, and ought, in my mind, not to let our selves die here, till the Rowls of Fame are shut up in those of Eternity. Fortune has been kind to you in placing you in the happy Mean, tempt her not to destroy the Happiness she has given you. Nature is content with a little. Leave therefore the sordid care of Gain to those that will die like the rest of the numerous Millions, that the World never heard of their being in it, whilst you return to

to your Country House here near your *Alma Mater*, and devote your self to your Studies, where you may form some great thing, which will be always your own. Your Estate and Moneys, tho' ne're so much, by the Knaveries of some, inspight of the Security of the Law, after your Death, may fall into as many hands, as the Conquest of *Alexander*, with a worse fate, for none will so much as remember that they once were yours, but the Products of your Learning will be yours for ever. I know the Ability of your Genius, I should not else endeavour to drive you from the common road; try only to have as good an Opinion of your own Parts, as e'ry body else has. and that will soon prevail with you to comply with the Desires of him, who is

Your Friend, and humble Servant,

R. Nalson.

I am of this Gentleman's mind (said Church) *that the chase of Honours, and Riches are not worth the time of a Man of Sense. Thus far* (answer'd Grave) *he's in the right, for the perfection of Happiness is* Certainty; *But the Glories of Honours, and Riches* (assum'd Winter) *are supported by such brittle Buttresses, that the Arbitrary Whim of a Prince, or the the more giddy Humour* (added River) *of the Mob casts it down. 'Tis true* (said I) *we pursue Happiness before we consider where to find it; Mistaking its seat* (assum'd Temple) *to be in Dignities, and Wealth; because* (added Summer) *they are dazling; and* (continu'd Fountain) *under their false Glory conceal their Troubles and Vexations. Whereas* (said Chappel) *in Study we find present content, and* (concluded Brook)

same hereafter, when the Memory of wealth, and Honour is forgot.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Of Consolation to one that griev'd very much for the Death of his Wife. 'Twas directed to Mr. Monson *in* Bloomsbury-Square, London.

Dear Cousin, *Newcastle, June* 1692.

I Receiv'd your melancholy Letter, and confess you have had a great loss in losing a good Wife, that being so rare a Jewel in this Age: You say you have liv'd with her these nine and thirty Years, without any falling out, she always paying you that deference, and respect due to a Husband, and that her you love, and indulgence due to a Wife; but methinks it ought to be a great comfort to you, that you possess'd such a Treasure as this so many Years, when so many Accidents, and Distempers threatens our Lives every moment. Unhappy I confess are the Joys of Love if they could be extinguish'd by the Death of either, but the Memory of the deceas'd is a Balm for that Sore, and keeps her Image still alive. Besides you have Children the more lively Pictures of her; be fond of them, and be not such a devote to grief, for what can't be recover'd, as to neglect your Duty to your self, and your own Off-spring. 'Tis to no pur-

purpose to use many Arguments, Grief being the best cure to it self. But I would not have you ever forget her, that you may still remember your Children she bore you. I only desire you to be moderate in your grief, who am

Your loving Kinsman,

Jer. Pool.

For my part (said Church) *I look upon this to be but a piece of Ceremony, for I can't think any Man so fond a Husband as to extend his Love beyond the Grave. At least* (added River) *to that degree as really to want these auxiliary Consolations. I have known some* (said Chappel) *to my cost, that have appear'd as much concerned for their Wifes; who have yet marry'd within a Year or two, and forgot them so much* (added Temple) *as to turn her Children out of doors, to make room for new Wifes. But there is a great deal* (said Grave) *owing to the length of time they have liv'd together. True* (assum'd Summer) *for we are troubl'd at the loss of a domestick Dog we have had any time; much more* (pursu'd Brook) *at the Death of one we have so long caress'd in our bosom. Besides* (continu'd I) *it presents us with a near prospect of Mortality. Right* (continu'd Fountain) *to have death make so near an approach to us, is cause enough of Melancholy. But that's a Melancholy* (concluded Winter) *that they soon forget in the Arms of another young Spouse.*

LETTER XC.

From a Gentleman, justifying his much praising his Friends. 'Twas directed to Mr. Chappel, *at his Lodgings at Mr.* Best's *in* Bow-street, *near* Covent-Garden, London.

To me (said Chappel) *starting: Well, well, read it out, 'tis from some poor dying loving Creature, I warrant. No, no,* (said River) *'tis from some male Friend. I assure you, have but a little patience, and you'll be satisfy'd in the Point.*

My Friend, *Worcester, June* 1692.

YOU send me word that some in your Company were condemning me for magnifying all the Gentlemen of my acquaintance, with whom I have the Happiness of any Intimacy. I'll never deny the Accusation I glory in. For what Crime can be more pardonable, than that of generous kindness for the Men I profess to value. But do these Gentlemen that condemn me pretend to know my Friends better than my self? But if they do, let 'em not envy me my happy Error; if they are not so deserving as I declare them, yet I'm happy in thinking them so. Let them therefore bestow their ill natur'd Remarks somewhere else, for there are enough who think it a point of *Judgment* to carp and ridicule their Friends, they shall never perswade me that I can love mine too much, who am

Thy Friend and Servant,

Wal. Kalesby.

He's

He's eternally praising all his intimates (said Chappel) *and 'tis enough to be of his acquaintance to be a Man of Honour, wit, and Courage, and all the dispers'd Merits of Mankind. 'Tis the effects of generous Nature* (replied I) *and I wish he never have a cause to alter his Mind. He says very true* (said Temple) *that Ill-nature is plentiful enough in the World in censuring all it keeps company with. True* (pursu'd Winter) *he's look'd upon as an Ass that can't find more Faults, than Vertues in his absent Friend. He errs* (said Church) *of the honest, tho most dangerous side. I rather attribute it* (return'd River) *to his Youth, than Vertue. True* (assum'd Summer) *for most young Men, that are ignorant of the Town, and the general Roguries of Mankind, are guilty of an over confidence in all that profess a kindness for them. Till to their cost* (continu'd Fountain) *Age better instructs them. Age may instruct them* (answer'd Grave) *not to be over confident in any Man, but can never justifie their abusing particulars without a particular cause, which* (concluded Brook) *if it be sufficient for abuse, is sufficient to break off Friendship; for 'tis unaccountable that we should affect the Conversation of those we contemn, or hate.*

LETTER XCI.

From a young Lady to her Gallant, to whom she had yielded, and who was still constant. 'Twas directed to Mr. Polly, *to be left for him at* Sander's *Coffee-house, near the* Dog *Tavern in* Drury-Lane, London.

Dear Sylvio,

THO' my Mother has oblig'd me to go into the Country with her, yet I will avoid hated absence, by keeping thy dear Image, my lovely Boy, always in my sight; for I can find no Crime in what we have done to make me afraid to think on't with all the extasie of Joy we met with in our first Embraces; we were both young, and both lov'd with equal Ardor; Where was then the fault if we follow'd the dear instinct of Passion, and satisfy'd each others Longing? It had been a Sin against *Nature*, and *Reason*, as well as *Love*, to have kept our selves in pain for the meer Niceties, the hypocritical World stands upon in Words, tho' not in Deeds; 'tis enough we are cautious in our Joys, and keep them to our selves. My happiness in thy Constancy my *Sylvio*, convinces me I have done nothing but my Duty; which makes me think my self the happiest of all my Sex, as long as I can subscribe my self thy Love, and Constant

Eptælia.

Here's

Here's a pretty, constant, innocent Tit (said Chappel) *one* (assum'd Brook) *that has not lost her Innocence with her Maidenhead. What says our most* Grave (said Temple) *to this pretty Rogue? Ay, ay* (pursu'd Summer) *does she come within the Crimes of the Sex? if not within their Crimes, Yet* (answer'd Grave) *yet she may in good time Gentlemen; for she's already* (added Winter) *got within the Verge of the greatest of their Follies Love. Which degenerating into Lust* (pursu'd Church) *leads her into their Crimes with ease, and speed. I'm sure 'tis pity* (said Fountain) *she shou'd ever be less happy, because she has so much wit* (assum'd I) *to plead so well for her Love. Her wit* (concluded River) *is that which will pervert her Constancy, and certainly destroys her Happiness.*

LETTER XCII.

Of Recommendation. Directed to Captain Nasbey, *to be left for him at* Tom Urwin's *Coffee-house in* Russel, *near* Covent-Garden, London.

Portsmouth, June
Honour'd Captain, 1692.

I have a particular Kindness for my Cousin *Tom*, beside the Obligation of Nature, and shall do all that I can for him my self, but I think I can in nothing contribute more to his good, than by recommending

mending him to your charge, when you set Sail; I question not but he'll so behave himself, so as to merit your Esteem if I had not sent this to engage you before hand, by the Interest I have in you. I know him of a grateful, and generous Nature, and will always remember a Favour receiv'd. In short, there is nothing you can oblige me more in than in a kind Reception of him. I am

SIR,

Your Friend and Servant,

G. Rooksby.

This Gentleman (said I) *is a* Miracle——*True* (assum'd Summer) *a* Relation, *and a* Friend. *A Recommendation indeed* (said Temple) *is as hard to be got from Relations, as Money. 'Tis a greater test of Love* (answer'd Grave.) *Right* (pursu'd Winter) *for by this you venture your Interest in* as *you esteem, and that can oblige you; and in your Money* (added Church) *you hazard but a little solitary Cash, without any Appendix of worser consequence, if a Recommendation be such a test of Love* (said Brook) *the accepting of it is as great. True* (continu'd Fountain) *for he runs a double hazard having two to please in one. Let us dispatch this* (said Chappel) *that we may not hinder a good Office They are so few* (concluded River) *'tis pitty it should be with any Obstacle, from parties unconcern'd.*

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

From a French *Dancing master, to one of his Scholars. Directed to Mr.* Crofts-man, *at his Chambers in the* Temple.

Epſom, June 1692.

Ma detr Monſieur Croftsman,

ME vow'd no have you neglect a your dancing vilſit mee be in de Country, vor me hava left one of de varie rare Artiſts in de noble Myſterie, who vil make you de varie perfect accompliſh'd Gaudehomma begar ofe all de Engliſh Nation. Here be de one, two, tree of de vary curious Dammoiſels begar. Pray dear Meſtre *Croftsman* give prettee Meſtreſs *Jany* one, two, tree kiſſes foor me, and begar ive you vill ven mee coma to Town again, me vill give her one, two, tree hundred kiſſes vor you, and one touſand ſometing elſe begar ive ſhe'll letta me. Me be Monſieur begar in a varie great deal ove haſt, and me therefoore ſubſcribe mee ſelve,

Your humble Eſclage and Vaſſal,

Jacque de Baordeaux.

Sure

Sure (said *Grave*) *we are the Bubles of the World; And that* (added Winter) *to the Scum of all Nations, as if an* English-man *could not have a graceful Motion, without a* French *Dancing-master? for my part* (said Church) *I could never understand the use of Dancing, or at least* (assum'd Brook) *how it can be so necessary a Qualification of a Gentleman. 'Twas among the* Romans (said Temple) *the business of Players, and that* (added Fountain) *'tis a far more excellent Nature. Right* pursu'd River) *for in the time of* Nero, *a Dancer represented so many things by meer silent motion, and that in measure, that an* Asian *King there present begg'd him of the Emperor, to be his Interpreter, to the several Nations he rul'd, or had to do with, so naturally be represented every thing, that he seem'd to have found out an universal Language without speaking, dancing intelligible Words to all Nations: But our dancing* (said Chappel) *consists only in a Caper, and a few insignificative turns of the Feet or Body. And then* (pursu'd Summer) Plutarch *mentions the* Samian *Dancers by way of Contempt, and as the most infamous of Whores. I must confess* (concluded I) *I think Custom is the best Plea for the Excellence of our present Dancing.*

LET-

LETTER XCIV.

To a Friend in Town, who had promis'd to come, and eat some of his Country fare at a certain time. 'Twas directed to Mr. Mathews, *at his Lodgings at the* Star *and* Garter *in* York buildings, *in the* Strand, London.

Surry, June 1692.

Dear NED,

YOu promis'd to come to dinner to me last *Tuesday*, accordingly I prepar'd some Country fare, Beef, and Pudding, Sallades, and what else unsophisticated Nature yields, without the corruption of your *French* Cooks. You are like to pay your shot, for staying away, unless you redeem your Transgression by coming next *Tuesday*; you have a Horse, so that nothing but the Will was wanting. But perhaps you were engag'd at *Lockets*, the *Blew Posts*, or *Pontacs*, with more exquisite Dishes. True, you might have a more modish Entertainment; but never a more hearty. Therefore put not me off with Excuses, unless you intend to excuse me from writing myself what I am,

Your Friend and Servant,

S. Willis.

Here's

Here's a Feaſt (ſaid Grave) *in my mind better than all, that of* Trimalicon *is* Petronius Arbiter. *Gluttony* (ſaid Temple) *is the moſt unmanly of Vices. True* (purſu'd Brook) *to live only, or chiefly to Eat, is the Life of a Hog. It clogs the Underſtanding* (ſaid Winter) *and hinders the Operation of the Faculties of the Mind. In which* (added Church) *we chiefly differ from meer Bruits. So that we ſin againſt our nobleſt part* (continu'd River) *by being devotes to Eating. He therefore* (ſaid I) *that wiſh'd himſelf the Neck of a Crane, for the prolongation of the pleaſure of taſte, merited to be turned into a Beaſt, for his brutal as well as ignorant Wiſh. Nature's beſt ſatisfied* (ſaid Summer) *with a little, but is oppreſs'd with a great deal. And generates Diſtempers* (purſu'd Chappel) *and ſo puts an end to the infamous Pleaſure, and Life too. Thus as well as other faults* (concluded Fountain) *it begets its own puniſhments.*

LET-

LETTER XCV.

Advising his Friend to turn Quack. 'Twas directed to Mr. Stones, *to be left for him at the* Pye-*Coffeehouse, in* Parker's Lane *in* Drury-lane, London.

I'M ſorry to hear of thy poor condition, and have to my ability comply'd with your deſire, and ſent you a Guinea by the Coachman. You have a pregnant Wit, and have been bred a Scholar, methinks you might find ſome way of living, without theſe Neceſſities you complain of: How many blockheads ſet up for Phyſicians, and Divines? Pr'thee turn Quack in one, or the other capacity. Tho' the firſt I think more proper to thy Genius, as well as more gainful, there being more Fool's than Devotees, and e'ry Fool will take more care of his Body than Soul, and bleed freelier to the Doctor, than the Parſon. 'Tis but getting two, or three Books of Phyſic, to furniſh thee with Terms, and half a dozen old Wives Receipts, to ſell at thy own price, and alſo ſome eaſie Tract of Aſtrology, that may inſtruct you in the Art of bantering the credulous, and thoſe that are mad for Futurity, with ambiguous words, and hard Terms above their Capacity of Underſtanding; any Scratches will paſs for a Scheme, and the Names of the Planets, which you may learn from an Almanac, get you the reputation of a profound Artiſt. Let your Bills be worded ſillyer than *Saffold's*, or his Succeſſor, and all the Fools in Town will come by ſym-

pathy

pathy to thee, and so we shall have thee dye an Alderman. This Advice I look upon a hundred times more worth than the Guinea I send you. The Event will shew how much I am thy real Friend,

S. Gilman.

Good wholsome Advice this (said Chappel). *Right* (assum'd Brook, and smil'd) *for he's to deal in the* Health *of the People. A Quack* (said Temple) *may be thought of the same Class with* Sin, *for he has the same wages, Death. But* (answer'd Fountain) *the* Death, *that's the wages of* Sin, *a man can't live by, as the Parson observ'd. True,* (assum'd Summer) *but* Death, *the wages of a Quack, brings in a very good Livelihood. These Quacks* (said Grave) *are the Pest, and Shame of the Common-wealth, who for five pound can purchase a Licence to kill, and destroy the People. They are rather* (reply'd I) *the* Purgatives *of the Common-wealth, clearing it of its Distempers, for they destroy none but Fools. But* (pursu'd Winter) *they are but ineffectual Purgations then, for they leave a great deal of the Disease behind. True* (replied River) *is because Fools are of such a spreading quality, that they have diffus'd themselves through the whole Body politic, and therefore incurable. Besides,* (concluded Church) *if they made a perfect Cure, they must poyson themselves too, after they have lost the Trade of the whole Tribe. But I am of opinion, Physic being of so uncertain, and conjectural a nature, that the most learned seldom agree either in the Disease, or Cure: The Public is not so much to blame, to permit the Ignorant to throw in the blind Lottery, where Learning is of no great certainty, or use, except for Talk; the Effect depending merely on Chance, or Nature.*

LET-

LETTER XCVI.

From a Gentleman in Town, to his Friend in the Country, complaining of the Spungers that thrust themselves into his Company. 'Twas directed to Mr. Alford *near* Euthringham *in* Kent.

Dear Sir, *London*, June 1692.

NOT the Knaveries, nor Lewdness of the Town, you have so much urg'd against my longer stay here, has given me this Resolution of retiring into the Country, but the intolerable Impudence of Spungers, which like the Locusts of *Egypt*, are blown on me by I know not what wind. These Vermin will soon eat up my Estate, if greater than 'tis; and whilst I feed them with substantial Meat, and Drink, they feed me with empty Flattery, or nauseous Jests. I believe, sometimes they think, because I have an Estate, I ought to keep them that have none, but they are mistaken, I am not yet arriv'd to that Christian Perfection of giving all, and giving it to the Poor; or if I were, I should never chuse Sots, Buffoons, and Bullies, the partakers of that Distribution. In short, since I find there is no Remedy to keep free from these Vices, that stick so close to Quality, and men of Parts, but by being as impudent as them, (which I can't be) or leaving the place where they grow, I am resolv'd to marry, and retire to a good peaceable,

able, quiet, Country Life. I know you'l be pleas with my Resolution, whatever is the cause of it and that was the reason I gave you this Trouble who am,

Sir, your Servant,

Wanly.

Spunging is such a slavish low thing, (said Temple) *that a man of any spirit can ne'r be guilty of it. Right* (pursu'd River) *to sneak to e'ry Fool for a little Meat, and Drink, to cringe to e'ry menial Servant, of those he spunges on, rather than endeavour to get a genteous, and unprecarious Living by his own Industry, since Nature is not so voracious, as to require more than a man is able to provide.* I had rather (said Chappel) *dine at a Three-penny Ordinary, at my own expence, than at a Lord's Table. Spunges indeed* (said Brook) *are a lazy slothful Generation, and yet, like the Devil, they are continually roving about to seek whom they may devour. Impudence is their chief Qualification,* (pursu'd Church) *and he that is not harden'd to all Affronts in Nature, will never live by't. True* (added Fountain) *he must be the patient Subject of all the Jests of the Company. Yet* (said Winter) *they shall drink as much, eat as much, and call in as much at a Tavern, as any in the Company, but for paying, they are your humble Servant. They like Vermin* (said Greve) *suck the Venom of Society, and live upon the Superfluities of Conversation. They must* (pursu'd I) *flatter Fools, and Knaves, and study Jests to tickle the Conceit of this Esop, and the overgrown Alderman. True,* (concluded Summer) *but indifferent ones will serve; for one of these depending Wits (for such many of this Class pass for) coming to a Lord's to Dinner, having labour'd his Brain hard*

all

all the way for a Jeſt, to pay for his Treat, he ſeem'd ſomthing dull. How now Tom? *(ſays the Lord)* what's the matter with you? I'm like a Door *(replied the Wit.)* Like a Door *(quoth the Lord)* pray explain. Why I'm off the Hinges *(return'd the Wit.) The Lord laugh'd till his ſides crack'd, the Wit ſnil'd, and got a good Dinner, and a Flask of good Claret in his Gutts; and the damn'd Jeſt has plagu'd the Town e'er ſince. And to ſay truth, he's a Door off the Hinges ſtill, and ever will be, as well as all of this Kidny.*

LETTER XCVII.

From a Country Parſon to his Friend in London; *that deſir'd him to write an Elegy, for nothing, upon the Death of one of his Relations, that dy'd, and left him a good Eſtate. 'Twas directed thus, To Monſieur* Boleau, *Bookſeller, at his Houſe in the* Pall-mall, London.

Monſieur,

WITH all the Humility, and Submiſſion imaginable, as becomes a *poor Country Parſon*, towards a *London* Gentleman, of the neweſt edition. I congratulate the occaſion of your Gentility, not being at all ſurpriz'd, that the *largeneſs of your Mind* bears ſuch proportion to that of your Eſtate. But

Is

is it possible you should honour your poor *quondam Drudge*, and *Author* with not only demanding an Elegy from him on your late, kind, deceased Relation, but even to accept it *gratis* too? Well, it had been incredible in any but a Soul so surprizingly great as yours. Send it? Yes, with all the Passion, the Ferment, the Eagerness, the Salt, the Flame, the Fire of my Soul, I'll send it,——it shall come, yea, even now, (unless Dinner abruptly calls) before my Pen dare lift it self from the Paper; and I shall therein endeavour, *pedetentim*, to follow those curious hints you give me in your last for my direction. ——Have-at it then this very minute.

NO. *Muse! in vain is all Apology;*
You must, you shall produce an Elegy:
Don't hang an A——, I tell the donnot,
Nor simp'ring cry I can't, I wonnot.
'Tis Boleau *calls, a man of Quality,*
Fam'd for Great Soul, and Liberality,
who late, deny it he that can,
By a strange chance turn'd Gentleman.
Fortune, no more we'll blame thy blindness,
Since thou hast shown him so much kindness:
Thou, and what else, that lovely Creature,
That Miracle of Art, and Nature,
who last of the long-winded dozen, *
Dy'd to oblige so kind a Cozen,
For which he vows in deathless Verse
(Which nothing costs) t'adorn her Herse.
Ah! who, alas, without Anxiety,
Can think o'th fall of so much Piety?
Beauteous as Boleau's *self, or* Sary,
As my Emilia, *wise, and wary;*
Grave, and resolv'd, and action slow of,
As is the Great young man *you know of.*

* A round number, but it's no matter for being very exact.

At

And what among 'em all's the best, lyt
pull as good-natur'd as — Jack Wheatly.
Judge if her mirth were not uncommon;
But Man is mortal, so is Woman.
Ah! had not Death with Gall mixt Honey,
And try'd to bribe our Grief with Money,
Brought cheerful Gold to gild sad Sable,
'T had been intol—— intolerable;*
But tis that wise consideration
Claps a Curb-Bridle on our Passion,
And makes us with some patience bear
This Gain, and Loss, —this heavy Cross,
Of Five good hundred pounds a year.

* Here sigh, and take breath.

Vous avez,

Monsieur *Boleau*,

Mayn't you clearly see by this what an awe your new Gentility strikes one with; for I cannot for my Life towre above doggrel, when I think of you. However, I'll try to forget the Gent, *Boleau*, and remember one honest *Smugle*, a poor trudging Worm of a Book-seller, my Acquaintance, and see what I can do for him.

An

An Elegy upon the Death of

Mrs. Susannah Boleau.

HAS powerful Beauty then forgot her Charms?
Have Piety, and Innocence no Arms?
Is Heaven unjust? Are all the Stars unkind?
Or is Death grown, as well as Fortune, blind;
That nothing excellent must long remain,
But all our Vows, and all our Prayers in vain?
This, lovely Virgin! by thy Loss we know,
And little less, with Grief, than Marble grow.
Thy Piety, while here, was so refin'd,
We hardly thought thee less than perfect Mind:
And yet thy outward form so made for Love,
We wonder why the Soul would thence remove.
Thee all who knew deplore, Thee all lament,
But most *Tom Boleau*'s Mind to Grief is bent;
With real Grief does his own Gain condole;
Heavy it sits upon his mighty Soul:
Take all the Dross, he cries, that Fortune gave,
And Heaven, so you'll restore her from the Grave.
Then thinks he sees agen her much-lov'd Face,
And starting, runs from her desir'd Embrace.
O give me Rest, he cries, then on the Bed,
Distract with Cares, he leans his aking Head.
But even in Dreams her lovely Face appears,
He wakes, and finds his Cheeks all drowned wi
What shall he do, his eating Griefs to shun? [Tea
Shall he to Deaths cold Arms for Succour run?
But lazy Death doth its kind Aid deny;
Nor, ah! must he have so much Ease, to dye.

Y

Yet he'll not live, but like ſad *Biblis* ſtand,
And deluge with his Tears his native Land.
While Sighs, like Earthquakes, heave his troubled Breaſt,
Till down he ſinks to find eternal Reſt.

This is an elymoſinary Eſſay (ſaid I) *of an Author, for his Bookſeller. There's Humour in the firſt* (purſu'd Grave) *and the* Sadneſs of Elegy *in the laſt. There's enough of all Conſcience* (added Brook) *for Love. Right,* (continued Chappel) Mony *might have made the Poet enlarge. That inſpires the Author* (ſaid Winter) *in his double Capacity,* as Poet as well as Prieſt: *So indeed* (added Summer) *his Letter declares him. I fear the Bookſeller* (ſaid Temple) *was more beholden to Death, than to his ſor-Relation. He would not elſe* (added River) *have grudg'd the paying for her Elegy. Oh, had he paid his Author* (ſaid Fountain) *for it, the* Joy of the Reward *had depriv'd him of the melancholy, and ſorrowful Thoughts his Subject required. Booksellers Pay* (concluded Church) *is never ſo prodigal, as to raiſe an Author above a* doleful Ditty.

N LET-

LETTER XCVIII.

From a Lover to his Mistriss, in absence. 'Twas directed to Madam Winton, *at Mr.* Glasscock's *in St.* Mary-Ax, London.

Oh my Dear,

'TIS now almost four days since I saw thy Face, tho not so many nights; for no sooner has sweet Sleep hush'd my projecting Soul to peaceful Slumbers, but thy lovely Image presents its self to the Embraces of my *Fancy*, as a superabundant Reward of all my anxious waking hours.

But, oh! 'tis not *Ideas* alone, and empty shadows of a distant bliss, can satisfie my longings, who have so violent a Passion for the *Real Substance*.

But why, alas, should I seek, or desire to involve thy sweet Content, and Tranquility in my Misfortunes? Why should I hinder what I cannot make, that is *your Happiness*? 'Tis true, Reason, and Justice require that I should rather perish, than see you any more. But Love comes in, and disdains their tyrannous Impositions, and will have me perish at your Feet, and I hope without violence. I send thee ten thousand Kisses. Adieu,

Poor *Charles*.

Absent

Absence in Love (said Temple) *is like the death of the Body, the Object of Love being, like the Soul, ravish'd from the Lover.* *I'm not of your mind* (replied Grave) *Absence attones for the thousand Impertinences the presence of her I love betrays me to.* *And that which is more conducing to our satisfaction* (pursu'd Winter) *it gives a greater relish to our Joys when we meet.* *It keeps those Pleasures alive* (continu'd Church) *which fruition, and continual presence would destroy.* *For as the incomparable Mr.* Dryden *says,* All Objects lose by too familiar view, *certainly* (said Chappel) *Absence to him that truly loves must be the greatest of Torments, as Love is the most violent of Passions.* *As 'tis excellently describ'd by old* Chaucer (pursu'd I) *in his* Knights Tale:

His Sheep, his Mear, his Drink is him bereft,
That lean he wareth, and dry, as a Shaft;
His Eyes hollow, and grisly to behold;
His Hew pale, and Alyen to unfold.
And solitary he was, ever alone,
And waking all the night, makin gmoan

Pure indeed (said Brook) *are all the effects of a desperate Passion, natural, and beautiful, tho' drest in so artificated a phrase.* Spencer (pursu'd Summer) *is of your mind* Chappel, *when he says,*

Nought under Heav'n so strongly doth allure
The Sense of Man, and all his Mind possess,
As Beautys lovelyest Bait, that doth procure
Great Warriours Rest, their Rigor to suppress,
And mighty Hands forget their Manliness.

These Parts (said River) *drew their Picture from Nature; since 'tis evident Love triumphs over our other passions, Ambition it self being forc'd to submit, when once Love opposes it. Our modern* Volture (concluded Fountain) *views Nature then through another Glass, for he makes it the meanest, and most indifferent of passions, (and by consequence Absence no great pain) urging, that Pastorals, because the lowest of Verse, are the fittest for the expression of Love.*

LETTER XCIX.

From a Robber to his Comrade, that had wrong'd him of part of his Share. 'Twas directed to Mr. N—, *to be left for him at the* C. Ta—, *&c.*

NED,

I Have been inform'd you have play'd the Villain in sinking some of our last Prizes, and wrong'd both me, and your other Brothers, of our Due, and Share. If you clear not your self of this, you deserve to be shot the next time you attempt the Road, for a man without any Principles of Honour, or Justice.

R. D.

That

That men (said Grave) *who live by the breach of the Laws of Nations, and Nature, should expect any ſecure Tye of Juſtice betwixt each other! O yes,* (return'd River) *for the Bonds of Vice are ſtronger than thoſe of Virtue. Neceſſity* (purſu'd Chappel) *forces them to an obſervation of them to each other, ſince elſe they could not ſubſiſt. Beſides* (ſaid Brook) *the Laws of Right are as much tranſgreſſed by Armies as by private Robbers. That was the Opinion indeed* (replied Temple) *of the Pyrate that was brought before* Alexander the Great. *But I believe* (purſu'd Summer) *that the Laws of Morality were not made for the regulation of public, but only private affairs, if at leaſt we may judge by the practice of the World. True,* (contin'd Church) *for the Teachers of thoſe Laws, the Clergy, have in all Ages juſtified the greateſt breaches of them when ſucceſsful. By that* (ſaid Winter) *you would make the Sword the only Arbiter of Right betwixt Nation, and Nation. They would make it no more* (replied Fountain) *than 'tis, for the ſucceſs of that gives Equity to the Cauſe; The Victor being never in the wrong,* (concluded I) *and the Vanquiſh'd never in the right.*

LETTER C.

From one Friend to another, in answer to a Letter that upbraided him with a Service done, in bayling him for Debt, which he had not discharged. 'Twas directed to Mr. Roley, *to be left for him at the* Jamaica *Coffeehouse in* Cornhil, London.

SIR,

YOU tell me you found what you expected; but I answer, that I have found what I did not expect; and I know not what you call *Civil putting me in mind*, for I always took them for Duns; they were not indeed noisy, and might therefore be termed civil Duns: But your hectoring Letter rouz'd me to say what I did; not am I asham'd of the Testimony you can bring, but can, and will justifie it before any equitable Judge; for all men know that doing a Kindness one minute, and cutting ones Throat the next, is not very *cordial*, and any one that knows the least in the Laws of Morality, knows, that such Proceedings abundantly cancel the highest Obligations. You accuse me of want of Justice, in not giving you a Counter-Security; you might have had it when you would, it was your fault in not asking, for I was always ready to give you all reasonable satisfaction. If I could get the Mony to morrow, I would pay it. You say these things always end in Quarrels; if so, 'tis because the obliger thinks much of what he has done, and requires Impossibilities. But, Sir, what need all

all this heat? If I could do this, I would, but it is not in my power; had you been troubled for this Mony, nay, paid it, you could do no more than you have. I can say no more, but that if you can make any reasonable Proposition for your satisfaction, and theirs, I will make it my utmost endeavors to comply with it; but I can do no more than I can, if you write till Dooms-day, and I'll do what I'm able, if you write never a word. If you persist to desire any more, I think I'm the injured Friend not you. I can say no more, having said enough to satisfie any reasonable man, especially one that stiles himself a Friend, as I do also,

Your Friend, and Servant,

Godf. Carvel.

From Suretiship, (said Summer) *good Lord deliver us. Right,* (pursu'd Church) *for if thou art Surety for any one, take care to pay the Debt. You would then* (said I) *destroy the greatest Act of Friendship, who have condemn'd the World for neglecting the Offices of a Friend, and of deserting the dearest Friend in distress. Nay, to advance that Maxim,* (continu'd Temple) *were to destroy the chief hinge of Trade, Credit. True,* (assum'd River) *for that supplies the place of a great many millions of Mony. The very yearly Revenue of* England *having been estimed fourscore millions, to pay which there's not, as has been computed, above eleven millions of Cash, all the rest turning upon Credit, which must be wanted before such*

a small Sum can circulate to so many Offices. If my Friend (said Chappel) *wanted Mony, I'd give him what I could possibly spare, but I'd neither lend him Mony, nor be bound for him. True,* (assum'd Brook) *for though you are a Friend when you lend, or are bound, yet when the day of Payment comes, and you expect a Return on his side, you are an Enemy; as may appear from this Letter. We alwaies* (said Greave) *prize a Favour more before we obtain it, than after we have receiv'd the benefit of it. On the other hand* (replied Winter) *there are a great many men, who over-value their Services, and think, because they did a Friend a Kindness once in distress, that his whole Life, and all his Endeavours, are not sufficient to make a tolerable return, especially in this case, as this Letter expresses, if the Friend oblig'd be not in a capacity to take off his Security, he is more inveterate than the Creditor. Which shews,* (concluded Fountain) *that he did not that kindness by the Dictates of Friendship, since upon his Friend's greater Distress, he's unwilling to run the least hazard for him.*

LET-

LETTER CI.

From a Gentleman who, confessing the uncon-stancy of his Temper, desires to know how he may attain a stability of his Wishes. 'Twas directed to Dr. M——ly, to be left for him at the King's-head-Tavern *in* Kings-street *near* Guildhall, London.

Honour'd Doctor,

YOU know 'tis not long since I left the Town, with all the earnest longing in the World for the Country, and yet I find my self quite tir'd with this Irksom Retirement already. I want my Books, and my Friend, and all the pleasing Thoughts of *Innocence*, and *peaceful Quiet* of a Country Life, that ingag'd me to seek it, seem now but *ignorant Brutality* and a dead, and unactive *Sloth*. Prithee, dear Doctor, prescribe me some Medicine for this measie *Distemper* of the *Mind*, for I know you as well skill'd in that, as in the *Body*. Has Philosophy no cure for this troublesome Inconstancy of my Temper? Is there no way of making me happy in *Stability*, and rendring that a Pleasure to me to morrow, which I thought so yesterday? I have some hopes there may, because I can persevere in my esteem of you, and hope I shall always be able to write my self

Your real Friend, and humble Servant,

T. Kemish.

This Distemper (said Grave) *is of a larger extent, than this Gentleman's Right,* (assum'd Winter) *for few men are able to distinguish betwixt a* real Good, *and a* real Ill. *Which is the cause of this Inconstancy,* (continu'd River) *for they pursue that for a* real Good, *which when obtain'd, they find a* real Ill. *Or, at least* (added Church) *far short of the extravagant Idea they had fram'd of it. The cause of this* (said I) *is that Cloud of Ignorance that blinds the Eye of our mind,* Reason, *that it can't distinguish better. Alas,* (replied Summer) *we seldom consult our Reason in what we either hope, or fear, for did we consult Reason in our Desires, we should never be inconstant. This makes us* (pursu'd Temple) *sollicit Heaven, with our Vows, and Prayers for our* certain Ruin, *instead of a* Blessing. *And mock God* (added Fountain) *very often with Thanksgivings for our successful Villanies. Thus* (continued Chappel) *we hunt after Wealth to encrease our own* Sollicitudes, Fears, *and* Guilt. *And damn our selves both here, and hereafter* (concluded Brook) *by* Ambition, Lust, *and* Avarice, *by a Prey to Rogues, and Whores.*

LET

LETTER CII.

To a Member of the Athenian Society. *Directed to Mr.* S——, *to be left for him at* Smith's *Coffeehouse in the* Stocks-market, London.

Dear Sir,

YOU have been so long vers'd in answering Questions, that now sure none can come amiss to you: I therefore desire you to answer me, For what reason your Society is silenc'd, since you have so often, and with such supererogatory Zeal defended the present establishment? 'Tis a Mystery to the World, and in answering it, you'l gratifie all your Friends, nay, and all your Enemies too. I hear you are retir'd into the Country, to your beloved *Algebra*; 'tis a knotty Study, and requires indeed such a Head as yours, but I question whether my Query is not a degree beyond the most difficult of them. *Kissing goes by Favour*, and I've seen an ugly Fellow embrac'd by a pretty Lady, whom he slighted, when a proper, handsom, young man, with *Lantinus* his Parts, was dying for love for her, without regard to his Merit, Passion, or Services. My humble Service to your Lady, and tell her I long to hear she's with Child, for certainly when a Muse is pregnant, she must bring forth no less than an *Orpheus*. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and Servant,

C. Richardson.

It had been much indeed, (said Grave) *if in our search here we had not met with some Enquiries to this Society.* —— *True,* (pursu'd Winter) *but*——

Just here Madam *Summer*, enter'd, and would permit us to go no farther, assuring us that Dinner cool'd on the Table. We could not controvert a fair Ladys Will, especially in her own House; we therefore placing our things in due order, retir'd to Dinner, not at all dissatisfied at the time we had thus spent.

THE

THE PACQUET *broke Open.*

BOOK II.

IT was so late before we went to Dinner, that before we had half din'd, a whole Company of Summer's *Acquaintance came and surpriz'd us, and as soon as the Cloth and Lady was remov'd, engag'd in drinking. I found there would be hot work; and therefore I whisper'd* Grave, *and* River *to steal away, which in the hurry of Company we easily did, and unperceiv'd of any but* Chappel, *who unwilling to drink follow'd after, whether we had retir'd, viz. To the Summer-house, to proceed in our Enquiries, for I confess my impatience of diversion from it. Being Seated, the first we light'd on was;*

LET-

LETTER I.

From a Bawd that desires a Habitation for the Exercise of her Profession. 'Twas directed to Madam ——— at her House in St. Peter's-street in Rome.

Madam,

SO Copious is the Information which you give me of the great Liberty which the Vicious enjoy at *Rome*, that I have a great desire to remove thither. Particularly I understand what priviledges Lust is allow'd under the Purple Habit, a being honour'd with the Protection of a Nephew of his Holinesses. I have recanted my erroneous Conceit that was infus'd into me by those that aggravated in my Ears their daily Practice of most execrable Uncleannesses, and their Contempt of Women in Comparison of *Bab-fac'd Boys*. But conformable to what you have suggested to me, I know the Falshood of this Calumny, and find that they give a hearty Entertainment to all manner of Debauchery. The Women also have their dispatches, and to speak the Truth to a Man that understands Trap, a double Card plays best at my Lady's Hole. And 'tis a great Advantage to fullfil a Card; now that Men are so singularly desirous to be pleas'd with Delusions and Appearances. What greater pleasure can there be to a Man that loves to enjoy a brutish Sin, then that he can be sure to make a Change of the Hand, and when he has a Woman in his Arms to be able to turn her into

into a Male, as his Sensuality inspires him. Peace be to *Venice*, where delicacy of Appetite, with less Scandal, practises this form of Satisfaction. By which means, neither are Women depriv'd of their Advantages, nor Men of their Pleasures. In short, I am singularly pleas'd to understand that there is a free Stage at *Rome* for all manner of Lasciviousness; which makes me resolve to breath the Air of that City in my Old age. I hope to set up for a Baud, and live well by my Trade: For where the Climate disposes Men to Lasciviousness, there is the less Trouble in our Calling. I hope in a short time to obtain the Favour of all the Cardinals, in regard I shall be sure to have always at hand whatever they shall desire. I hope to add to the List of Harlots, those few that preserve their Honesty to stuff Tenis-balls: And I should wish to die, when I fail'd in my undertaking to make the chastest of Matrons melt in the Obduracy. Pray seek me out a good Habitation in a convenient Post, and you shall find me always ready to serve you to the utmost of my Power.

She has mistaken her place, quoth Chappel, *while she designs to set up for a Baud in* Rome, *where the Traffic of Lewdness has no need of any Brokers. She may be serviceable*, reply'd River, *if not to the Grandees of the Purple Robe, yet to the poor Friars and Priests; of which the Rabble are Tyranniz'd over by their Superiors, or hinder'd from taking their full swinges. Hence it is*, reply'd Grave, *that they are forc'd to exercise by themselves, and to carry their Affairs very privately too, for fear of the Pain and Evil that may come thereof. Pish*, ——— concluded I, *there's no such need of so much Caution; for all sorts of other Vices, and sin in common sege-*

tho

ther with the Sin of Whoring, that every one is there a good Merchant for himself, and knows how to procure his own Advantages in view of all the World.

LETTER II.

From a Jesuite who confesses the Errors of his own Order. 'Twas directed to Father P---'s, at his Lodgings in Abble-ville.

Certainly this Letter, said Grave, will contain the Interests of some Princes, discover'd by this good Father in the Anti-chamber of some great Personages. And why not in their own Cabinets? reply'd Rivet, It seems you have but little Experience of the Manners of these sort of Cattel, especially of their usual Qualities, of rather coveting the Privacy with Princes, then Familiarity with Christ. They stick close to that Saying, Non erubesco Evangelium; and to that other, Litera non Erubescit, while not only as People in Holy Orders, but Pretenders to Learning, with Brazen Foreheads, they thrust themselves into all Places.

Most dear Brother in Christ,

I Am inform'd by your last Letters, that there is no Body that offers to relieve our Tottering Congregation, unless the Almighty Hand of God afford

afford us Aid. Where the Conflagration overspread it self, whole Deluges of Tears become leaſt prevalent, and the Threatning Ship-wrack can hardly be repaid with the pleaſure of the Harbour. Behold *Nebuchadnezzar's* miſerable Statue, whoſe golden Head in the Emulation of Superior Man, denoted Cœleſtial Original. Nor were the Progreſſes of our Vertue leſs ſet forth in Silver Purity, then in the Strength of Braſs and Iron. But at length our ſublimity declining to the Feet, meets with the frail and brittle Subſtance; and that becomes the occaſion of our Ruine, from which we expected our Eſtabliſhment. Behold our Paſſions and Affections, which wallowing in the Mud of worldly Affairs, not plac'd in Heaven as they ought to be, bring forth thoſe Plants, which being eradicated together with our Vertue, our whole Velleity is ne're quite levell'd with the Ground. Our over-greedy Deſire of Gain, which makes us ſo fedulous to creep into the Courts of Princes, demonſtrates an inſatiable Appetite, no way reſembling the Poverty of Chriſt. Now it appears, that we are the Superiors of great Men, not the Servants of Chriſt. And hence it is, that we depreſs our ſelves, the higher we endeavour to ſoar. Our extraordinary Diligence dazles the World in Rearing magnificent Structures, whoſe marble Beauty, and glittering Splendor of Riches, exalt the Trophies of proſtrate Humility to Heaven. Woe be to us, who glorying in our magnificent Piles confine Vertue within narrow Limits: So much the more poor in Spirit, by how much the more we dilate our worldly Pomp. We envy ſecular Perſons their Honours, uſurp their Eſtates, and ruminating ſtill greater Advantages, we decay more and more every day. In vain is that Hypocriſie, which with a wry Neck, down caſt Eyes, and a ſet Countenance,

nance, always muttering Scraps of Prayers, still shows our Hands fast grasping Crowns, while our works abolish Holiness, but advance Affections quite contrary to Vertue. Hence it is, my dear Brother; that we are become contemptible in general, not by Apostolic Will, but by compulsion of our own Vices. This is not the way of the Saints; nor did they who left us our Precepts, leave us these Foot-steps to follow. And how can we expect a Society to last for many Ages, if wandring from the Truth before one Age be at an end, we hasten to the Brinks of Precipices? In *Spain* where we were first brought forth, took root and blossom'd first, our Vigour is dry'd up, and all our Glories wasted in the Womb whence we first deriv'd our first Original, threaten us with the Sepulcher, where we must lie wrapt up in the Shrouds of Oblivion. The *Dominican* Order is there preferr'd before ours, and deservedly we who contemn all other Religious Societies, are by all our selves despis'd. In *France* we have restor'd our Fortune not recover'd it. In *Germany*, if we do not go backward, 'tis certain we make no Progresses forward: And those same pious Frauds are all to no purpose, with which our audacious Brethren abus'd the Favour of the Emperor deceas'd. In *Italy*, banish'd out of the *Venetian* State. In other parts ejected, rejected, and of little Esteem, but that we enjoy the Benefits of our Contempt. And even here in *England* are we despis'd. What remains, but only that we set up the Trophies of our *Glories* in the *Indies*, and among *Chinesses*, where they flourish in those Desarts, that wither in the Gardens of Europe? Yet there they also fade and lose the Pomp of their ancient Verdure. In the midst of a Flood of Tears I foretell *our Funeral Obsequies*: For what can we expect but Death at hand, when the whole Body is in such

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a languishing Condition, before the Expiration of one Age. Heaven avert those wickednesses which call down the Judgments of Heaven upon us, and repel those Calamities, that the Thunder-showers which are justly to be fear'd, may be in Mercy remov'd.

Look ye, quoth Chappel, *Here's the Confession of the good Father, who with an extraordinary Sincerity has laid open the common Faults of his Order. He would have done ill*, reply'd Grave, *not to have made a true Confession, who teaches others to be exact. As if*, reply'd River, *they did not by their Precepts daily exhort others to Piety and Godliness, and live as vertuously and pious'ly themselves! Some do not believe otherwise. Certainly*, reply'd I, *these good Fathers can never be said to live otherwise then well, who are no less luxurious in their eating and drinking, then Princes; and in other particulars enjoy all the Pleasures and Delights of Cardinals. I understand ye*, said Grave, *but we have enough of 'em for this time.*

LET-

LETTER III.

Against the Nuns. *'Twas directed to Mr.* Geber, *at his House in* Finch-Lane, London.

Dear Friend, *Rome, June 24.*

AT our last parting, I remain'd besotted with the Love of that Nun, with whom you are well acquainted. I was quite entang'd in Compliments, but at length I threw off my Shackles with so much difficulty, that I may well affirm the odd Affection to be a sort of Bird-lime. 'Tis a kind of slimy Defilement that besmears, intrenches, and with every the least Sparkle kindles a Flame not to be extinguish'd. Let him that pleases describe the Windings and Turnings of the most Artificial Labyrinths, wherein at every step you meet unwarily with some Springe or Net, he must of necessity acknowledge the Mazes more intricate, wherein the Affections are intangled, if once you set your Foot within those Iron Gates. Consider the Condition and Quality of that Love, which must be Imprison'd as soon as born; and let him hope that can, for fortunate Progresses in it, while he can only boast the first beginnings of it in a Prison. Those Grates resemble very nere the Enclosure of a Cage, wherein however there is much of Folly which locks up the Freedom of the Heart, to be made the Companion of an indiscreet Beast, whose only Entertainment it is both to de-

light

light and torment fond Lovers. Whilſt theſe Nuns are ſhut up in Holy Places, there ſeems to be in 'em a Soul of Vertue, but we muſt believe 'em to be dead Carcaſſes, ſo that in aſſociating with 'em, we feel the moſt cruel Torments that the moſt ſpiteful Fury of the moſt barbarous Tyrants ever could invent. I aſſure ye, my dear Friend, that whoever would put the Hang-men under *Cupid*'s Diſcipline, ſhould aſſign 'em the Cloyſters of the Nuns for their Schools, where with a particular Sedulity is profeſs'd the Exquiſiteneſs of deſpiſing and betraying him that falls into the Nets of their Allurements. The Multitude of Lovers admitted by the Greedineſs of thoſe Harlots, is by them procur'd ſo much the more impudently, by how much their Pleaſures, or rather Deluſions are more common at the ſame time to ſeveral. By changing Place they vary Paſſions and Diſcourſes with one, and from him ſtill ſtirling to others, uſe the ſame Replies, and make the Scene it ſelf of their uſual Fictions unalterable. With all, they are prodigal of all the Delights which the Nature of the Place will permit 'em, making it their Glory to entice fond Men, who eſteem it the Height of Pleaſure to have the Priviledge of feeling a hand of theirs, to get a Kiſs, which is ſtollen for the moſt part through the Grates, or but to ſee the Coat Card, upon which the Lover would willingly venture his whole Fortune: Not conſidering the quickneſs of the Change leaves him no other Conſolation, then the increaſe of his Deſire. If ſhe carries on the Correſpondence by affording him the Operations of her hands, conformable to the ſhow which is made, the Fingers of the beloved Lady operating no leſs effectually upon the Dotard, thoſe are the moſt bewitching Charms of this Amour, and the moſt amorous Artifices with which he compoſes his Delights.

lights. Here all the most sweet Enjoyments terminate, and Opportunity begins to authorize the most refin'd of Frauds. All this while those Fruits, the Taste of which is so highly valu'd in Conceit, are terminated in the presence of a Lover, or perhaps already sold to the Affection of another. The Intention dishonours the Deed; and therefore he must be a great Fool, who believes her design'd for himself, and repays her at great Expences in the ready Coin of Affection and Treatments. The Customs of the *Histrio's* are again renew'd, whose Representations consisted in Shews and Gestures, while in these Amours every Lover seems to erect a Scene of what is most pleasing to himself, and to act with his hands according to his own Humour. The Comedies are lovely to the sight, but the Acts are defective, because there is no getting into the Theater, and the Eyes are only satisfy'd with Appearances. They are Violences too cruel, that necessitate a Man to think of nothing but extenuating and destroying himself, and to wish himself so spiritualiz'd, that he might shoot through the Grates to enjoy the beloved Object that so constrainingly ravishes him to her Embraces. In these Fooleries, I must confess, I have often entertain'd my self, when I plac'd my Paradise in these Contentments. I thought the days too short that were consum'd in adoring one of these *Fatal Sisters*, who cut the Thread of amorous Death, though they have not the Spindle in their hands. I was always fix'd to those Grates, that I might suck in the Air of her Breath; and to approach the Flames that wanton'd in her Cheeks. I was ambitious to accustom my self to the sacred Prison: I wish'd at least I could have been able to have devour'd the Iron which imprisoning my Goddess, forbid me the Enjoyment of her.

her. Having my Son so near me, yet deprivʼd of the Opportunity of embracing her, I suffer'd the Rigor of a Winter Season, and sometimes the amorous Serpent would make a vigorous effort, to thrust himself into the Den of her soft Arms, denoting his desire to get shelter in another place for his Tayl. I have obtain'd some satisfaction in Appearance, with offer of better, when a more favourable opportunity gave us the Liberty to laugh at the Impediments of a close Confinement. There was a necessity also for me to comply with her Avarice, extreamly greedy after Presents: So that while she ply'd me with Gifts of no value, I was forc'd to correspond with others of great price. I affirm, there is more of Interest in these Amours, than Charges in the Lusts of Harlots, while repeating their Presents, they make exchanges with great Advantages of Usury. Besides that, a man can no more dispose of himself, than of his Mony; which being ravish'd from him by their Delusions, is presently consecrated to a Deity, that never thinks her self sufficiently gratify'd. By means of their study'd Alurements, they deceive so covertly, that it is so much the more difficult to avoid their Snares, because their Nets are so much the more accurately spread. In this their Retirement, as they supply their own Unchastity with artificial Instruments of Glass, and Tongues of Lap-doggs, so with Thoughts no less busily employ'd, they study among themselves variety of Forms, and Manners, which way to abuse their Admirers: But let all Trouble, and Expence give way to the necessity of standing all day in the Stocks, only to serve their Curiosity, and help to pass away their Time. Their Discourse is all about the Quarrels, Emulations, and envy reigning in the Cloysters; or else concerning the amorous Shiverings that benumb the poor Creature who

stand

ſtands faſten'd to the Grates, like a Statue. If the Slave be miſſing but a moment, then nothing but Chidings, and ſevere Reprimands; ſo that there's a neceſſity of remaining ſtedfaſt in the Fetters of the Chain which bind him to their Dalliances, and the more entangle him in their Wiles. Upon every ſlight abſence you are ſure to be ply'd with Meſſengers, and *Billet-doux's*, which are all Bills of Exchange, to beg ſomething; or elſe they'll tye with their vain Impertinences, and idle Repetitions of their diſſembl'd Affection. But I have thrown off the Yoke at length, aware of my extravagant, that both delighted me, betray'd me, and tyranniz'd over me with her Charms and Alurements, ſollacing her ſelf at the ſame time with three, or four more, perhaps as pleaſing, coax'd as my ſelf. Theſe Women given up to the moſt licentious Debaucheries, either ſolace themſelves with an intimate She-Friend, or elſe make Sport alone in their particular Cells; and having thus allay'd their preſent Itch, and ſtaid their Stomachs with a reliſhing bit, away they trip to their Lovers, whom with their diſſembl'd Dalliances they cauſe to ſwallow their Morſels, the hardneſs of which they can but ill digeſt. In a word, the whole conſiſts in Fictions; or if they do not feign, there remains nothing for the Men, but compendious Torments, while there is a neceſſity of enduring the Stings of an Appetite that cannot be ſatisfied. There is nothing to be got more, but two or three Taſts of her Hand, which are no nouriſhing Food to ſatisfie the cravings of Deſire, while men are kept from dreſſing their Meat in the amorous Furnace it ſelf. There can be no Stamp of amorous Complacency, without the compreſſion of Embraces, and Impreſſion upon the Lips; ſo that the touches of the Hand have only I know what kind of ſuperficial

pearance of Pleasure. Heav'ns defend us from e incumbrance of these Amours, which as it is ndemn'd in Women, and strongly infus'd into e Imagination, that always will be framing Re-oaches against the Female Sex, is punctually err'd of the Nuns. This may also serve for a arning to your self, whose Infelicity I would illingly prevent by the example of my own Mis-rtunes, as being willing you should meet with the Content you can wish for, at my expences, hich I desire may be your good hap, and so I nclude, remaining, &c.

If the Nuns (quoth Chappel) *were instituted in itation of the Vestal Virgins, it cannot be gainsaid to keep the Lamp full, and to entice ye to the ight either with their Fingers, or with any thing e. The Light never to be extinguish'd,* (quoth Ri-) *which was preserv'd by them, seems appropriated these Nuns, in their unsatiable desires, that are ne-r to be quenched. They ought then to be buried ive,* (replied I) *like the fornicating Vestals, and little enough to take away the stench, with which ir foul Incontinencies nauseate the present Age. happy is the Earth* (quoth Grave) *where-ever they uld be inforced to reside; so that if they should be ied under ground, their insatiable Voraciousness uld devour whatever could spring or bourge up from. nce.*

They would have proceeded in the due Reproaches and Reproofs of Womin, who in a Profession of Holiness, contaminate the Order and the Place, when Chappel *signified, that the Impertinencies of the Fathers were more to be blam'd, who by*

main force buried these Virgins in Cloysters: Whence it comes to paß, that they, being coopt up and inflamed with the fire of youthful Luſt, lay thoſe Contrivances, at the ſcandal of which both paſt and preſent Ages ſtand aghaſt, and which ſtrangely deſtroy the Reputation both of Families and Nunneries. While they were blaming therefore theſe ſort of Violences, from which tho' ſometimes a good effect may proceed, it rarely becomes durable, they ceaſed to reprove the Women, who uſually corrupting apparent Goodneß, through want of diſcretion, moſt impudently turn the worſt of Creatures. *Upon this they forbore any farther to aggravate this Misfortune, deplorable in the moſt* glorious of Cities, *where ſuch a Cloyſter of Nuns is more to be abhor'd than the ancient Brothel-houſes and common Stews among the ancient* Romans.

☞ For the three foregoing Letters of this Second Book, mark'd LETTER I, II, III. read LETTER CIII, CIV, CV.

LETTER CVI.

Againſt the Vices of the French Court. Two directed to Mr. Richard Bordfield, *at the* Three Blackbirds *in* Fanchurch-ſtreet.

Kind Sir,

'TIS neceſſary to have a Friend, to whom a man may diſcloſe his own Paſſion, for the aſſwaging of his Sorrows, ſo much the more grie-

vous

rous, by how much the more they lye coopt up in the Breast. Which enforces me to trouble your Worship with this Letter, to evaporate the Humors of this Wound, wherein my pains are met, by making a relation of 'em to him who will at least be so favourable to me, as to have some fellow-feeling of my Sufferings. I am at the French Court, and thats sufficient to let you understand the Hell that entertains me, and the Devils that torment me. I am within those narrow Enclosures, where the most doleful Vexations triumph, protected by the Authority of great persons, who there support 'em to the cost of those unfortunate Persons that serve 'em. *Good God!* when I reflect upon my being in a place where Gold hanging down from the magnificent Ceilings, threatens death with the Fall of it, I well perceive after what manner more splendid Grandeurs are the Landmarks of miserable Precipices. That Splendor, of which another fond, believes he has found a Sun, is a Lamp that terrifies, denoting the nearness of approaching Thunder. In short, all that, which otherwise contributes to the pomp of an extraordinary Felicity, being enchanted within the circle of *Figur'd Majesty*, is transform'd into the essential cause of all Misfortunes. Unhappy he who is misled into the Society of Men, who are enforc'd by Necessity to employ themselves in Wickedness, Imbrew'd with every other the most malignant Qualities, to corrupt all People that live near them! It may be said, that he enters into a School of Frauds and Treachery, which they the rather learn, because they see 'em in part more lamentably practis'd upon their own Fortunes. *Perfidious Obligation!* which too severely tyrannizes over a rational mind, compell'd to act against Humanity, unless it would be worse us'd by Brutes! A Truth too much to be deplor'd, yet which a multitude of

Examples preserves from being condemn'd for a Falshood, while persons sublime in Virtue, or in Merit, are seen ready to starve, and evil entreated at this Court, where Beasts are cramm'd with plentiful Tables, and environ'd with numerous Attendants. Buffoons, Flatterers, and other vicious Persons, worse than Beasts, are treated after such a manner, that their Prosperity is envied; whereas otherwise their Torments might occasion Terrour. How deservedly is this Court resembled to a *Steep and craggy Mountain*, to the top of which there is no ascending, but by narrow windings and by-ways, while private Villanies are the only Path which leads men to the desired station of Great mens favour. Both the crooked Turnings of various Chances and Revolutions of Fortune, made smooth and level by Adulation, Men make it their business here to comply with anothers Will, more especially if they find they must be forc'd to lay aside their pitiful Cringes and sordid Condescentions, which are easily avoided by those that see themselves trampled under foot by too much contempt. Sometimes the necessity of screwing a mans self into the Affection of a private person, who being a great Prince's Favourite, with a disdainful loftiness stands so stifly upright, that you may sooner reach the Sky with your Fingers, than obtain a *courteous glance* from his disdainful Worship; and indeed, unless you will condescend to lick their Feet, 'tis impossible to avoid the being trampled under foot by the most sordid here. A Courtier may think his Exaltation may resemble the ascent of Smoak, which is easily blown away, but on the other side accompanied with the necessary consequence of Fire, which burns and consumes. How many hardships must a poor Creature undergo, who resolves to attempt the raising of his Fortunes, by turn-

ning *Paraſite*, Fidler, Lame, and ſometimes Biboon, or Mongrel Curr? He muſt of neceſſity ſtand like a Statue all the day long, in an Antichamber, or move in the Train like an Ox under the Yoke, which draggs the Charlot, where the Pride of the Grandee ſits complemented on every ſide: He muſt be the Butt of the Affronts of him that keeps him down, or of the Buffooneries of him that pretends to make his Lord merry, with the Scoffs and Frumps which he puts upon him. In ſhort, the life of a Courtier in *France* requires a Soul without rational Spirits, a Heart depriv'd of Sence, or at leaſt feigning to have no feeling of the Stings of malicious Revilers, and taunting Scurrility of Buffoons, and of the ſlaughter which envious Maligners make of the Reputation of Men, if it ſtep there. If a man's applying himſelf to ſuch an Exerciſe did not deſerve to be blamed, yet his conſtancy in abiding inſenſible, would merit great applauſe, while he is afflicted in ſo many parts. Nevertheleſs, this Truth is neceſſarily made out in him, who from his Birth has been deſign'd the Trophy of ſo cruel a Deſtiny; or elſe from his firſt entrance into the Net, diſcovers the Penalty ordain'd of an impoſſibility that the Fault of his Inadvertency ſhould eſcape. He that withdraws from this Court, gives us occaſion to believe ſome fault committed, the fear of which quite cruſhes him; or a diffidence in ſome great Perſonage, by whom he does not think his Services ſufficiently rewarded; conceles the one abhorr'd by a noble and generous Soul; the other prejudicial, by reaſon of the Rigor of him who will not have his fraudulent dealings condemn'd. This is the Chain, with which the wiſeſt men being fettered, make the practiſe of Living contradict the Theory of Inſtruction: So that they remain hanging by the Threads of hopes, in

such a condition, till those Threads are twisted at length by the various turns of Chance into a Rope, with which being strangled at last, they perish miserably. Such an end of my Service do I also expect, despairing of a better Destiny, since many years of care and carking in this French Court, have acquired me no more than the opportunity of admonishing others to beware of those Mischiefs which I my self could not avoid. May Heaven deliver all men from such a condition, which the Pains and Torments that attend it render such as only could be outdone by the exchange of a perpetual Hell. Compassionate my condition, dear Friend, and forgive the tediousness of these my over-long Complaints of this my last Misfortune, but greater perhaps than the rest, which is proper to Courts, not to have any person in whom a man may entrust the Secrets of his Breast; nor with whom to exhale the Grief that gnaws his Bowels, when it cannot be sent to be exposed by the Tongue. Be mindful of our Friendship, though you are not in a condition to tast the fruits of it, while I am so miserable to be an Enemy to my self.

This is Music for us (quoth Chappel) *according to which every one may make his own descant upon the Book of his Life. 'Twill be a Cromatic piece* (replied I) *composed of mournful Notes, such as are us'd for Elegies and Funerals. I think* (quoth River) *the Similitude of Music so proper, to express our Condition, that we cannot make use of a better comparison; for as Music makes a man wast his Breath to please others, so Courtiers consume and wast their Lives and Spirits to please the Grandees that are their Superiors. Add to this* (replied Chappel) *the necessary imitation of Music in rising Note by Note, so*

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as a man is forc'd to feign with his Voice, when he comes to the ſhrill Treble, ſo Fawning and Diſſimulation are the higheſt ſtrains with which a Courtier can advance his Fortunes. But you muſt have a care of leaving out the Flatts and Sharps (quoth River) *which make but bad Muſic in a Prince's Ears. You may as well* (quoth Grave) *leave out the Aſcents of* Fourths, Fifths, *and* Sixths, *ſeeing many men are advanc'd in* France *without Merit, or any obſervance of Order, meerly according to the pleaſure of the reigning Prince, who is often apteſt to favour the leaſt deſerving. More remarkable* (quoth Chappel) *are the deſcents of the* Octave, *that with a deep reſounding tone may ſeem to reſemble the Terrors of the miſerable, thrown headlong of a ſudden, from a tow'ring Sublimity without any fault by them committed. All goes well* (quoth River) *with the compariſon hitherto, ſince there are no Reſts nor ſighing Pauſes wanting in this Muſic, to him that ſings within Book, and keeps before his Eyes the evil Entreatments of the French Grandees, and thoſe common Miſeries that take up a ſpacious Field in the Courts of the French King.*

LETTER CVII.

Giving an account of an amorous Intrigue at Luca. *'Twas directed to Mr.* Filsted, *at his House in* Drury-lane.

SIR, *Luca*, June 1692.

I Have chang'd my station, but not my condition of Servitude, which remains constant in the desire I have to obey your Commands. I fell in love at *Luca*, where I resided for some time, as you well know, with a married Woman, who corresponded with my Amours, and gratified the Applications of my Affection with the *Reward of Enjoyment*. Her Husband was a *poor-spirited Fellow*, which gave us the more leisure to make him a Cuckold. One day he observ'd his Wife walking at her Country House in my Cloaths, which sometimes in a fantastic humor she would put on; he conjecturd that I had let her know where I laid my Cloaths, and that I had given admission to the person that wore my Habit; and thence he began to conceive in his mind the Spoils that I had won by triumphing over his Honour: Hornmad therefore, to be thought what he could not be denied to be, he departed for *Rome*, though with a *Countenance not yet free from those Blushes due to so much Infamy, nor yet having the Courage to vact out his Infamy with his Sword*. This gave me the liberty to pursue my Pleasures with a full career, and

and like a River in its Channel, I met with no Banks that oppos'd my rapid course into the deep Ocean of my Delights. But Fortune betray'd me in the sight of my Felicities, while a Brother of my Mistriss began to take upon him to uphold the Reputation of his Family. However, being a Native of the same Country with the Husband, he had not a Resolution sufficient for an honourable Revenge. He accused me therefore to the Secretaries, with a Protestation never to forsake his own Interests, and therefore desired 'em to take some course to repair his Brothers Honour, for fear he should be necessitated to commit some extravagant Act. To please him therefore, I had orders to unkennel, and depart *Luca*. Upon which I went to the Ladies Country House, where in pursuance of my public chastisement, I many times made choice of a voluntary Death, but as frequently rose again, according to the custom of Lovers, and confin'd my self a Prisoner to her Bosom, that I might the more patiently pay my subjection to the cruel Sentence. And now I enjoy my self in this place, where the Honour of your Injunctions is the greatest Felicity I can wish my self.

The Luccheſi *Gentlemen* (ſaid Chappel) *are prudent, and couragious; but their Prudence makes them take the ſafeſt way to facilitate their Revenge. An Accident of the ſame nature* (quoth River) *happen'd to my ſelf, while I enjoy'd a Widow that was my Neighbour, once at* Luca, *at what time the Catchpoles of the City were ſent by her Parents to remove me out of the City, but I forc'd 'em to keep a looſſ off, and made Horns at 'em with my Fin-*

gers. *Alas a-day!* (replied I) *such a place as that has but few Heads, and consequently few Hearts, and therefore for their own preservation it behoves them to be careful of their Lives. There is a necessity they should have good Head-pieces, for the Government* (quoth Grave) *which require a weighty Judgment, and well-pois'd Resolutions, and therefore they never refuse the ponderosity of a good pair of Horns. Let us not trouble our selves with these Gentlemen,* (replied I) *for they now stand excommunicated, and quite out of His Holiness's Favour: Besides that, the public Reputation which they have acquired by the management of this Affair, is sufficient to bury any other private Ignominy that can disgrace their City.*

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LETTER CVIII.

From a conceited Scrivener.——'Twas directed to my L.—— S.—— *in* Sohoe-Square.

Moſt Illuſtrious and Excellent Sir,

AS when the Sun is not ſeen, 'tis an Argument that he is hid by the Clouds, or elſe it is concluded to be Night, ſince he is a Planet which is the Fountain of Light; a Luminary, where all Splendours originally lie conceal'd, a Biere that continually carries obſcurity, not half dead, but quite extinct, which can never be robb'd of his wonted Value, nor ever defraud the Heaven of his Glory, that iſſues from his Sphere with a ſwift, but pompous march; who then beholding himſelf in the ſpacious Mirror of the Sea, and fancing himſelf to be a new *Narciſſus*, while he falls enamour'd with his own Reflection, ſeems to dig his own Grave in the Waves; from whence to the univerſal dammage of the Univerſe, languiſhing upon a Scaffold of Darkneſs, he wou'd be ſeen to bewail his own Funeral; ſo your Lordſhip may aſſure your ſelf in ſome meaſure, that altho' I do not frequently preſent my ſelf to your Honour, with demonſtrations of my Servitude, it does not therefore follow, that the obſequious Devotion of my Affections is decay'd; And with this aſſurance, obliging your Lordſhip that I may not be depriv'd of your Favour, I conclude and kiſs your hands.

Curſed.

Curſed be he (quoth Chappel) *that taught this Coxcomb the way to write. He ſeems to me like an Aſs in a Elbow Chair, with his* from thence's *and* from hence's, *reforming the impertinent Inditings of* Cieco de Adria, *or the writings of* Zuectu. *Sure* (reply'd River) *he ſhou'd have learnt from ſome modern* S P A R K, *who profeſſes himſelf to be ſome Noble Man's Jeſter. I rather think* (ſaid I) *that he has patch'd together a Rhapſody of Bombaſt, robb'd from ſome* Old Academy of Compliments, *on purpoſe to compound a Miſhmaſh of Extravagancies: and perhaps may be one of thoſe who having a high Conceit of his Parts, believes himſelf as learned as a Maſter of Art if he can but ſcrible over a peice of Paper. I was wont to ſay* (cry'd Grave) *of theſe ſame Sir* John Lack-Latins, *who have only the Gowns of Doctors, that they are Men in ſo many Bags, out of which there is nothing can come forth but that which is in it. What ſays the Proverb therefore moſt applicable to theſe ſort of People; have a care of Buying a* Pig in a Poke; *that is, beware of being gull'd by the outward ſhews of theſe Fop-doodles and Pretenders to Learning.*

At this they all laugh'd, while Chappel *recall'd the Curioſity of the Company to liſten to a Letter that was written to a Lady, which at firſt daſh ſeem'd to be endited by a Perſon, that had been ſcorn'd by his Miſtreſs. If the Gentleman,* ſaid they, *don't write like a Milk-ſop; there may be wit in it —— Read on.*

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LETTER CIX.

From a moroſe Gentleman, expoſing the Frailties of Women. 'Twas directed to Mr. Flaquet, *at the* White Horſe, *in Little* Minories.

Ingrateful,

THE Reproaches which I left behind inſtead of Complements at my laſt parting, are not ſufficient: For a juſt Anger is not ſo eaſily to be appeas'd. My Tongue, the Harbinger of my wrong'd Affections that denounce the Reſentments of my perplexed Heart, muſt now diſplay it ſelf againſt thee. I was unquiet in my ſelf, that my Revenge would not permit me alſo the uſe of my hands. But in regard it is an unbecoming baſeneſs to ſtrike or hurt a Woman, I thought it neceſſary to comply with my ſelf, and wound thee only with my Pen. If thou art capable of ſuch a Wound, as being all compos'd of Rags of Infamy, and the ſhatter'd Reliques of Reproaches and Shame. I know thou laugh'ſt at my deſerved Wrath: as being a Woman that never grieves, but when ſhe weeps drops of Blood; whoſe uſual Tears are the Diſtillations of Fraud, and the Entertainments of Diſſimulation. Nevertheleſs, I ſhall rejoyce to publiſh the Occaſion, which having render'd thy Sex abominable to me, has enforc'd me to proclaim a Palinode of Reproaches, ſuch as thou wouldſt ſee in the enſuing Lines, wer't thou

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not as mad, as thou art void of Reason. From thy Ingratitude, the utmost Limit of wicked Habits, I have understood, that Woman has nothing of Humane about her but her Countenance, to lye tho' she never speaks, and to let us find by experience that nothing but Fraud and Deceit is to be expected from one whose face is deceit itself. She has this in common with Man, that she is of the same kind, with all appropriating to herself all manner of Bestiality that can be said to be in a living Creature. But as to that which differences Man from other Creatures, she has not a jot of Reason, for that without Wit or Sence she *acts like a Beast*, that never could pretend to Reason. In short she has no agreement with Man, but only in the Declining of *Hic* and *Hæc*; to shew that you Women are only joyn'd with us, to debase our Grandeur, and interrupt our Felicity.

Then again, if we look upon *Sphynx*'s, *Panthers*, *Tygers*, and other Savage Monsters, one Woman is sufficient to shew us all those cruel Beasts, and the most bestial Natures living all at once in one Body. In thy Sex there is to be found no other prevailing Power but that of the Will, and that too so over-rul'd by Passions, that it may be affirm'd as an Infallible Maxim, that Woman is altogether void of Judgment. *Hence, how unbridl'd in their Lust!* How irregular in their Fury! there is no *Medium*, by Vertue of which we may infer a Conclusion of their being Humane. Or if their mute Appearances, their *tender Dalliances*, their glozing manners may give us to believe they have pilfer'd from us some *seeming Signs of Humanity*, their Allurements ravish'd from the *Siren*, their frauds which they practise in imitation of other Beasts; furnish 'em with Tricks and Wiles to accomplish their Treacheries. The Pourcontrel, that changes itself into

into the Colour of a Rock, the more eafily to enſnare his Prey, is not ſo witty as a Woman, that under the Appearance of humane Shape lays her Ginns and Traps to catch poor credulous Man.

And what is the reaſon that Lovers, in their actions, are neceſſitated to circumſcribe their own Being within certain Limits which denote a Privation of the Underſtanding? Whence comes it to paſs that they live without Law, becauſe they are without reaſon: Deſerving nevertheleſs, the more to be pardon'd their Miſcarriages, as being mad and void of underſtanding. Certainly from no other cauſe, but for that they have the Hearts of their beloved Miſtreſſes, by the force of an amorous Tranſlation, fix'd in their own Breaſts. And how indeed can it be, that having Hearts no way concern'd with intellectual Life, they ſhould live performing acts of Reaſon? Miſerable is that Man, who having a Woman to be his Soul, makes his own Subſtance obnoxious to the Qualities of Beſtiality, and the Effects of Folly. 'Tis to be believ'd that ſhe who is always practiſing from her Birth her natural Property of applying her ſelf to Evil, would be ſure to take the worſt of the two Urns that were plac'd by the Throne of *Jove*, and empty it all into her Boſom. Whence coming to vary the Dependence of the Intellect and Will according to the many Changes of Obſtinacy, while the Woman ſway'd by her own diſorderly Cuſtoms betakes her ſelf to the worſe, of neceſſity, the Man muſt approve that only which is contrary to reaſon.

The Seeds of Prudence which are ſow'd in humane Minds, when they are ſcatter'd in Woman, are inveſted with a contrary Nature ſo corrupted, that they produce Fruits quite different from

from the Original. But if the truly wise Person sits enthron'd upon a Four-square Stone, to shew the Reward of unshaken Constancy, which is the immoveable Basis of Eternity due to his Merit; the Female Sex can have no Seat among such Glories as these, a Sex so fickle and inconstant, that Fortune, which causes such Convulsions in the World, is clad in Female habit, to denote the Resemblance between that Sex and her.

But the granting in Women that Understanding, which makes it not to be deny'd, but that they have a Soul individual from our Species, obliges us to believe according to the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, that the Understanding is our Genius, so that Woman may be call'd the Evil *Genius*, in opposition to the *Good Genius*. And if the Title of Evil Genius be appropriated to Devils, ordain'd to disturb our Felicity, and direct us to precipices, the same may well be appropriated to Women, by whose Misguidance all Men running headlong, behold their Glory and their Grandeur scatter'd in the deep Abysses, where they miserably fall. And that I may not suffer my Discourse to totter upon a weak Foundation, tell me, when it was otherwise known, but that Women were a Moving-Hell, but too stable a Jurisdiction of Miseries and Misfortunes to continue the Pains and Torments of Men.

In their Youth, if they are amiable, they torment us; if they are deformed, they annoy us; if they love, they tyrannize; if they do not love, they kill us. If they live at a distance, they pinch up and strengthen our desires; if Neighbours, they make us sensible of many Sorrows. That which renders 'em acceptable, makes 'em proud: If they have not where-withal to make 'em proud, they prove contemptible. When they are fair, they

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are cruel; when ugly, lascivious: Whence it comes to pass, that he who courts 'em, languishes: He that desires 'em, weeps, plagu'd with the Importunity of their Persecutions. If they are not inhumane, yet they are both haughty and covetous; and if they do not suck your Veins, they drain your Purses: And tho' they hate to be seen themselves, like Carkasses lying at your feet, they glory to have Men their prostrate Suppliants.

In their Old age, with a greater prejudice to Reason, they proportion the Perverseness of their Humours to the swift Progressions of Time, which hastens on restraining in the Wrinkles of their Faces, those alluring Garnishments, which perswaded the unwary that they were the Theaters of our Felicity, and the Fertile Field of our Content. As they grow farther in years, either increasing the Infamies of their Profession, or else defaming more and more the Infamy of their own desires, they shew the Deformity of their Faces, only wrumpl'd up within their narrow Furrows, to reinforce and strengthen the wicked Qualities of their aged Wantonness. Being made the Embassadresses of amorous Intreague, they presently display the Profoundness of their Judgments, which being matur'd by time, gave them that honourable Imployment in the Kingdom of Debauchery. They discover by what inveterated Customs they came to purchase the Silver of their hoary Locks, to spend it in the Tribute of Dishonesty, as before they scatter'd profusely the Gold of their Amber Curles. Then for their jugling Tricks, their Illusions and Superstitions, being become Cabinet Ministers in the Kingdom of the Devils, they make appear that extraordinary Merit, which readily advances them as they grow in years to

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the particular Favour of ſuch a Prince as governs thoſe Dominions.

When together with their youthful Years they have loſt thoſe Beauties that give 'em Authority to rend and tear the Hearts of Men, they become adherents to the Furies, that they may be enabled with greater force to procure the Detriment to others. And true it is, that thoſe *Circe*'s, *Medea*'s, *Meduſa*'s and *Megera*'s, if they were not Women, were the true Images of thoſe Reſemblances which Women wear about 'em. This the Prudence of the Ancient *Romans* well knew; who ſeeing a Woman appear in the public *Piazza*'s before the Tribunals, were affrighted as at the ſight of ſome ominous Prodigy, and preſently had recourſe to the Oracle for the Remedy againſt ſo great a Terror. For that Women, being the worſt of Creatures, beyond all the unhappy Auguries of Crows portend no other to Men but Miſery and Diſaſter.

I have always commended the Compariſon of a Woman with a Vine: Which is only to be valued for its Fertility, not having any other priviledge in the World, but only to be reſerv'd for the Flames; From hence it is, that a Woman while ſhe lives, is ſo given to weep; perhaps, out of thoſe Waters preparing Deluges to extinguiſh thoſe Ardors, which ſhe knows how to merit. And all this while, this aptneſs of your Sex to weep, is only to find a Ford of Diſſimulation, where the Hardneſs of others may Shipwrack, or elſe to bring themſelves to the Haven of their Deſires. And I believe in Alluſion to this Similitude it was, that the *Romans* puniſh'd their Citizens with Rods of Vine-Twigs, following perchance the Documents of Heaven, which to Men, the Citizens of this World, is never repreſented in the Act of Puniſhment with more cruel Scourges, then thoſe of

of these living Vines; there being no greater torment to us than our being joyn'd to a Woman. Nor can she be deny'd to be a Vine, while clasping and embracing us, as the Vine does Neighbouring Trees, she becomes all Nets and Ropes, which only serve to blind and hamper Mankind. And therefore being a Fellow-sufferer in these Chains, she is enforc'd by necessity to procure her self a Support, that she may not remain depriv'd of all value and esteem. Unfortunate Women, who if they were not sustain'd by Man, would have no support of their own weakness, but would every moment be stumbling, like blind People, into a thousand Precipices. This the *Tartarian* Women understood, who look't upon the most precious Ornament which they could wear upon their Heads, to be a Dressing in the Shape of a Man's Foot, to signifie that a Woman being without Brains and void of Wit, has no greater thing to glory in, then her Subjection to Man. With the Ensigns and Marks of this Subjection, as if they had been trampl'd under feet, they honour'd the most noble Part of themselves; not such Fools as others, that trick up their empty Sculls with the Treasures of a robb'd Sepulcher, laid out in Commodes and Top-knots, or else load 'em with Chains of Pearl, all sparkling with Diamonds and Rubies.

But notwithstanding all this, Ingrateful and Tyrannesses as they are, if they cannot obtain the Government over Man by any other means, they sound a haughty Command upon the Empire of Fleeting Beauty, to subdue him under the Yoak of their indiscreet Commands. Fickle and Inconstant, they drag at the Tails of their imperious Wills those Hearts which by some malignant Influence are oblig'd to be subject to their despiteful Rigor. 'Tis not easie to set bounds to those Reproaches

proaches which Female wickedneſs deſerves, ſo much the more wicked, by how much more, being vail'd under Flattering lies, and hypocritical Sincerity they betray the moſt *Faithful Affections.* From your Converſation *Madam,* I have learnt to confeſs what a ſcarcity there is of Accuſations, Chidings, Reproaches, Brandings and upbraiding in the greateſt Plenty that a juſt Provocation can invent, when a Woman is to be condemn'd. But I ſhall enlarge my ſelf no farther, not that I have ſufficiently ſatisfy'd my Anger, but becauſe I am unwilling to keep my thoughts any longer in that Tumult and Hubbub, with which the Remembrance of thy Treacheries diſturbs and ruines all my Quiet. I have ſet down the Reaſons why thy *Sex* ought to be abhorr'd, that thou mayſt be aſſur'd of my real Intentions to hate thee. Since with that peace in thy Mind, which thy Ingratitude has left me; and may the pains be perpetual with which my Torments, tho' but ſhort, are able to upbraid thee.

At length (ſaid Chappel) *we are come to the end of this long Bill of* your Orator humbly complaining ſheweth, *full of as many Truths, as there are Accuſations againſt the Women. All Men* (ſaid River) *accuſe the Women, but I meet with no body that condemns 'em: they may be all well enough included in the Parable of the Adultreſs in the Goſpel. The Reaſon's at hand* (quoth I) *for the Women have an eaſie way to bribe the Men, ſo that like corrupt Judges they are willingly perſwaded to falſifie the Sentence. Theſe Men* (reply'd Grave) *are like Cats, that hide their Excrements in the Coles. They that are the greateſt Lovers of Women, hide the Miſcarriages of their Amours under the Semblance of Wrath. Hence*

it

it comes to paß (reply'd Chappel) *that ſome great Men in* Italy, *that boaſt of more Authority and wiſdom then others, to avoid the being oblig'd to a rigorous Repentance for the ſame Error, place their Affections upon the* other Sex. *Go too* (quoth River) *let us not enter* Rome, *that is, not into a Diſcourſe of Arſey Verſey Love.*

At the ſame inſtant he caſt his Eyes upon a Letter directed to Sir William ——— *in* San Marino.

LETTER CX.

Every one believe't their Curioſity would receive here that Satisfaction which was expected. So they read on ——— *To the Illuſtrious* ———

Here's a Miſtake at the beginning (quoth Chappel) *he ſhould have wrote to the Right Worſhipful* ——— *What then* (reply'd River) *you believe this Republic to be as proud as the Republic of* Genova? ——— *Theſe plain Gentlemen, that are more concern'd in Good Husbandry, then in Ambition, and are more deſirous of Rain, then* Serenity. *Never deride theſe Gentlemen* (quoth I) *who in their Badges equal the* Roman *Dictators: the one had Axes carry'd before 'em, and theſe carry Axes themſelves to cut their Wood and lop their Trees as occaſion offers. And don't you remember* (reply'd Grave) *certain Kings of* Babylon *that carry'd a Plough at the top of their Scepters:*

Scepters: So that every one of these Gentlemen ought to be a King; for you may see 'em holding Plough-tails every day in the Field. I cannot forget, in advancement of their Grandeur (reply'd Chappel) *that some of the Ancient Emperors rose from the* Spade to the Scepter, *from* Agriculture *to Sovereign Command: And therefore all the Ministers of this Republic ought to be acknowledg'd for Emperors, seeing 'tis a usual thing among them to go from the* Plough to the Council-Chamber. *They would have enlarg'd their Jokes upon this Republic of Farmers, but finding it a Letter that requir'd great haste they fall to reading of it in the following Words;*

Illustrious Sir,

I Understand by a Friend of yours, that you are about to provide your self with a Pacing-Mare for the Recreation of your Youth. I therefore thought it a Debt of Friendship to write you some Instructions concerning this matter, approv'd by Experience, and dictated by Affection always desirous to assist you. I suppose that this desire arises in you from the Seemlineſs of your Legs which inclines ye to ride in Boots, and walk arm'd with good sharp Spurs. If you have not a Leg so handsomly shap'd, lay aside those thoughts, for that otherwise your riding will be but a shame or a trouble to ye. You must never be tyr'd, and to run leaping into the Saddle is an evident Countersign that you have learnt the Tricks of a good Horse-man.

To make use of a young Colt, resembles the more graceful Exercise of a young Fantastick, and has some signs of Grandeur, as being in imitation of several Persons of great worth. But the danger of being thrown, and least the Horse should get the

the maſtery of ye, as being untamable, and high-metal'd, will not ſuffer me to perſwade ye to take that courſe; perpetual reſtleſneſs, continual neighing, lofty prancing, and an high Trot, I number among thoſe Qualities in riding that pay a greater tribute to Ambition than Pleaſure.

Chuſe a Race Nagg, of which you may make uſe after ſeveral manners to all your Content. A good ordinary Pace is much to be valu'd, for that, if at any time, for the change of motion you deſire a wracking pace, 'tis eaſily brought about. Have a care that your Horſe be not one of thoſe that are wont to run away with their Riders, in regard that by riding ſuch ſort of Beaſts a man hazards the breaking of his Neck: You muſt never make uſe of him in a Tilt-yard, nor to run at the Ring, in regard that the prolonging a Journey of Pleaſure is to make happy, by the privation of Inconvenience, thoſe Delights, which never by their good will would be at their Journeys end.

The Qualities of a good Courſer I ſhall not recommend to you, as not being ſo well skill'd, becauſe it would require a large deſcription; and therefore you ought to have no other aim, but only to chuſe a good Crupper, and a Horſe that ambles neatly, which makes it a Pleaſure to ride. Let him not be ſo fat, and fleſhy, as that you ſhould be afraid to gallop, for fear of ſeeing him weep Tears of Sweat; nor let him be ſo lean, as to look as if his Skin were burled in a Charnel-Houſe: Let him be well proportion'd, and nimble, far from ſuch a ſloathfulneſs, that you muſt be forc'd to call *Archimedes* to Life, to give him motion, nor ſo nimble neither, as if he ſeem'd to fly in the Air upon the Wings of Crows.

Be

Be ſure you never make choice of a Pacer that has been in the Service of any great Perſon; for, beſides that, their keeping will be more expenſive, you may ſometimes meet in 'em the Property of *Bucephalus*, who would be beſtrid by no body but *Alexander the Great*. Some Courſers, as if they had ſuckt in the Ambition of the perſons that rid 'em, together with their high-metal'd fierceneſs, love a lofty Behaviour, when others are about to back 'em. At leaſt, I have this Prejudice againſt 'em, that being accuſtom'd to little labour, they will be denying to give that ſatisfaction to the deſires of the preſent Enjoyer, which is required from them that are to be truly ſerviceable to their Wills.

Bear in mind the intention of making the beſt advantage of your Deſires upon all Accidents, in whatſoever manner, or at whatever time the whimſie takes ye, to render 'em more delectable, and agreeable to your humour. Then, that you may have her ready for all Services, remember that ſhe be young, yet not of ſuch an age, that for want of being well manag'd, ſhe ſhall refuſe to hold the Bridle in her Mouth; I call that a Diſturbance rather than a Pleaſure, to be conſtrain'd to manage a high-metal'd Jade, that knows no Government of Bitt, and to be forc'd to back an untam'd Colt upon the plough'd Lands, when the deſire of Riding requires the practical part it ſelf, at that very inſtant, and the Fruits of that labour.

'Tis alſo to be conſider'd, and well to be obſerved, what Faults ſhe has, which tho it be difficult to do, yet Knowledge and Experience acquires an aptitude to correct thoſe Faults, or to eſcape the Damage. Theſe ſort of Cattel are ſtrangely apprehenſive of the Miſtakes of an Ignorant Rider, and generally trayl after 'em an inclination prone

to

to the worſt. Be ſure therefore never to lend your Beaſt to any body living, for fear of expoſing your ſelf to this hazard, and for fear of being defrauded of your pleaſure, by reaſon that your own Beaſt being over ridden by another, becomes unfit for your ſervice. Never truſt the Farriers, and ſuch other ſneaking Raſcals, who are but the Brokers in ſort of Horſe-matches, and for that robbing for themſelves, and miſtaking to your loſs, are the main points of their juggling Deceits. *Never be fond of the colour*, for outward appearances are delative; an outward Beauty alwaies corrupts the Fortune of ſuch Practices, not conſidering that your Beaſt ought to be ſerviceable to every thing but the Eyes. A Body well ſhap'd, with *all the ſigns of ſtrength*, with aſſurance of youth, muſt be the aim of your choice, without expecting manifold ways to be deluded in other ſuperfluous Qualities: Much leſs would I have you to be affected with *a rich Saddle, or a gilded Curb*, for theſe Ornaments are oft-times deſign'd to put an high price upon a Hackney Jade, and to make you ſwallow a bitter Pill under a golden Cover.

Obſerve that ſhe be free from all *Windgalls*, and *Spavins*, and all other Diſtempers, which the more conceal'd they lye, the more dangerous they are; and theſe are uſually moſt frequent where appearances otherwiſe beautiful allure the Sight. In ſhort, this is a buſineſs to be wiſely and warily conſider'd, for when you ride, you may commit your ſelf into the power of a Beaſt, that may *bury ye in a Ditch*, or throw ye into ſome Quagmire, whence you ſhall never be able to get out agen. Remember alſo to moderate your riding, in regard too much riding expoſes a man, and brings thoſe Diſeaſes and Infirmities upon him, that deprive him of the choiceſt part of his ſubſtance. Tho' the Beaſt being vigo-

rous and bold, will carry ye as oft as ye pleaſe, y
abſtain, and conſider that your Judgment ought
be ſuperiour to the *Genius of an Animal.*

Let a *good Switch* ſerve you inſtead of a Scep
of Command, in regard that Spurrs in the Act
Riding are Toys for fight, and not to gall. Let
be your care to accuſtom her to underſtand y
Commands, to the end ſhe may exactly perf
them: Nor is ſhe to make no diſtinction bet
your Juriſdiction, and the Authority of the Gro
rn whom tho' ſhe is to be in ſubmiſſion, yet is ſh
no claim to her Obedience. Through the
of obſerving this Document, it comes to paſs,
ſome of theſe Creatures being at the will and
of the Servant, will kick and winch at the M
Laſtly, be ſure to keep your Beaſt *mild and g*
there lying the center of that Liberty of w
you are to make your advantage to your co
Upon every motion of your Hand, whenever
ride, make her know how to *turn, gallop, ſto*
vance, and retire without bounding or plu
carrying her Head low; let her alſo walk
were blindfold. And thus you muſt teach h
obſerve your Commands, of which the Bridle
be your Interpreter.

Dear Friend, If ever you intend to lay out
Mony well, you muſt obſerve theſe *Inſtru*
For my part, I deſire only that the ſincerity of
Affections may find that Credit with you whic
deſerves. However, I expect that your Gen
will give 'em that reception which is their
and ſo moſt affectionately I kiſs your Hands.

H. ſhews himſelf (quoth Chappel) *to have*
xperience in Horſemanſhip, and therefore of ne
e muſt have applyed himſelf very young to the P

on. No question (replied River) *but he enter'd the fitting place very young, and so might have an opportunity to learn those Qualities which he describes, as far as the Masters of the Art require'd it from him. In my Opinion* (replied Grave) *he is short in one thing, That he does not teach the manner of* Riding, *by teaching the necessity of keeping the Bitt firm in the Mouth of the Beast which he rides, the time when to make him give a spring forward, to try his Metal, the proportion and distance which he ought to observe in carrying his Legs, neither so close as to make him cut, nor so wide as to render his Going unsightly. He also should have taught his Scholar, when he met with a* capricious Horse, *how to make him carry his Tail and his Head, bend his Crest, and raise his Croup.* *No more, no more,* (said I) *for the Lecture by you will enlarge it self beyond the Doctrine of the Letter.*

But another Letter, accompanied with a little Box wrapp'd up in a Cloth, set 'em all a tiptoe. They thought at first they had been Jewels, but that suspicion was soon remov'd by the slightness of the Boxes being put up, but the Paper undeceiv'd 'em, and shew'd 'em the substance of the Letter; which was as follows.

LETTER CXI.

In defence of Cuckolds. 'Twas directed
Mr. Remford, *at his House in D*
This deliver with speed.

Honour'd Sir,

YOur being in such a heat against the
well-meaning Gentleman that makes his
common, affords me an occasion to stand
his defence. I know I shall be laught at, and
haps acquire to my self a Title of *The Cuck*
Advocate; however, this will be my honour,
I shall have Clients generally over all the
and be in a post wherein I may be able to
my Friends. Besides that, contrary to the
of other Advocates, to flea their Clients, I
have the advantage of giving 'em Horns to
Skins. And, to say Truth, I know not by
Law this Dishonour is enacted, only grounded
on the Humor of the Vulgar, and an Imperfec
proper to Lovers, that are jealous to the
which they possess. Love, being always afra
losing the pleasing Object, has oppos'd this
tence, as a Rampler against whoever pretend
usurp it, or at least to communicate it: Now
person, remarkable for his Learning, or his
lity, to be subjected to the will of a young wi
Boy, or is he to second the Fears of a disarmed
fant? Permit that poorness of Spirit to young

to being tyrannizʼd over by this Passion, make a Woman their Idol, and that they may have her inviolable, so as to adhere to no body else, chain her up with these Fetters of Honour. And let 'em make use of that lye, to prove retiredness necessary for a Woman, that she may not assume to her self lawless Pride, to refuse both Bridle and Yoak, but may be reduced by the terror of Disgrace, without the Hands of due subjection.

Moreover, he is a noble and courageous Person, who knows how to incline a Woman to his Will, who falls in love with a Woman, but not so passionately as to break his Neck for her, and omits those vain Ceremonies, which oblige him to depose his Reputation in a frail Woman, which the first knock breaks presently to pieces. Every time I reflect upon the Truth of this, I cannot but condemn the Folly of him that set up this for a Law, and laugh at the Simplicity of him who put it first in execution.

But where was it ever taught, that the Goods of the Mind had any dependance upon the corporeal Parts, whereas the contrary should rather be true? Fortitude it self, as a Virtue, has no relation to the Strength of the Members, though there be a necessity of their being both together. Shall only Honour then be conjoyn'd with the Body, and with the inferiour Body, as in that of a Worm, and to the Imprisoning of a Gem so precious as that, in the Mud and Dirt of a filthy Morasse.

But Goats, from whose natural Properties the Title of Cuckolds was translated to married men, that suffer their Wives to be freely enjoy'd by others, as those Creatures leave their Females at liberty to copulate with others of different kinds; and receiv'd this Precept from a tameness of Nature, which is practis'd in the Simplicity of Lambs.

Incapable of anger, they deny it to be a true incentive to Wrath, for them to see another usurp that which is common, and which being usurp'd, is far from being loſt. Shall it be judg'd a Diſhonour to imitate a Mildneſs celebrated by all Authors, and to be like a Creature taken univerſally for the Symbol of Perfection. And why did Nature priviledge that Creature, by granting that Virtue only to the Blood of a Goat; but becauſe ſhe would reward the beſt diſpoſition of Creatures with a ſingular Faculty, to make him ſuperior to the moſt precious of her Works?

If any object, that there is a great difference in the comparison, by reaſon of the Ties of Matrimony, between Man and Woman, whereas there are no ſuch things among Beaſts, the points of Diſhonour are then reduced to breach of Faith, and the prejudice of interchangeable Obligation: But if that hold true, 'twill be a Diſhonour alſo on the Adulterer's part, who lies with a Woman, in ſcorn of the conjugal Duty; and then this ſort of Reproach would be univerſal in the World, eſpecially among Riotous men, ſeeing there are very few that obſerve their Words, or maintain the reality of their Promiſes.

Upon this conſideration the divine Law-giver made the Crime equal, as well in reference to the Man as the Woman, the Crime being alike, ſo long as the tranſgreſſion of a Duty which is equal is the ſame. Men perhaps in this particular imitate your Grandees, who deny ſubmiſſion to the Law, denying to be ſubject to this Law of Diſhonour, as ſuperiour to Women, by whom it was enacted. Will men therefore, as they condemn this Opinion, in relation to Princes, ſo they reject it in the particular of married men. Hence it follows, that not being under any Obligation, they ſhew the Law to be

vain,

vin, in regard that partial or particular Laws never oblige in common Interests. Thus the Lawyers determin it, by whom a Woman is acquitted, tho' married, that meerly for Love surrenders her Body to another. An evident consequence, which removes those rigorous Impositions of Scandal from marry'd men, who permit that liberty, since no man can be absolv'd, to the prejudice of the Party interested. And therefore I would not have you be so rigorous in condemning your Friend, very judicious in not contending always to keep the Keys of his Wives Lock, for fear her Reputation should run a gadding. Nor would a man be willing always to be breaking his Brains to chain up the free will of his Wife, which, as some Opinions hold, has a free dispensation from above. By my Faith, I should always chuse to converse with Gentlemen of this humour, and should profess my self to be their humble Servant. He that has any Sence, is of this opinion; and he that will live without disturbance, confirms the same by Experience, imitating those great men, who are the Exemplars of quiet and happy Life. He that cannot bring his Affections to conform to this opinion, let him forbear marrying: Nor let him be a Slave to the Humour of the blind Vulgar, which when they undertake to be your Guides, lead ye into Precipices. If you are not satisfied with my Reasons, excuse the shortness of my Wit, and the misfortune of a Faith, which cannot be made publick, because men are so blind, as not to see it. Excuse my Boldness, in presuming to contradict ye, and when you acknowledge this Boldness to be an Effect of my Confidence, assure your self, that as I preserve the Memory of your Favour to confide in it, so it is my Care to maintain my Obligations. In con-

formity to which, being desirous to serve ye, I shall attend your farther Commands.

This man's Doctrine (said Chappel) *has many Disciples, as being practis'd chiefly in the most remarkable Cities. Much good may't do him* (replied I) *who has a Head that is able to bear the weight of his Horns, without complaining.*

So they left this Subject, as being too hard and difficult to be argued, and took a new Field, wherein to expatiate with more Delight.

LETTER CXII.

From a Lady that dissuades her Friend from the Love of Men. 'Twas directed to Madam Emet, *at her House in* Chelsea: *This deliver with Care, and Speed.*

Dear Madam,

YOur Confidence in entrusting me with your amorous Intrigues, with such a Gentleman, invites me by way of a friendly Revenge, to confide in you, that we may be at liberty to reprove your Affections. Good God! ——What yearnings of Compassion have accompanied the certainty of this your Misfortune. The Impulses of my Friendship hurried me to forbode ye any other condition, though miserable, than that of a Lover. A Woman bewitch'd to a Man, is a voluntary Prisoner in a kind of Hell, whom the Tyranny of Torments tear and rend with so much the more despightful torture, by how much the Heart of a Woman is more soft and tender. Our Dalliances avail not to rend the harden'd haughtiness of an Indiscreet Pride. Our enticing Allurements are despised by petrified Hearts, and impenetrable to the Impressions of amorous Passion. With Souls of Adamant they correspond with our Lives, encounter'ring our Affections with peevish and wayward Scorn. And have you admitted the Frauds of an amorous

Appearance of an assiduous Courtship, or an affectionate Assignation, which however he avoids! Silly Belief, to which we bow our Understandings! as if our Desires were made payable by our natural Tenderness. Unhappy she, that subjects her mind to an humble Salute, to a simpering Lip, opens her Heart to a Glance that represents Dissemble-adoration, and authorizes petty Favours to oblige her. Miserable we, in whom the Pleasures we afford are only belov'd: those Delights which Nature has deposited in us, to the end we might not be more shamefully contemn'd by these ingrateful Wretches, who love, who serve, who idolize, but at the very moment that their fleeting Pleasures terminate, put an end to the ostentation of their Affection, and have no other Aim, but the hopes of Enjoyment, at the instant that they begin to enjoy. Shall a Woman then submit her self to amorous Cares, torment her self to meet the *Genius* of a Man, grant him the Empire of a coelestial Beauty, when at the very point of knitting the Knot of all Contentments, it comes to be unloos'd, and all her Pleasures are precipitated, when you would think 'em consolidated by Embraces.

If she entertains a man as a Lover, she embraces a Tyrant; if she receives him as a Husband, he becomes an individual Hangman. The Miscarriages with which they refuse not to give entrance to the satisfaction of their Desires, carry a Trumpet before 'em, which sounding a Retreat to our Reputation, serves only to publish our Ignominy. They ascribe to themselves, as a Glory, wicked Imps, as they are, to have triumph'd over us with their Fictions. They openly vaunt, to have set up their Standards in our Fields, and to have ravish'd from us the Enfigns of our Honour. And not content to strut it with these Trophies, they proclaim themselves hap-

happy in the opportunities of humbling the Majesty of our Deserts, characteriz'd with particular marks of Divinities which they call haughty superbness: They think to register an Act worthy the Memorials of Eternity, when breaking both their Oaths and Promises, they betray us; or when laying aside all Humanity, they use us worse than Brutes. They call *Inconstancy a Virtue*; the change of Affections they dignifie with the Title of *Prudence*, and preach it up for a Resolution proceeding from great Judgment, to treat us with all manner of Scorn and Contempt. He is boasted to be a man of great Wisdom, who knows how to tyrannize over us with the rigor of his Commands; and he is cried up for a man of great Honour, who for one fault, and that many times imagin'd only, resolves to murder us.

Can there be any Lady so simple to resign her self to the Indiscretion of a man, who by the perverseness of such Maxims, gives us but too clearly to understand how corrupt his Sentiments are? And you, dear Friend, will you destroy your own Heart, to make a Sacrifice of it to a man that shall feign a superlative love of your Person, till he comes to enjoy ye? Undeceive your self, dear Friend, by reflecting upon those Epithetes with which those Imps are wont to abuse the Dignity of our Sex. Consider that they are only a reassumption of those Attributes, which punctually describe their own Customs. Consider whether it be convenient to caress a Tyger, to look upon a Basilisk, and love a Harpye. Lay aside that amorous Heart, observing by the Rule of these considerations, how much it behoves us to be perfect Rocks, that we may be proof against the painful bitings of those wild Beasts. Avoid their Snares by the flight of Liberty, considering the nature of those Nets, wherein

when

when once we are taken, we fall into a fellow-ſuffering of all Miſeries. Let theſe Perſwaſions, dear Friend, ſuffice, to raiſe within ye thoſe Thoughts by which the Cuſtoms of Men will be repreſented to your mind, ready to court, obſequious in their veneration, affectionate in wantonizing and dalliance, but ſo much the more impious to betray us. I ſhould take it for a ſingular good Fortune, if your mind, being infertiliz'd with ſuch good Documents as theſe, ſhould bring forth a Reſolution never to ſave, by which you would reap the advantage of eſcaping thoſe Torments that muſt attend the continuance of theſe Amours. Heaven grant you this Felicity, and me the Favour of being any way aſſiſtant to your content.

would to Heaven (ſaid River) *that her Deſires might be fulfilled, that there might not be a loving Woman to be found, by which means Mankind no longer would be ſubject to thoſe Precipices into which they hurry our Reputations. I don't applaud your Wiſhes* (replied I) *ſince Man would be depriv'd of one of the chief Contents which he enjoys, in cauſing a Lady that loves him to languiſh.*

Chappel, who was in Love himſelf, was not pleas'd with theſe Diſcourſes, and therefore interrupted their prattle, by opening another Letter, which they found written to this purpoſe.

LET-

LETTER CXIII.

Relating the Qualities of the Venetian *Curtesans. Twas directed to Mr.* Biscol, *at the* Horse-shoe, *in* Wood-street, London.

Honour'd Sir,

I Was lately at *Venice*, where the Curiosity of many delights detain'd me. I shall not relate the Particulars of a City so much exalted by publick Fame, and celebrated with so many singular Titles over all the World. The great Plenty of Enjoyments entangles every Heart; so that you must of necessity unlooſen your Purstrings, to wid'n the streightness of these Tramels. I was a Novice in the Knowledge of these Delights, but soon grew old, adhering to the Experience of him that in a few days accustoms himself to a well-grounded Practise. And this is a Point of great Felicity, that your Amours are begun and ended at the same time without any long Cares, embitter'd with the Hardships of a tedious Servitude. The great number of Curtesans is the reason that Women, as they deserve, are treated like Beasts, while among many, she is only made choice of that most pleases. 'Tis a Content not a little to be valu'd, that a Man may find of a suddain, when his Appetite serves, a Bank to stop the Fury of his Desires. The Price has its bounds; a Condition which greatly facilitates the putting forward the Key of the Work.

Work. There are Wares of all Prizes, and every one may proportion his expences as he pleases himself; then only greatest, when a Man lays out for a piece of Cloth, that is alike on both sides, and may be turn'd every way without any prejudice to the Nap. The Graces, the Dalliances, the Caresses of these Women are not imitated in any other place. They are Mistresses of the true Art of framing amorous Sweetnesses, having all the Rules of Motion, as well streight as oblique, enough to make their Lovers believe themselves in Heaven, where Motion occasions the delightful Harmony of the Spheres. They suffer no part of their Bodies to lie idle, toiling all their principal Members to multiply Pleasures. You never meet here with the least Hair of the Beard, it being their care to take away all roughness that may offend the Delicacy of such a Pleasure. And their curiosity is admirable in cleansing the Streets, to the end they may not be foul'd and worn out by frequent Concourse. In a word, he that loves sport, let him study to advantage his desires where his lascivious Itch may transport him, and never complain of his want of Satisfaction, which exceeds as much as can be desir'd.

On the other side, you must be well inform'd of the Frauds, Treacheries, Diseases, which in great abundance overload with continual Vexation those that suffer themselves to be too far hamper'd in their Intreagues. The Pestilence is Health in respect of their Blains and Bubo's, which they present as the Tokens of their Love, and for Fairings to those that enjoy 'em. They have a Custom to paint; and let that suffice to inform ye what delusive appearances they are when they willingly transform themselves into Pictures. Take notice also, how like rotten Sepulchers within side they

whiten

whiten and varnish over the outside, to make themselves appear like *Mausoleums*; to the end that being betray'd by the outward appearance, you may not behold the Terror of that Horridness within.

There is no voraciousness comparable to their rav'nous Avarice; and they pick your Bones with such a Softness of Caresses, that fools, after they have nothing left 'em but their Bones, resign their Marrow to 'em also. They have the true Touchstone to know at first sight a credulous Gull, or a Giddy-headed Fool; and they lose no opportunity to get the Coxcombs into the Cage, whom become the sport of any that will riot at their cost. Presently they empty their Chests, pull down the Hangings, hide their Money, bury their fine Cloaths, to introduce the Face of a Counterfeit Poverty, on purpose to move Widgions to Compassion. This is the Custom of the fairest or most fantastical, who knowing their power to bind a Man, believe they can make a good prize of him when they have him in their Nets. Others quite of another humour, make a general Sack of the *Jews* Trippery, to cloath themselves and furnish their Houses, for which they pay the Interest of greater Miseries. By that means they set a value upon the defect of those Talents, which make a Woman to be esteem'd, in hopes to exact a greater price, upon the Advantages of their Gaudery. Nor do they fail to make use of Liberality by way of Traffic for greater gain, casting a golden Hook to catch a more considerable Prey; tho' many times they are deceiv'd like the Country-man who let his Spade fall in the Water, that so it might be turn'd into Gold. Then, let the Tribute of Praise be given to them that deserve it; since it cannot be deny'd, but that there is an excess of graceful Manners, genteel Carriage, and noble Converse, in such as main-

maintain a principal Post in this Science. They have those Qualities which may be desirable in a Lady of far greater worth, and a fit Match for a Prince. Their Pride is Majestic, but not Superior, their genteel Demeanor ravishes, and obliges to give, tho many times they have no Intention to receive. In short, Love may be said to have been born at *Venice*, strengthen'd by the Multitude of most beautiful *Venus*'s that nourish him in that City. For my part I know not where a Man can better fix his Scepter to take possession of pleasing Contentments. He may extend the Dominion of his amorous Joys, for that the Vassalage of Love is there very great; where, tho' not in many yet in one successively, good Qualities may be enjoy'd in heaps, such as may give our Appetites sufficient cause of Triumph. Excuse the Vehemence of my Affection which has permitted my Pen perhaps to take too long a flight. This Information may serve you to make choice of any pleasure, when you resolve to visit that delicious Paradise, where the Darts of Love make a Nest of Tenderness, but never pierce the Breast to torment it. A Hand full of Gold, is a remedy for every wound, with which those Coelestial Beauties can afflict the Heart. If you want any other Advertisements to direct ye to your pleasures, as I am covetous of your Felicity, I shall not fail in my Duty to serve ye, in Conformity to which I most earnestly wait for the Opportunity.

The

The Inditer of this Letter (said Grave) *has not practis'd the Delights of* Rome: *For then he would have retracted the high Encomiums which he gives to the Enjoyments of* Venice. *His simplicity* (said River) *will not admit into the Roll of true Delights, those unbeseeming Pleasures, which are there made use of. In good Faith* (reply'd Chappel) *they play with the same Cards in both Cities; tho' the Game be more honourable in* Rome; *by reason of the Quality of the Persons that play at it. This is a Subject* (said I) *worn too thread-bare, and too obnoxious to the vulgar Proverb, the more you rake in a Dunghill, ——— and so saying he broke open the following Letter.*

LETTER CXIV.

Of Impertinences to the Purpose. 'Twas directed to Mr. Kaford, *Merchant, in* London.

Honour'd Sir, *Padua, June 92.*

A Snail coming Post t'other day from the King of *Transilvania*, gave an Occasion for several Discourses. He brought along with him a great Portmanteau full of Shadows and Chimera's, a present, usually sent to him, who having an empty Scull, builds Castles of imaginary Grandeur in the Air. He had a Box full of sneaky Thoughts, which

which drew tears from the Eyes of him that held his Nose over 'em. And this was said to be part of the Mind of some Grandee, who was always forming of Engines, to the prejudice of those that liv'd nere him. He had in a Girdle certain Drams, which were those, for want of which to make good weight, the Goldsmiths and Pothecaries accomplish their Thieveries. The Courier said, there was a great Chest of Ounces and Pounds, in reference to other Merchants; but that it was left behind, through the great Concourse of those who were ambitious to usurp the greatest part. No otherwise, as he inform'd us, it had befallen a great Load of Violences, Rapines and Cruelty put in practise by Tyrannic Princes; Wares which he had put off in his Journey, being importun'd on ever side by Tyrants or their Ministers. He reserv'd to himself a bag of Cucumbers for the principal Cities of *Italy*, where are a great number of ignorant Dunces that are extreamly delighted with their taste, and therefore have 'em serv'd to their Tables for Salates. There, he also expected to be a great gainer by certain Pills made of Wind, as there are many who from Ambition suck both their Nourishment and Physic, puft up with nothing else but the pleasing Gales of Pride and Ostentation. He had a good Trade among some of our People for salted Eagles, very delightful to those that exercise their Talons in ravishing Gammeds. Of no less advantage to him was a Bag of Wolves Teeth pickled in Vinegar, good against the Corruptions of our Age, being of great use to soften the Cruelty of those that with a spightful Voraciousness devour all before 'em. He was also very sorry that he had not kept some invisible Horns for our Countries, excusing himself through the necessity that constrain'd him to leave 'em

'em in *Germany*. He had not as yet unty'd a Bundle of Voices that were bound up very hard with Sin and Cords, which were the Bowels of some that under distress and oppression, suffer themselves to be disbowell'd rather then break out into loud Complaints of their Torments; as being plagu'd by great Personages, and therefore choosing to die in silence. He had some Yards of Linnen-Cloth made of the Fibers of Parrots Tongues, which was to make Collar-Bands for some that with the Ostentation of their Prittle-prattle appear Fortunate; especially in Courts, where Parasites, Comedians, Musicians and others of the same Canaglia, meet with most lucky Hits. He had likewise a piece of Cloth both sides alike, that was wov'n with the Hair of a *Bufalo*'s Nostrils; It was to make Habits of great value for Flatterers, to wear either side outermost, and to be always serviceable to the Humour of the Prince. Above all, he was in hopes to vend a great number of Basilicks Eye-brows, since he was sure all the Ladies would buy 'em up to make Vails for their own Eyes. In like manner he thought some Ribs of Grashoppers would be acceptable to many, whose Brains are full of those skipping Animals, to cause a Spring in their own Meadows. Four Teeth of a Flea, were reserv'd for a malicious Inhabitant somewhere, who delighted to bite undiscover'd. They would have had 'em to have been kept in this City, where there was no want of Persons of the same Humour. But he excus'd his refusal, for that they were sent to a particular Person, affirming that he could have sold 'em in several places, and could hardly preserve 'em from the greedy Clutches of the Grandees, whose Custom it is privately to suck the Blood of others. He was very sorry he had not made a good Provision of

Eels

Eels Marrow, for some that have a Humour to fetch Water out of Stones, and to extract Substance out of nothing. I would not have exceeded the Bounds of Conciseness necessary in a Letter, but I was willing to give your Worship a punctual Accompt of what the Snail brought with him. Upon your arrival in this place, which will be suddainly, when you go to the common Post-Office you will be better inform'd of the Wonders I have related. In some little Boxes of most accurate Frauds, superfine Knaveries, cloak'd Treacheries, painted Fictions, wicked Hypocrisies, villanous Customs, he has bundles of great value which he intends to open in this City, where such Gallantries are in great Esteem. I wish you may not be intoxicated with certain Capriccio's and cursed Plagues so neatly interwoven, that their Attractiveness renders 'em desirable. Those are the Grandeurs of Colts, and the Beauties of Women, in which while we outwardly put our trust the hazard of our Sins and Estates, we plunge our selves into Misfortunes, and procure our own Deaths. Nor be inamour'd of some little Stations, built in the Air, at the request of him that with a haughty Ostentation vaunts himself in a high Post. Since both the Habitation and the Inhabitant, will unexpectedly become the Sport of the Wind, and the Game will end in an utter downfal. Your prudence has no need of farther warning; and I am oblig'd at length to put an end to this Discourse.

The

The greatest Extravagance that I find in this Letter (said Grave) *is that the Writer made choice of a* Snail for the Post, *at a time, when the wisest Men set their Extravagancies a flying as swift as Pigeons. In regard he was to make manifest certain Truths, tho' under disguise* (reply'd the Marquis) *he could not well make use of any other* Courier *then a Snail, for that Truth can walk no other then a slow pace in the World, being persecuted as it is by the Grandees. For this reason* (reply'd Chappel) *it behov'd the Inditer of this Letter to fain himself a Fool, that not being fit that others should discover the Truth; and for Men of Judgment, they lie under an Obligation to conceal it, for fear of precipitating themselves into the Indignation of Tyrant Princes. In conformity to this, 'tis convenient that all honest Men should in imitation of Snails, walk under a good* Shield, *and have a hole to retire into, and preserve themselves from those rubs with which they frequently meet, notwithstanding the slowness of their pace through the Maturity of their Wisdom. By Vertue of this Comparison, merily* (said River) *twould be as convenient that all Men should have Horns. 'Twould be no great Burthen* (said I) *to carry such a small Proportion; but what said the Philosophers,* Every man like is not to run upon four Feet: *Which agrees so much the more directly with my Comparison; because a* Snail *neither runs; and is so far from having four Feet that it has none at all. 'Tis fit* (said Chappel) *what a Letter of Impertinences should conclude with an Impertinence: And therefore having paid the Gentleman his Debt, let us proceed to some new Matter: And so saying he open'd the following Letter.*

LET-

LETTER CXV.

Being an amorous Letter of a Lady. 'Twas directed to Mr. Parmed, *at his House in* Queen-street.

My dear Heart,

I Am confounded when I consider the Sinister Fame, which has acquired to our Sex the Frauds of many Women, who with their Treacheries discredit the Sincerity of others. I am afraid, that by comparing me with other Women, you judge me a Dissembler in my Affection toward ye, which denies me the Felicity of that mutual Exchange from your self which the Ardor of my Love requires. Good God! Preserve me Heav'n, from so great Misfortune. I will sooner not only to be a Woman, but to be at all then prejudice my desire of being belov'd. If I cannot separate from the Degree of Woman the Imagination of Frauds and Treachery, I will deprive my self Life, for ever to abandon those Conditions, by which being made an unfortunate Lover, I shall become more miserable then the Damned. Beware, my only Joy, of giving way to Ingratitude or Cruelty, under pretence of such a Belief, otherwise unjust, while in the Purity of a faithful Mind common Failings may easily be discover'd to be quite abolish'd. Your Countenance may convince you, that

Trea-

Treacheries are far remote from her that adores ye; to sacrilegious, when they shall offend the Divinity of that fair Person, for whose sake that Woman must be without a Soul, that presumes to live and yet despise you. By how much the less frequent, by so much the more valuable is the Love of a Woman, proportionable to the Objects that enhaunce the Price, for want of Number. Whoever loves, can never fancy a Beauty which cannot be below'd. I deem you unapt to conceive the Vehemency of my Passions, which by labouring in the Contemplation of your Countenance, turn about my Soul to admire the Perfection of all substantial Beings. Assure your self this Love cannot be Female, that is to say inconstant, which has for the Basis of it a Firmament of Stars; such as are your Cœlestial Beauties. The Affection cannot be corrupted or consum'd, which has for the Seat of it, the Heaven of your Face, and for the Sphere wherein it moves, the Light of your Vertue. Resolve then not to make me despair of my Contentments, while you have reason to hope for all the Satisfaction you can desire for imploying the Ornaments of your Mind in loving me. To which I would oblige ye under the pretence of a Debt, with which the Fervency of my Soul engages ye to a mutual Correspondence, while it destroys itself in adoring ye. But I know a divine Object cannot be obliged, nor the greatness of your Merit be bound but with a Duty of Charity agreeable to my Torments. From that it is, that I beg the Cure of my Wounds, which as they were inflicted by the Rays of your Beauty, so must they be heal'd by the Excess of your Generosity.

This

This Letter (said Chappel) *requires an Authentic Testimony to confirm the Truth of what the Lady writes. Otherwise it is hard to believe so much Love in a Woman. As if the Vice of an unbridl'd Passion* (reply'd River) *were not usual in a Woman, as well as any other Failing that is proper to the Sex. Whoever condemns Love* (reply'd I) *gives us marks of more irregular Affections; those Idle Notes, wherewith our Minds compose the restlesness of our various Thoughts and Wills, not better concurring in any other sort of Harmony. I understand ye* (said Grave) *smiling, and I am well aware, that while you call Love Harmony, you have an Eye upon the Spheres, whose Harmony in Heav'n is the most perfect of any other upon Earth.*

But Chappel *interrupted their Discourse, by opening and reading the following Letter.*

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

Of a Mother that gives Documents to her Daughter. 'Twas directed to Mrs. T——— *at the* Crown *Coffee-house, near the* Blew-Cross *in* Venice.

Dear Daughter, *London, June* 1692.

I Have endur'd your absence, since you departed from this City in the Company of the Gentleman your Servant, with a Reinforcement of lucky Hope, from whence I promis'd my self a great Advancement of your Fortunes. I assur'd my self, that the place where you are, is a very good place to vend those Wares which you have to put off. The great number of Traders of your Sex, avails not now to bring down the price of the Commodity, but by the multitude of Examples to teach the best Rules, which being well observ'd, you can never go amiss. And therefore I cannot but wonder to hear the Affairs of your Shop go ill, knowing you, upon other occasions to be a Woman of Judgment, so well-bred, and so well-condition'd, that I could not fear but that all your Imployments would meet with good fortune. I also lookt upon it as a farther good Omen, that you were come of a hopeful Stock, from whence your two Sisters, and I your Mother being descended, have acquir'd great Reputation and Applause for deserving in our Profession; from whence I could never suspect that your Progresses would in the least degenerate. I fear me

these Prejudices arise from your not observing the Precepts of the Art, which ought to be so much the more accurately taken notice of, in regard the Conditions of this Trade are variously regulated by several others. The Wares which you sell are always the same, and therefore it behoves ye to be Industrious to supply the want of that Variety, which is the only attractive of humane Content. The Methods also which you are to make use of to your advantage, are likewise still the same without any alteration: And therefore 'tis a difficult thing to satisfie all People; while various humours covet some more, some less. Let it be your care not to be so reserv'd, that others may have reason to complain of their Bargaining with you, nor so prodigal as to traffic to your loss. A moderate Post will be more successful for you, it not being convenient for you to be defective in that rigorous strictness, with which you would have encounter'd a Man upon your first setting up. The making good measure is no Precept for your Trade; wherein the more pinching you are, the more you will encrease your Gains. Be sure to lay open always two Bundles; the one of which being publickly laid upon the Stall, may serve for ordinary Persons that have but little Money to spend. The other you are not to produce, but after many Intreaties, which assuring you of a covetous and impetuous desire, may secure you your own price. To great Persons who know the value of the Ware, and have wherewithal to pay, present your Bundle freely; for that the profit will be greater, and the Risco less. To vulgar People, or such as have no Judgment, and know not the Price of such Counterband Goods, offer such Cloth as uses to lie upon the Stall for shew. However let both the one and the other be well kept, so that whoever Trafficks with you may

not

not be offended with the ſight of nothing but Moths and Worms. And therefore you muſt always keep your Shop clean and neat, not ſo much as ſuffering a Spider's-web in the Room to accuſe ye of Sluts corners. Let no Fools or Simpletons ſcape ye, if you find they have Money in their Pockets, for they are eaſily drawn in, and coax'd with good words, ſo that you may ſqueeze 'em at your pleaſure. Uſe 'em tenderly, and have a particular piece of Dalliance for them, being a ſort of Fiſh, that deſerve a golden Hook. Baniſh all your Swaſhbucklers in fine Cloaths, who carrying all they have about 'em in ſpruce Habit, a laſcivious Countenance, and a lofty Behaviour, diſplay their whole Riches at once, within their Plumes of Feathers are upon the Wing together with their Brains; and their Purſes ſo light, that they may ride upon the Wind. They are very expenſive in Prittle-prattle, that diſſolves into Air, but affords nouriſhment to thoſe that hear it. That's no Coin for you, Daughter, who are not to be ſo fooliſh in keeping your Fiſt cloſe, as if ye had lit upon a good Prey, when you have nothing in your hand. There follows alſo another prejudice, that they taking up ſo much room in your Shop, hinder others that would be more profitable, and perhaps would be trading with you in private. Only you may endure ſuch a piece of impertinent Opportunity in a Perſon of Quality, who tho' he ſpends nothing, yet brings Reputation to your Shop. Many Widgeons run to the Net, when they find Perſons of Quality fallen into the ſame Snares. When you meet ſuch Perſons, cry up your good Fortune, for Ambition joyn'd with Laſciviouſneſs is a greater provocative to Expence. As to what remains, diſmiſs every body with a chearful Countenance at their going out of your Shop, after they have bought your Commodity:

making choice of them only whom you know you can fleece. You are oblig'd to kind and courteous Expreſſions, but always the Rules of Intereſt are to be preferr'd. Humble your ſelf according to the humour of all your Cuſtomers, with amorous and winning Behaviour, but not ſo as to fall with a ſlight puſh. Let your Friendſhip perſiſt, as they ſay, *Uſque altaria*. This Altar is to be your Bed; to which when you come to conclude your Bargain, then laying aſide all Courteſie, ſtand upon the Rigor of your Contract. Let no body ſtir out of your Shop till he has paid his Money. For that your Trade will not permit ye to truſt. You may do well to keep ſome body in your Shop to carry on your Trade in your abſence, that ſo you may not loſe that ſort of Pride, which is in ſome meaſure requiſite to keep up your Calling, by ſtooping to ſome abject forms of dealing that betray the Poverty of the Shopkeeper. To which purpoſe you may keep a briſk Journey-woman, the ſight of whoſe Looks, will be as good as a Hook to catch ſeveral Chance-cuſtomers. But let her not Trade upon her own accompt by no means: For that were the way to break in ſuch a City as this. Every one would be offering her his Stock to trade withal, ſo that in a ſhort time ſhe would be able to ſet up for herſelf, and get away all your Cuſtom. I remember no more at preſent that I can add to help forward the good Succeſs of your Trade. The Experience of the Country, and Knowledge of thoſe that trade are two Points from whence you may draw Inſtructions to carry on your own Trade, by treading the Steps of common Cuſtom. In your Shop are bought and ſold delightful Commodities; and the variety of Pleaſures varies alſo the Price. The Hook ought to be thrown with much Artifice, and tho' it ſometimes returns back empty,

you

you are not therefore to drown your self by running violently to catch the Fish that does not swallow the Bate willingly. Have a care of holding the Angling-Rod too long in your Hand, for fear of being pull'd to the bottom by some Fish, much stronger than your self, through the Power of Love. Avoid this Rock, the only cause of Shipwrack to those that scowre the Seas of Lasciviousness to find the Heaven of Gain. Be sure to hold the Helm strait, but like good Pilots, put it behind your Shoulders, valuing it no otherwise then as a thing which you may easily turn between the Legs, having your Mind fix'd upon other Objects, but more especially upon the Compass of the Purse that guides ye to the Light of the Gold, and the North-Star of Interest; that so you may make a fortunate Voyage. If in conformity to my Counsels and Desires you advance your Fortunes, I am resolv'd to come and comfort my decrepit Years with the sight of your Grandeur. In the mean while Heaven showre down upon you those favourable Influences that may prosper all your Endeavours.

Most excellent Education of a Mother! (said Chappel.) *'Tis the Priviledge of our Age* (reply'd the Count) *that wickedness is ingrafted into the Children by the Parents themselves. However it was superfluous to send such Instructions to* Venice (reply'd River) *where there are not wanting Masters of Vice. You imagine there a multitude of Masters* (said I) *knowing that 'tis one of the Pastimes of the Grandees, to keep Boys; and almost all of them teach Abomination. 'Tis very true* (reply'd Chappel) *since the number of the Jesuites Colledges encrease the number of the Schools, and such sort of Masters are very common. If you enter under the Discipline of those*

Masters, you must be towring among such high Notions, as if you were always turning about the Spheres. Certainly you ought to fear least your Post should be prepossest; for those ascents are envy'd to all others but themselves, tho' wrongfully, in regard the Spheres are in Common, and for publick Benefit. If ye are soaring so high remember the Fall of Icarus; *for the Wax will be melted by the Fire, if not by the Sun, and so your downfall will be miserable. Heavens be prais'd* (reply'd River) *that Remorce of Conscience leads ye to Repentance, at least out of fear of deserved Punishment.*

While they were thus discoursing, Here cry'd *Grave*, here's a Love-Letter, having already broken the Seal and discover'd the Secrets of the Paper, which he held in his hand. Thereupon they all prepar'd to listen with a willing Attention, while he read on as follows,

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

Being an amorous Letter to a Lady. 'Twas directed to Madam Reddridge, *at her House in* Clerkenwell-green.

Most dear Mistress,

OH Heavens! what torments have I endur'd since your Presence no longer gave Life to the Contents of my Heart. Did you but know, my dearest, what troubles perplex my Soul, which lives only by you, and with an Obligation still to beg Life from that Image, of which my jealous Affections permit me no Consolation, but in beholding it. Did you believe the Excess of those Sorrows, which I feel through the Loss of my Enjoyments, the real body of true delights being transform'd into Shadows form'd by the Imagination, I assure my self you would compassionate if not love me. Ah dearest, how far different do I find the Being sooth'd by your Fondnesses, to be miniardiz'd by your Lips, to be caress'd by your Embraces, and imparadiz'd in your Bosom, from feigning to my self the vain *Chimera's* of a favourable Glance from your absent Eyes, or a flatt'ring Smile from your far distant Lips. And my torment is so much the more in seeking to please my self with your Effigies which I carry in my Breast, in regard that being all this while ravish'd with such lovely Appearances only, and under a necessity to comply with those Violences, I run to

clasp a shadow and embrace nothing. Good God! Presently I cry, why cannot I with a rapid Flight conveigh my self in a moment to my beloved *Helena*! Might I at least but have the Fortune of *Icarus*, or leave to put on Wings, which carrying me to your self, altho' they melted then, I could not fall; when fix'd in the Heaven of your Bosom. Then, in my amorous Enthusiasms I might have one of those white Hands to cool my Ardors with that lovely Snow. There would I depositе my kisses, I would unbend the Joints, and there lodge my Contents, which tho confin'd within the hollow of her hand, would enlarge my Felicity to the compleat Satisfaction of my Desires. Behold my Condition, enforc'd to confine within so small a part those Enjoyments, that had a free Field in the full extent of your Body. What a disadvantagious Passage of my Pleasures is this, from being seen every day in the Cradle of the Bed between the Swathing-bands of the Sheets, nourish'd with the Milk of your Lilly white Skin, at present so hunger-starv'd, that they would take it for a singular Favour to lick but one of your hands. *Dearest Helena*! a Name which as it was always accompany'd with extraordinary Beauties, so it carries intolerable Flames about it. Could the Times of *Paris* but have coasted the Possession of you; *Venus* would have fix'd upon no other *Helena* but your self, as a present suitable to a Deity covetous of bestowing Beauties, supposing she had not been prepossess'd by the Ravishment of *Jupiter*.

In some measure is my Heart concern'd to Counterpoise with its Ardors the Conflagrations of a Kingdom sacrific'd to that *Grecian* Beauty, since no less tributes are due to the Countenances of the *Helena's*. Willingly I consume my self, my dearest: For certainly my Ashes will come to life again under

under the Rays of you, my all chearing Sun. I most solicite my return to see you again, and re-seat my self in that same Bosom, where between two most lovely Teats, the Rivers of Sweetness are tasted, then, the most swiftly running, when the hard Bank appears to stop them. I will then repeat the reading of my wonted pleasures in that Book, the Leaves of which by turning backward and forward, and by reading the Characters over and over again, I could never yet discover any thing else but happiness. But no longer my beloved will I entertain my self with these imaginary *Chimera*'s, which cause me to languish, not being accompany'd with the Reality of Effects. Nor can I any longer hold my Pen, which desires to be held by a hand where near the Purity of your Snowy whiteness it might better be able to express the Sincerity of my Affection, I must therefore follow the Impulses of my Pen, of a suddain quite besides my self, as being entranc'd in the Contemplation of your Beauty, which makes me conclude with a thousand Kisses and Embraces.

Heaven knows (said Chappel) *what Pen this Man had between his Fingers when he wrote this Letter. In my Opinion he seems to be one of those unwary Youngsters, that give themselves up as a Prey to the Wiles of Curtesans. And who would not be deluded by their Frauds* (reply'd River) *when they flatter a Man with a Face that breaths Divinity in the Beauty of it, when they shew ye a Paradise in their Graces, but when ye approach 'em turn about their backs: an Affectation that greatly tyrannizes over Lovers, but with all, more strongly ravishes. 'Tis no wonder,* (said I) *that their Artifices make use of that same turning about; for the force of Magic is principally*

restrain'd with the Compass of Circles; and therefore they make these Circles before those whom they design to inchant, that may the more easily prevail by their own proper Violences. For the performance of Inchantments (reply'd Grave) *two things are requisite, the Wand and the Globe; therefore to compleat the Inchantment of Love, when a Man holds forth the Wand and the Globe, of necessity the Women must comply. How ready is the Tongue* (reply'd Chappel) *where the Appetite is prone. And so saying, without giving time for the Company to make any return he fell a reading the ensuing Letter.*

LETTER CXVIII.

Being a Letter in Burlesque. 'Twas directed to Mr. Paford, *at the* Three Pidgeons *in* Thames-street.

Dear Friend,

CRab-fish shall have no longer to do with the Moon. Snails have got Teeth, and Tortoises Wings. All Beasts have laid aside their Brains, and Men have lost 'em. An Ass but t'other day eat up the Brains of a great Doctor already putrify'd; so that when he came to dispute *de Casibus Infirmorum*, he tumbl'd heels over-head *ad Sepulchra Mortuorum*. Your worship may creep upon all four to the Heels of *Atlas*, to the end that if it should

should happen, that he should sink under the Weight of the World, you may thrust your Nose in his Tail, as was done to *Morgante* in the Third of the *Odysses*. You will do well to take with you a great Horn, and if you cannot tell where to get one, go to the Houses in *Germany*, and you may have as many as you please. I give you this Advice because there is a Proclamation sometime since published, forbidding all Cuckolds to pass the *Stygian* Lake in *Charon*'s Boat, but over a Bridge of Horns. Hence it is that the poor old Ferry-man has lain idle a long time, and is like to be starv'd to Death, for want of his Fees, while every one brings his own Horn. T'other day with an Astrolobe, I lookt for your Worships Nativity, which lies in the Quadrature of a Cucumber, in the Sextile of the two Twins, that always go in the Shade. Guard your self from the Horse-flies, and never tire your self to become a Prey to the Gnats, because the Nets are not good, and *Tantalus*, who ought to mend 'em, lies rowling and tumbling up and down to get a Snap at the Apples. The Dragon's-Tail is unfortunate to your Worship, and therefore be sure to sow in a Circle, when Hartichokes begin to beard. I desire your Worship to make your Advantage of these few Advertisements, and that you may find the expected Effects, affording you an opportunity to command any farther Demonstrations of my Service, which you shall think fit to require.

This

This would be a rare Aſtrologer (ſaid Chappel) *if he had but good luck in his Predictions of Extravagancies. Methinks* (ſaid River) *he ſpeaks truth in ſome Particulars already, whereas your Aſtrologers never tell any other then lyes. I am apt to believe* (reply'd I) *this Man has ſpent all the beſt of his Talent in the Compoſition of this Letter. By your dwelling upon this ſubject* (ſaid Grave) *there ſeems to be a Sympathy between you and theſe Extravagants. Let's ſee the next.*

LETTER CXIX.

Containing Inſtructions how to drive a good Trade. 'Twas directed to Mr. Soper, *at his Houſe in* Brumly, Kent.

Honour'd Sir,

I Deem it a Debt of mine to impart to your Worſhip every thing that concerns my Preferment, aſſuring my ſelf that it will be very acceptable news to your Worſhip to hear of the fortunate Progreſſes of your Servant. The Wife of a certain rich Merchant in this City, having buried her Husband ſome Months ſince, ſent to me t'other day ſome of her Friends to treat with me about joyning my Stock with hers. She is not willing to marry again, but deſires only that our Intereſts may go hand in hand. I accepted of the Offer, conſidering

dering the advantageous Conditions that were propos'd. I surrender'd to her all my Stock, with a Covenant however that it was only barely lent, and that I might call it in again at my pleasure, without any loss or diminution: On the other side she allow'd me the use of her Ware-house, of which I was to keep the Keys my self; nevertheless with Condition that I was to lock it and unlock it, whenever she requir'd me. In the business and trouble of Trade we have both an equal share, and they that best manage it, enjoy the Fruits of their Labour without being oblig'd to complain that either took pains in vain. She keeps the Money in the Shop, that is paid to and fro in driving the Trade, very careful in keeping it and giving me my proportion from time to time. There arose a difference between us, because I pretended by my Contracts to the keeping the Key of a Press, that stood behind the Shop, and where lay the Wares of greatest value. Hitherto she has refus'd to comply with me. Nevertheless I hope that in time and by fair means and good words I shall obtain the good Fortune which I so earnestly thirst after. I assure you, Sir, I never tasted so much Felicity as now I enjoy, being rais'd from my low Condition to the unexpected Possession of so fair a Shop, and no less wealthy; since Widows, after the Death of their Husbands, growing more reserv'd in their Expences, and abstaining from their wonted Feasting and Jollity, lay up Money apace; and therefore well fare the Man that is so lucky as to share in their frugality.

I protest that I never penetrated the Rules of driving a good Trade, before I came to practise with this Partner of mine. I have learnt the way of true Commerce, which must be carry'd on with strict Covenants at first, to procure the advantage

vantage to your ſelf. Ceremonies are convenient at the beginning, with ſome limits of Civility which I know not how to expreſs. Then again the Merchandize requires, that when the Contract is in a good Poſture, that the Trade be puſht forward with all the Sedulity imaginable, never minding whither the other Party complain or no, as not being content with the Bargain. Let the Trader have always good Witneſſes, to the end there may be no failure in the Covenants. It behoves him always to know the Diſpoſition of the Perſon with whom he Trades, and whither ſhe be ſlow or vigorous, he muſt be conformable. For then the Buſineſs is likely to have a good Iſſue, when it comes to be concluded by both Parties at the ſame time. Otherwiſe their Intereſts languiſh, when the one growing cool, refuſes to encourage the Reſolutions of the other, with the Fomentations of reciprocal Heat. There is no need of trading by dumb Signs, nor to exceed in idle Twittle-twattle. Both Words and Deeds are requir'd in this ſort of Commerce; and indeed 'tis a great Point gain'd to be able to make uſe of the Lips and the Tongue. The Advantage of a Trader, chiefly conſiſts in not being contented with a ſmall gain, by ſtopping and dealing only in one particular Commodity. Let him always be turning and winding, and winding and turning his Stock, for that great profit ariſes by keeping his Caſh in ſuch perpetual Motion. I have chiefly learnt, that 'tis the part of a good Trader, not to be ſqueamiſh or nice in any manner of way, for the defiling a Man's Hands is no detriment, when the gain that comes of it is worth the while. Let him that will trade lay aſide all Scruples; ſince they frequently become Bankrupt, that make not the beſt of their Opportunities. Sometimes it would not be amiſs to make his Correſpondent in

Trade

Trade a little drunk; for that in point of Trade a Man is to turn and transform himself into every shape: And then a little Wine turns to a great profit, if you can get the Party to Seal new Covenants at the same time. When the Contract is made let the Knot of Co-partnership be maintain'd entire and firm. As to what remains, there is a way to preserve your Friendship for Profit, by Dissimulation, Caresses and several other laudable Artifices and Deceits. Above all things let a Trader beware, that he never leave in any other Trade except his own, any more then the Money which is usually expended in the Management of such Affairs. These Documents I have learnt from this Woman, who has sworn to me, that she will never admit any Trader to enter her Shop, who trades after any other manner: For which reason they stoop their heads under the door it self, and the more Money they offer the more she refuses to sell 'em her Wares, professing to prize the true Rules of Commerce, above the Dictates of a greedy Avarice. Others must of necessity count their gains upon their Fingers; for that not knowing how to trade, they are excluded out of her Shop. I am endeavouring to meet her Genius, that I may be able to deliver my self as well from the one as the other inconvenience, that I may be Master of the Shop at my own pleasure. If this same change of my Condition may empowre me to serve your Worship, I shall acknowledge a greater Obligation to that good Fortune which enables me: And so concluding most affectionately I kiss your hands.

In good faith, (said Chappel) *this same Spark, by his trading with Women, may chance at length to be stript to his Skin: I know he shall have Wares in exchange, but not much to his satisfaction. You say very true,* (reply'd River) *for Womens Shops are a sort of Traps, into which he that enters, comes out again with little advantage. They are so wide* (reply'd I) *that there is a way for a man to come off without a wound, if he make a good defence. Oh,* (said Grave) *there is that Fire and Fury within, so that there is no 'scaping some scurvy Impression or other. You understand the Trade I see,* (reply'd Chappel) *and therefore of necessity you must have more than once have been a dealer in this sort of Merchandice. But no more of this, lest we have the Women and their Merchants about our Ears. Upon which they fell a reading the following Epistle.*

LET-

LETTER CXX

Containing Instructions for the bringing up of young Boys. 'Twas directed to Mr. Whitchurch, *at his House in* Clements-Lane.

Reverend Sir,

I Understand by your last, the Resolution you have taken to apply your self to the education of young Boys, and by endoctrinating 'em, and maintaining 'em at their own charges, to get Victuals, and satisfie your Appetite without scandal. I approve your design, as being proper for a man that is already settl'd, and not being oblig'd to wander up and down, acquires applause, by supporting himself in his own House by his Industry. Add to this the Necessities of your Brother, who as you write me word, lies in a manner Bedrid, in a languishing and infirm condition; or if he rise, 'tis with an Appetite that must be fed with choice and particular Viands, no way satisfied with ordinary Dyet. These young Boys that you will have in your House, with the Money they will offer ye to your content, will afford ye the means to satisfie his Desires, as Brotherly Affection commands, especially considering his condition. Nay, perhaps by their diligent Service, and the Pastime of their Sports, they will raise him from his Bed, and restore him to a good state of Health. Now, because I know not whether you are duly prepar'd for this Employment,

ployment, I thought it the Duty of my Affection to lay ye down some Instructions drawn from the Foundations of Experience, that you may not miscarry in the Road of your Employment.

In the first place, be sure not to take Children that have hardly digested their Mothers Milk, as the Saying is; for though they seem more fit to suck from the Breasts of your sound Documents every thing that is good and proper for their Learning, yet their want of Capacity will not bend and bow with that readiness, as a universal conformity to every thing requires. They are more for knavish Tricks, than any thing of solidity, so that you would receive into your House a Garboile of Noise, a Confusion of Bawling, rather than the sole Entertainments of Repose. And in regard you are to feed 'em, it behoves ye to make choice of 'em at those Years that they may have good Teeth to chew a piece of Shew-flesh, and gnaw a Bone, otherwise being oblig'd to feed commonly with Capons, Jellies, and such other Delicacies, they will be rather a Loss than any Advantage to your Purse. If it should happen sometimes, that you must be forc'd to put their Meat i'their Mouths, make you best of this *Simplicity* of theirs, and never trouble your self to teach them better, to the end they may learn the particulars of all good manners.

Let 'em be of good Age, that they may be able to dress and undress themselves, that you may not be forc'd to keep a Servant to wait upon ev'ry one. Let 'em be at Years of Discretion, that they may know how to eat their Bread and their Meat asunder. And as for your part, be not wanting in *your Duty*; take notice, in the first place, not to look any one in the Face, but to keep alwaies behind their Backs, taking care at the same instant that they

they may receive your Commands. Order it ſo, that firſt of all *they* may feel with their Hands the point of the Doctrine which *you* deſire to teach 'em, that *they* may not be ſcar'd with the firſt Propoſal of a difficult Subject, hard to be underſtood; nor obſtinately perſiſt on a reſolution to make 'em underſtand all of a ſudden whatever *you* propound, otherwiſe you will expoſe 'em to a neceſſity of weeping and whining, as if *they* were quite undone. Let 'em not therefore accuſtom themſelves to cry, and take on at the firſt ſight of the Rod or Cudgel, for this ſame over-timerouſneſs is a Fault that will never ſuffer *ye* to attain *your* ends. Practice Mildneſs and Diſcretion with him that has not a Capacity anſwerable to the Talent which *you* expend, inſinuating at leiſure, and by degrees, what one would think they would never be able to learn. Allow 'em Play and Paſtime, that in the greater heat of ſtudy *they* may be allur'd themſelves with ſome Delight; by which means *they will comply* more ardently with *your* Deſires, and will learn from Cuſtom to run and embrace *your* Doctrine. Practiſe in publick the ſame uſage with all: Let *your Partiality* towards ſome be private, whom you ſhall find to be more genteel in their Manners, and more tractable to your Satisfaction. Exerciſe all in general, or at leaſt the better part, in regard that by fixing always behind one, it will be a great trouble and vexation to *him*, and little profit to *your ſelf*. Endeavour to make 'em lively and courageous, to the end *they* may not receive what *you* imprint into 'em, like Statues. Let 'em be of a briſk airy Temper, that by managing 'em with a tenderneſs, which is very delightful, *they* may be willing to repeat to their Companions the Leſſons which *you* teach 'em. Your Brother alſo, by rewarding the Kindneſſes which *they* do him, always

waies coaxing and flatt'ring 'em, may be very useful in taming 'em by gentle means, if *you* perhaps out of *your* magisterial Authority, should be forc'd to practise Rigor. In this Profession it behoves *you* to be judicious and discreet; for he loses his labour, who knows not the right methods of doing his Business. You will find it convenient not to gorge *your Appetite*, lest running sometimes with too much greediness to the Cupboard, *you* expose *your* self to the hazard of being choaked. These Meats are hurtful to those Tools that suffer 'em to go cross-waies down their Throats, whence *they* receive a greater Punishment than Pleasure. I know, that *you* being habituated in this Art, will learn not to mistake the Rule. 'Tis therefore sufficient for me to have recall'd to your mind what our Friendship has suggested to me, as necessary for your good Progress: For the advancement of which, I desire to co-operate with you upon all occasions, wherein I desire you to employ me, as your most ready Servant, and so I kiss your Hands.

This Gentleman (said Chappel) *is an excellent Shepherd for these little Lambs, and if he would but set up a Chair in* Rome, *'tis my opinion, he might rival it with the best of the Profession. They teach there* (replied River) *the way to keep Sheep, and not Lambs, as a Doctrine more necessary for the government of Souls. You mean,* (replied Grave) *They teach the way how to fleece 'em. Forbear* (said I) *you will grate too hard upon some of our side by and by.* And so saying, he propos'd another Letter to this purpose.

LET-

LETTER CXXI.

Containing several Accidents which happened to a young man in Rome. *'Twas directed to Mr.* Dungaven, *at the* Rose *in* Budg-row, London.

Honour'd Sir,

In good faith, my Dear *Signior Francisco*, I am got out of a very intricate Labyrinth, although I am no *Theseus*, befriended by an *Ariadne*, that had it in her power to bind or loosen my Liberty with a Thread. 'Tis a long time since you received any Testimonies of our Friendship, in any Letters of mine. By this you will understand the occasion of my omission, being made partaker of the Successes of my Fortunes.

I withdrew my self, a Fugitive from the Dominion of my Father, some months since, being provoked to this Resolution by a fantastick humor of Youth, which refus'd to endure the Bridle of Paternal Authority. A Thought thus born without the Midwife of Judgment, could not but prove a mis-shapen Birth, accompanied with very few good Events. I departed well provided with Money, as I thought, not only for my Necessities, but to give me Wings to second the flight of my capricious Fancy; I took the Road for *Rome*, as having heard several times, that that same City was fortunate for Fools, and for him that never thinks to do

well.

well. Being thus enroll'd under these Enfigns, I conceited my self in the Capitol, where I imagin'd that I saw *my self already triumphant*. Having also understood, that every thing went there in a perpetual Round, I had suck'd in particular hopes that I should there find the Wheel of my Fortune. Nor was I deceived in one point, but sinister interpretation falsified the sund and conjecture of these Imaginations.

Away went I to *Florence*, where being come, I understood, that Beardless Youths, comely and handsome Striplings to see to, are a sort of wild Game, in very great esteem; but after which, there is no peculiar Hunting set apart, because every one is at liberty to provide his own Wild-fowl, otherwise there would follow great Disorders, by prohibiting those greater Delights, which the Influences of Heaven make 'em covetous of seeking after. I was no sooner beheld, but many such-like Hunt-men, or rather Fowlers, began to level their Arms at me, and shew'd, that their Pieces were ready to fetch me from the Bough. Some were very observent to see where I stopp'd, with a resolution to take up my rest. They thought perhaps to catch me by surprize, not believing me to be as yet so wary, as to sleep with my Eyes open, like a Hare. They flock'd in shoals to the Inn where I had taken up my Lodging, which put me in mind of the crowding of the *Sodomites* to *Lot's* House, when he entertained the Angels under the appearances of delicate Young men: They ran after me like Dogs after a Bone, but I resolv'd not to stir out of my Lodging, for fear of falling into their clutches: At length an old *ragged Curr*, much us'd to this sort of Game, came into my Chamber, to invite me in the name of his Lord, whom he call'd his Patron; he told me, That his Master being

ng a great Honourer of Nobility, of which my Countenance and Preſence ſeem'd to boaſt, and the graceful Behaviour of a genteel Appearance was reſolv'd to ſerve me, ſo long as I ſtaid in the City. I qualified theſe expreſſions of a Gentility, that offer'd ſo much Kindneſs with Returns of affected Thanks, proteſting probable Excuſes for the refuſing ſo much Honour, the more to be valu'd, by how much the leſs deſerv'd. On the other ſide he continued his Importunities, reſolv'd to ſetter me in a compliance with the perſon that ſent him, but I was as obſtinate altogether, in denying to correſpond with his Indiſcretion, ſo that he departed with his Tail between his Legs, being fairly given to underſtand, that he muſt find ſome other Neſt for his Maſter to lay his Eggs in than mine. Heaven had no ſooner deliver'd me from this Impertinent, but I was aſſail'd by a Pretender, that came in perſon to prey upon me, believing his Servant not well grounded in the Curioſities that belong'd to the Science. He ſpent a great deal of time in many Ceremonies, wriggling himſelf in by vertue of theſe, to feel my Hand, to ſqueeze it, and to give me fair notice of what he would be at. After ſeveral Enquiries to fiſh out my Quality, my Country, and ſeveral other Particulars, upon which he enlarged his Diſcourſe, to encreaſe his familiarity, he endeavour'd to get me home to his Houſe, aſſuring me of all the kind Entertainment I could expect. In a word, he puſht forward his Complements, and his Proteſtations, as far as they would go, but I repulſed him with a majeſtick Rigor, which gave him to underſtand, that Sentiments of Reputation had ſpoil'd his Market, and hinder'd his ſubduing me to his will. In ſhort, I left him with a Wen upon his Noſe, to be clipp'd off by other Sizzars than mine. I then found,

that

that the Oh — Oh's—— so frequently repeated by the Inhabitants of this City, in their Discourse, is a Tribute which, in speaking, they offer to the Itch of their *Genius*. I departed the next day, before *Aurora* got out of her Bed, and yet there were some too nimble for me, who with their impertinent Embraces, and Huggs of Concupiscence, made way to feel my Hands, and fastening me in their Gripes, endeavour'd to fix me the mark of their looser Imaginations.

I continu'd my Journey without any other considerable Accident that befel me, but only the want of *Mony*; and now I began to repent of my unadvised Resolution, which it was too late however to recant, whatever Inconveniencies I endured. I was two days Journey from *Rome*, unprovided to go on, and in a worse condition to return. One Evening, as I lay quite over-burthen'd with the thoughts of this my deplorable condition, through which I found my self necessitated to pawn my self in the House where I was, a Company of strowling Mendicants arriv'd there, to take up a Lodging, for such I found 'em afterwards to be, and thought my self a thousand times beholden to Fortune for meeting with 'em. Some of them compassionating my Sorrows, which appear'd in my outward Behaviour, presently div'd into the cause of my Grievances, and offer'd to ease me of my Pains; I discover'd to 'em the bottom of my Adversity, making the same use of my Tongue as Dogs do, to lick all their Sores whole: They entertain'd me civilly, assuring me Plenty of all things, provided I would run the same Fortune with them. Do you guess, Sir, now whether this Offer of Bread were to be refus'd by one that was like to starve: I subscribed to any Condition which my Necessity demanded: Besides that, the Plea-

sures

sures of a luxurious Life, such as that *Canaille* leads, was sufficient to entice me forward. So I leagu'd my self to them, and in their company got to *Rome*, still more and more contented that I had hapned into the Society of a jolly sort of People, who liv'd a happy and a merry Life, though their Profession were Ignominous. I was introduced the first Evening into their Convocation-house, where the Miracles of the Lame that were cur'd, the Blind that recover'd their Sight, maim'd Limbs that were set streight, were so numerous that they amaz'd me. When every one had offer'd me a part of his Gain, there was a new Scene, while laying aside their palled Countenances, and stripping off their Rags, they made up a whole Act of a Comedy, divided into Periods of Musick and Dancing, and the Epilogue of a delicious Supper.

They propos'd to me several Employments to make me an idle Minister of their Profession; and finding I was not cut out for Stealing, and as little given to Lying, besides that, I was but little skill'd in their canting Gibbrish, they set me to an Exercise, wherein a dumb man might have been perswaded to promote their Interests. For my first initiation therefore, I was to be one of those who counterfeiting themselves lame, were to pick the Pockets of the compassionate. Early in the morning the Elders of the Society adorn'd me with the Ensigns of their Calling, honouring me with a Habit, which was a tatter'd Standard, in ostentation of their Trophies, then bending my right Arm, they bound it to my Shoulders, and with I know not what mishmash of Paste, which they made themselves, they laid such a Plaister upon my Elbow, as made People believe the rest of my Arm had been newly wounded; and after they had bedaub'd my left Leg after the same manner, they made it look

like a Pedestal of Sores and Ulcers; afterwards with Swaths and ragged Clouts they made up a figure, where Beggary was compassionated, if the Disease it self were not pitied; and lastly, perfuming my Cheeks with Brimstone Smoak, they made me look as if I had escaped out of a Sepulchre; you would have thought, at least, that Death had pursu'd me, as a Prey that had fled from his clutches, while I look'd more like one that lay expiring, than like a living Creature. Lastly, my Hair towz'd, and staring as if it had never been comb'd time out of mind, they turn'd under a nasty Linnen Bag, as black as a piece of smoak'd Bacon. And thus they dress me up in the shape of Horror, a Spectacle rather to fright Folks, than move their Pity. After all this, I had my Post assigned me at the Door of a Church, whither I went, but fail'd the Expectations of my Companions, while I met with an Accident that drew me into utter despair: The Blushes of my Shame, to see my self become so despicable out of a Humour, surpassed the Artifices of my counterfeit paleness, so that there was something of Gentility to be discover'd through the dreadful disguise of my Cheeks: In my Countenance also there was somerhing of a lively aire and a juvenile briskness in my Eyes, which accus'd the Falshood of those resemblances of Mortality: Presently a great man, as he went to hear Mass with a numerous Train at his Heels, cast an Eye upon me, and by and by, as it were in contemplation of my Miseries, fixing his Looks more seriously upon me, survey'd all the parts of my Countenance, where his Appetite found the desirable Conditions which his Satisfaction sought for; which done, with half a glance and a smile, he mark'd me out to one of his Attendants, one, without question, who understood the nature of those Delights, which his Master

ſter uſed to put in practiſe; and with that, with a majeſtick ſeriouſneſs on his Face, as if it had been an effect of his Compaſſion and Charity, he gave order to have me carried to his own Palace, commanding his Servants to be very careful of me, and ſeeming extreamly deſirous to reſtore me to my Health. I ſaw my ſelf now caught in a Trap, where I could not avoid the ſurprize of an Act of Charity, that came too quick upon me. The Commands of the Grandee were performed, who deſigned me to digeſt a hardneſs that lay upon his Stomach, which was not to be concocted without a fomentation of young Fleſh. I was laid upon ſoft Feathers, the more to aſſure me, that the Maſter would not have diſdain'd the ſoftneſs of the ſame Bed. I knew not how to brazen out theſe Dangers, but by heightning Pains with Lamentations that would have brought the Damned about me, while I made People believe my Torments were worſe than theirs. Every time they touch'd me, though never ſo ſlightly, I cry'd out, *Oh my Arm! Oh my Leg!* ——as if I had been ſtark wild. By that means I was in hopes of getting off, by being troubleſome, to the end the impertinence of my Crys and Exclamations might have delivered me from that Entanglement. And I was in a fair way to have enjoy'd the good Succeſs of my Deſigns, for that the Servants, quite tyred out with my bellowing and yawling, endeavour'd to have been rid of me, ſaying, that I was a Diſturbance to the Family, and an Annoyance to all the Houſe.

But the Affection of the Grandee prevented this good luck of mine, who at his return *honour'd* me with a Viſit in his own perſon. He reinforc'd his Commands, which were to redouble their diligence, in ſupplying whatever I wanted. And he had a

fresh Argument to invite him to be more amorously fond of me, while the opportunity of my being naked in Bed, presented to him, in some parts of my Body, such a whiteness, as made him conjecture he should have a good Meal, when he came to feast at the Table of his Desires. There came two Chyrurgions to view my Sores, and apply convenient Remedies. Then was the chief point of all my Distresses, which I knew would reduce me to a necessity of discovering the Fraud that confin'd me within his Nets. I made a hideous outcry therefore, to prevent the unbinding of my Leg, and with a stout resistance withstood their obstinacy, while they preaching over me, how much it would conduce to my cure, perswaded me to endure the pain. I begg'd that I might be carried to the Hospital, where my Infirmity being attributed to Nature or Chance, I might have got off upon less-troublesom Conditions. I affirm'd, that my Sores not being accustomed to lenitive Medicaments, would but grow angry, and be the more festered by unwonted Applications. On the other side, the Chyrurgions affrighted at the shrilness of my loud Yellings, laid aside all thoughts of unbinding that intricate Bundle that wrapt up all my Lyes. But then they began to consult the cutting off the whole affected part, which by the symptoms that I made appear, must of necessity be putrefied, which was a certain *preludium* of approaching death, if by Amputation they did not prevent the putrefied Member from communicating the Infection to the rest of the Body. They deferr'd till the next day the putting this Consultation in execution, perhaps to give me time to alter my resolution, which they thought the terror of such a blow would hasten. I had no mind to consider, nor resolve upon any thing, being in a streight of

of excessive confusion, which made me sometimes encline to imitate the *Spartan*, that rather chose to suffer the loss of his Thigh, than discover his stealing the Fox. In like manner my Courage perswaded me to endure the Torture threatned me, rather than detect the Frauds of my new Profession.

But at length Fortune sent me Relief, after these Fooleries of hers had afforded her sufficient Pastime. My Companions had understood what had befallen me, with no good Omen to themselves, as being afraid lest the halting of my Lyes should have hastened the downfal of their Calling: Thereupon having taken their final Resolution, they sent to the House where I was, a person who feigning to be my Brother, should rescue me from the jaws of him that detained me, that he might have a bit to swallow at the request of his greedy Appetite: He went with the state and train of a *Cavaliro*, and in a garb that shew'd him to be newly come to Town. He spoke with the Master of the House, and gave him an account of my flight, and the infamous Crew with which I had leagu'd my self, that is to say, as far as he could understand, with a Herd of strowling Mendicants, who had dress him up in that habit of Sickness and Infirmity, to delude the Affections of devout Compassion. He gave him to understand the nobility of my Birth, adding withal great importunities to have me back along with him, to rechear my Father, who had been almost overwhelmed with Sorrow ever since my flight. The Grandee was all in an amaze, and with courteous Replys conducted the Knight to the Lodging where I lay tormented even to despair: At the sight of him I took Heart-a-grace, yet soon relaps'd again, to hear my self upbraided with the infamy of my new Profession, as one that had so

basely degenerated from my Ancestors. *Lay aside* (said he) *these Fictions that counterfeit Infirmity, you having no reason to complain of any other Distemper than want of Wit.* At these Rebukes of a person who condemn'd an Act, of which himself had been one of the main Contrivers, and Promoters, I stood amaz'd; but at last upon his naming my Brother, and intimating his design to carry me back to my Father, I smoak'd the Cheat; therefore to comply with what he said, and blushing not a little to discover my Miscarriage, I endeavour'd to walk along the Room; I recover'd my Arm, let loose my Leg, and dishevell'd my confused Locks, entangling so much the more the Affections of the Grandee, who repenyed he had not bestowed his Charity sooner upon me, as lame as I was, that he might have boasted the satisfaction of his Desires; for when I came to discover my self, lovely as I was, in a full vivacity of Youth, disguised under false appearances, he felt the stings of an extraordinary compunction, for having neglected an opportunity so happily offer'd to tast upon my Table the Pleasures which he so earnestly thirsted after. He endeavour'd to have detained me, but my feigned Brother was importunate for my departure the same day, urging it for a main Argument, that he would not prolong my Father's Sorrows. On the other side, the Cheat of Demonstrations of Affection prevailing, obtain'd me one advantage more, which was the change of a noble Suit of Clothes for my Tatters, which the Grandee presented me, under pretence, that it was not fit for me to appear before my Father in Rags, and Mony in both Pockets, to carry me home. And thus the poor silly Gull was meerly trapann'd, as indeed he truly deserv'd, since his self-ended Charity tended meerly to the satisfaction of his own forbidden Pleasures. Being thus

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got looſe from the Grandee, I ſlipp'd my company, and haſtened out of *Rome* with all the haſt I could, and am now at home once more under my Father's Wings. I hope you will not be offended with the prolixity of this relation, ſince you may boaſt to have recover'd a Servant, of whoſe continued Affection you may be now ſecure. Knowing then where I am, 'tis but ſending your Commands to him that takes it for his greater Honour to be employ'd in your Service.

And what think ye (ſaid Chappel) *of theſe great Acts of Charity which are us'd at* Rome, *and by means of which the Grandees certainly make great oſtentation of their Charity? When ſuch opportunities as theſe preſent themſelves* (replied River) *prodigal beyond meaſure, they ſcatter their Eſtates, leaving the Virtuoſo, and other perſons of great worth in miſery, and ready to ſtarve. Let us refer it to the Eccleſiaſticks,* (ſaid I) *to diſcourſe of Acts of Charity, as properly belonging to their Function. What Obſervations then ſhall we make upon this long Letter* (replied Grave)? *Would you have us enter upon the Cheats of the ſtrowling Beggars? By no means* (replied Chappel) *in regard they cannot be ill handled, without a ſting at ſome he ought to reverence. Enough of this,* (replied Chappel) *we make nothing of talking out of our Spheres.*

And ſo having another Letter ready in his Hand, he read on as follows.

LETTER CXXII.

From a Thief in Paris. *'Twas directed to* Thomas Rivert, *to be left for him at the Post-house in* Harwich, *till call'd for.*

Dear Brother,

THis is no longer any Country for us. The Thieves, who in *Paris* have too many Rivals, and Spriggs of our Profession, *sprout* forth there in great abundance, that it behoves us to stand upon our defence, for *fear of being rob'd our selves*, rather than to be watching opportunities to despoil others. We must observe the common Precept, to give way to our Superiors, or else we must certainly depart, since we are much inferiour in this Art to the *French* Citizens themselves; *Experienc'd Locusts* of the Country, that cease not to devour Foreigners in those Fields, where formerly I know not whither the *Spring or we were most merry*, and rejoyced most at our Purchases. I assure ye, I cannot keep this Post assigned me by my Companions, for that the Besiegers multiply, and being more ready at Surprizes than my self, frustrate all my Designs. I am resolv'd to depart, being afraid they will *rob me of my Halter*, which however I shall willingly resign among 'em, to the end I may freely leave 'em that Reward, which they so earnestly labour to gain, by the *multiplication of their Thefts*. I shall endeavour to find ye out when I return for

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England, that we may consult together, as we were wont to do, where to meet with better Fortune.

Those French Citizens are to be excus'd for their Robberies (said Chappel) *if it be true, that there is no fault to be ascrib'd to natural Qualities or Passions. Add to this* (replied River) *that the Subjects of a Prince who despoils them, are necessitated to exercise themselves in* robbing others, *to repair their Losses, or at least to preserve themselves from sinking under their burthens. I have observ'd* (replied I) *that in the Cities under the Dominion of this French King, the Profession of Thieves flourishes in great reputation, and the exercise of Rapines; so that he may well boast that his Vassals are as good as himself. They have before 'em* (said Grave) *the Examples of their Lord, or at least of his Ministers; so that they would be much to be blamed, if they did not conform as Subjects to the grand Exemplar of their Sovereign.*

Grave had no sooner pronounc'd those words, but our Comrades (*viz. Summer, Temple, Church, Fountain*, and *Winter*, whom we had left behind us in the House, carousing it with *Summer*'s Friends) return to us agen, and asking us what Entertainment we had met with in their absence, we answer'd 'em with a short account of how many we had read, declaring

claring to 'em withal, That we had been highly pleased with the variety of Humors, multitude of Follies, and diversity of Fancies and Capricio's which had come to our knowledge in so many and different Letters.

These words were hardly out of our Mouths, when *Chappel* falling out into a fit of Laughter, raised the curiosity of the Company. He had already open'd a Letter, to see the *Secrets* that were contained in it. *I laugh*, said he, *At the novelty of the Titles which this Fool has invented.* Upon which the whole Company viewing the Paper, they found a *Most Illustrious Sir*, in the Frontispiece of a piece of Simplicity.

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LETTER CXXIII.

Of amorous Accidents. 'Twas directed to the most illustrious Knight Sir Henry---- *at his House near* Abbots-Aston *in* Bucks. *Humbly present.*

Most Illustrious Sir,

LET all the celebrated Labours of *Hercules* give way to the Undertaking, by means whereof I have put a good end to the Amours of a Lady, to which *your Worship was privy*, as being the person from whom I cannot conceal the *Secrets of my Heart*. I might now call to mind the vehemency of my Passion, by which being tormented, you and I together bemoan'd my Pains, to asswage the bitter Sorrows that oppress me. *Those wanton Tricks of the young Boy*, that sporting wounds, continued some time after your departure; and your Friendship, together with the possession of my Goddess, in the enjoyment of your Conversation, drew me into greater Snares: For in counterpoise of my Desires, there was the jealous and watchful Eye of her Husband, which pulled down my hopes on the one side, as much as the Scale wherein the Contents of Love had all their weight, ascended on the other. I could not assure my self of the Correspondence of my Beloved, because I had no convenience to seek it, nor ground to hope it. She was, I know not whether *so cautious or so chast*, that

that the familiarity between us left no ſign of Fertility that could give to our content; which gave me to underſtand, that only *Stratagem* could afford me that opportunity I wanted.

The Summer Seaſon being an Incentive to *mature* my Thoughts to make common the Harveſt of my Contents with the Crop which the *moſt vile enjoy*; I took the advantage of the morning Breezes, to facilitate my Paſſage to a *happy Opportunity*; I Invited both the *Husband and the Wife* both together, to a Country-houſe of mine, not far diſtant from the City, to entertain 'em with the Delights of the Place; there it was that I had woven my Net to catch this *Venus*, and bind my ſelf cloſe to her, without fearing the diſturbance of any *malicious Vulcan*: Of one large Room I made two, with no other Partition than only that of *Tapeſtery Hangings*, which alſo extended their Ornament into the remaining part; in the ſpace of four ſpans above the Ground, I joyned together two Tables pargetted like the Wall, to remove all ſuſpicion from the jealous circumſpection of the Husband: Contiguous to the counterfeit Partition were two Beds, one of each ſide, with no other Interval but that of the *Ornament which conceal'd the Fraud*; in the one I deſigned the Gueſts ſhould lye, the other, which was not perceiv'd, I made the Poſt of my Ambuſhment, where I was to lye in wait to fulfil the ſatisfaction of my deſires. After Supper, during which I had adminiſter'd a *Somniferous Drink*, which aſſured me I ſhould not be moleſted by the vigilancy of my Rival, they retir'd to the Entertainments of that night, which I was to employ in my Pleaſures. Silently *I* convey'd my ſelf to my own Poſt, not with any thoughts of taking reſt: *I* liſten'd to all their Diſcourſe, which made me but ſo much the more eager after the forbidden Fruit, while ſhe

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wanting the Fidelity of her Chaſtity, and he diſcovering the *Jealouſie of his Affection*, my mind ſuggeſted to me ſo much the greater Glory from my Enterprize, to triumph over both. The Potion began to work its effects, tho' but ſlowly upon the Husband, ſo that preventing his Wife in undreſſing himſelf, he alſo fell aſleep before her. Then lifting up the Curtain of the Tapeſtry, I enter'd upon the Stage where I deſir'd no Spectators. I put my ſelf in the middle between the Husband and the Wife, and deem'd it an Undertaking ſingularly Glorious to enjoy a Lady in the ſame Bed with her Husband, in deriſion of the *jealous Watchfulneſs* of the one, and in ſcorn of the *profeſs'd Chaſtity* of the other.

The next Morning I went a Hunting with the Husband, whom I had order'd to be wak'd betimes; and when I return'd I try'd my Fortune again in the City, laughing at the Jealouſie of her Husband, which was ſuch that I could not promiſe my ſelf to ſucceed in my undertaking by any other then *deluſive means*. One day diſcourſing with him, and proteſting to be the moſt cordial Servant he had in the World, I gave him a moſt deviliſh falſe Teſtimony of my faithful Friendſhip, by diſcovering to him a Deſign, as I pretended, of ſome Gentlemen to enter his Houſe by Night, and violently to raviſh from his Boſom his dearly beloved Wife, ſo much the more enamour'd of her Beauty, by how much they ſaw him ſo chary of her. The next night ſaid I to this, is appointed for the Execution of this Deſign; which put the good Man into ſuch a *Confuſion of Mind*, that he ſtood ſtill as if he had been Thunder-ſtrock. Nor could ye blame him; for indeed, 'twas no leſs then the loſs of a Treaſure that was his *very Heart* which made

made him lead a careful Life, for fear least any other should share in his Happiness.

To me therefore as his *Oracle*, he betakes himself, and begs me that I would be the *propitious Numen*, who as I had made known the threatning Mischief, would also prevent the danger. I order'd him exact secresie, so that no body in the House, no not his Wife should know of the Business. But least the Lady might have any suspicion I order'd him to undress himself as he was wont to do, and go to Bed to her, but after *she was asleep*, to slip out of the Bed, and to come where I would stay for him, with a remedy proper to prevent the danger. Now you must know there are *two Doors to the House*, one to the Street, the other at a good distance from it leading into a Garden encompass'd with a Wall. Thither in the Dusk of the Evening I conveigh'd certain Fellows well arm'd, with one part of which I set the *Husband* there to watch, remaining with the rest to secure the *Street door*, so that we might be certain to secure both Entrances; and they that were assign'd to the Garden Post, had orders not to stir till I gave 'em the Sign. All things being dispos'd according to agreement, the happy Hour for me approach'd, at what time the *Lady being become the Prey of Sheep*, the good Man came down without his Doublet, but laden with Arms to counterpoize the *Weight of his Fear*. He obey'd my Orders by repairing to the place appointed, with a promise not to budge till I came to relieve him.

No sooner was he gone to his Post, but away went I, with a *dark Lanthorn* in my hand, enter'd the Chamber, and so pass'd into the Bed, where his Lady was, and robb'd him of all that could enrich me with content, not caring *whither Fidelity were injur'd, or Friendship violated*. In the height of

of Enjoyments, transported beyond my self, I let slip an *Ay me*, an expressive Note of extraordinary pleasure, that discover'd my *Thievery*. The Lady was soon sensible of the difference of my Voice, which I conceal'd before, either by my silence, or falsifying the Tone of it in short Accents. Which now being let loose to their *natural Tone* discover'd that I was not her Husband; at first she began to cry out, as if she had been betray'd, making a *heavy Stir*, according to the *Custom of her Sex*, not able to satisfy their Anger or Revenge by force.

I leapt out of the Bed, and putting my self full in the Light, I offer'd my Life to attone her fury. I held the Lanthorn in one hand, and my Dagger in the other, with the point turn'd upon my breast, showing my resolution to strike, if she *refus'd me her Compassion*. For certain, said I, this Dagger shall pierce my Heart, if my Death will be a greater satisfaction to ye than my Love. Then Lady, *make use of your Prudence*, and make it not your glory to publish your Failings in your Revenge of my Affection. The House is full of my own Souldiers, from whose fury you must expect the Slaughter of all that oppose my escape, which I value not however, as being content to fall a Victim to *your Divinity*, if you think your self injur'd by him that adores you.

So saying, I made as if I would give my self the *fatal Stab*, when she stretching forth her hand: Hold, *said she*, dear Friend; since it behoves me not to carry it to height of Cruelty, the Dissimulation of that Anger which we Women pretend against those that enjoy us by stealth.

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The Lady by means of these so kind and *winning Tenderneſſes* being become more dear to me then before, I embrac'd her with an *exceſs of Kindneſs*; and to satisfie her Curiosity I related to her the whole manner of my contrivance, and gave her an accompt of the Stratagem that I had practic'd at my Country-house.

Our further Discourses were interrupted by a Noise occasion'd by the Motion of armed Men. For that certain Persons coming to the *little Door in the Garden*, suppos'd to be Thieves, put the Guard in an uproar. And this gave credit to all my Fictims, while the Husband thought them, to have been the *Thieves* that were come to rob him of his *Perian Wealth*. And I forsook my Beatitude, to hasten to his assistance, of which there was no need, for that the Thieves being frighted at the noise of People stirring, ran away of themselves. Thus ended the Comedy, with this Advantage for me, that being become the *Good Man's Confident, my Converſation was free from all ſuſpicion*. On the other side the prudent Wife found out a thousand Excuses for opportunities to make me happy in her Company. This was the Issue of my Amours, of which I willing to give your Worship an Account, to gratifie that common *Itch of Lovers*, who are never so well pleas'd with their *Thieveries*, as when they are publickly known. Ascribe to my Passion the Tediousness of the Letter, and in exchange of Kindness, honour me with a proportionable share of your Commands, which you will find obey'd with all imaginable Compliance.

Behold (said Fountain) *the end of Friendship in our Age, wherein our most familiar Acquaintance are they alone, that chiefly betray our Reputation. I observe* (said Chappel) *that the Heart is the Symbol of true Friendship, in regard those Creatures mutually assist each other in their swimming over the River; whereby is express'd the necessary Condition of true Friends, which oblig'es 'em to reciprocal Assistance of each other in the greatest Dangers.*

But as *Coaly* well observes, *There's fewer Friends in Earth than Kings*; and so saying he read the following Letter.

LETTER CXXIV.

Upon the Custom of paying Harlots. 'Twas directed to Mr. Ralf Banford, —— *at his House in* Uxbridge. *With Care and Speed.*

Honour'd Sir,

I Cannot but enlarge upon a Custom which is chiefly obsery'd among the great Men of this World. This is the Custom, I know not by whom introduc'd, *of paying Harlots*, so much to the prejudice of Man, and the Superiority of the Masculine

culine Sex, constrain'd to pay for that, which Woman as his Inferior is oblig'd to give him freely as a Debt due to his Contentments. For to what end was Woman made, if not to be subservient to our Pleasures? Shall he then suffer a Monster to live in the World under his own shape, that shall render Manhood contemptible, and his chiefest Glories despicable, by acting contrary to Reason and Judgment? Shall he endure the *Insolencies of his Slave*, to the forming of whom while he gave a Rib, he bound her with a Chain of Bondage, as being bought with his own Flesh? Shall he bend under so great a Misfortune as to have enliven'd Infelicity, *a living Tyranny*, and Hell in Epitome, all combin'd together in a *walking Frame*? And when he thinks to enjoy those Pleasures in the use of her for which alone she was born, must he be forc'd to pay through the Nose for 'em? Must a Man be forced to humble himself with a paltry Servility, even to Adoration, to be subject to Multiplicity of Cares, to weary his Mind in the Government of his Passions, and turmoil his Body with amorous Fatigues, and instead of a Reward for all this, shall he forc'd to purchase his Refreshments? *Good God!* how blind is this World, and how bewitch'd are unhappy Mortals, who are fain to *buy their own Mistries*, and the worst of Curses which they incur in common by conversing with Harlots, wasting the choicest of their Substance, and consuming their Wealth! This was certainly an Artifice of the Devil, the deadly Enemy of the Contentments of our Sex, among which those of our Lasciviousness being the most desirable, he would embitter 'em with the Expence of that which is to us more necessary and grateful. Can Men in reason envy the Condition of Brutes, and desire that Authority which advances the Masculine Sex above the Female

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male in every individual Creature, that whenever his Appetite excites him, has the Gratification of it without bargaining to pay for his Pleasures. *A poor Lover shall be worst us'd than a Dog*, and if he have no Money shall be depriv'd of those Pleasures that are not refus'd to a Beast. Accursed Custom, In Conformity to which the amorous Dance is regulated and govern'd by the Chinking of the more *precious Mettals*, while there is a Tribute laid upon those Pleasures that Nature so freely and abundantly affords us! And what afflictions does not a Lover suffer, yet not able to satisfie his Desires through the Covetousness of his Goddess, whose common Exercise it is, *to tear his very Skin from his Flesh*? There is a Decree of one of the Popes, which prefixes for the Payment of a *Harlot* no more then will suffice her for one days Victuals.

If this Law were observ'd, these devouring Wolves would not exact such Treasures for a thing in it self *both vile and abominable, and rather imagin'd for Delight, then really found to be so*. Or at least, as in well regulated Cities, where whatever is sold, there is but so much gain in the Price, so there should be no more then such a gain allow'd in the Price of *Harlots Flesh*, which being the worst of all Flesh, would be *very cheap* if it were valu'd to its worth. Otherwise to suffer their Indiscretion to run at Random, is to multiply the *Number of Whores*, since every *covetous Woman*, though naturally not prone to Dishonesty, would turn Whore for Gain's sake; so that we should see all the Women running a drift in the Sea of Lasciviousness, nor would there be a chast Matron left in any of the Cities of Europe. I wish I might not say of the World. These *dissolute Bagages* live in all manner of Luxury, splendid in their

their Furniture, their Cloaths and their Tables insomuch that *Vice being made a precious Commodity*, will make use of its attractive Violences to ravish the Inclinations of every Woman prone enough to follow it of themselves. Kind Heaven afford convenient Remedies to these disorders for the Benefit of the Masculine Sex and the Relive of *poor Lovers*.

This Fool (said Summer) *never considers, that Men, were they not restrain'd with the* Curb of Payment, *would run with so much fury to satiate their Appetites even to the bursting of their Bellies, as we say, that they would kill themselves with lying* Scotfree at Rack and Manger. *Besides* (said River) *that some Princes would loose a part of their Revenues, as having a considerable Tribute out of the Games of the Harlots. I know of no Princes* (reply'd I) *who have any such Tribute unless it be the* Grand Duke of Florence, *and the Pope, into whom the Sharpness of the Climate infus'd that fine-spun Piece of Policy to lay a Tax upon the Brothel-houses. I remember* (said Winter) *I have many times traded with* Brook *in the* Streights; *at which the whole Company laught; and to the end there might be no farther reply, they presently fell a reading the following Letter.*

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LETTER CXXV.

From an Advocate to his Friend. 'Twas directed to Mr. Sliford, *at his House in* Canterbury.

SIR,

I Have unplum'd the Bird: I send it your Lordship, together with another of my own, tho' of another sort, to the end you may pull off the Skin. The Suit so tediously by me prolong'd as it was possible, to the end I might squeeze it as long as there was any thing coming, is now at last sent back by the Gentleman you know of to yonder place. I consign the Handling of it to you, as well for the sake of our ancient Friendship, as also, to the end that lighting upon an Advocate more discreet then I, he may have no Cause to complain of my Extortions. Be mindful also of my Interests, and when you have *flead off the Skin*, send it me back again if possible, that I may try my Wits to pick the Bones of it: And so concluding, I must affectionately kiss your hands.

See (said Summer) *how some of these Beasts of Advocates use their Clients, like Tenris-balls, sending 'em from Post to Pillar, and tossing them backward and forward, till they are quite out of breath.*

Rather (said River) *till they tie their very Skins hang in Rags about their Bodies. And therefore 'twas well said of one, that* suits were the Hell of this World; *since there cannot be found more spite-*

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ful Devils then ſome Advocates, who with a monſtrous Cruelty ſqueeze their Clients till they preſs out the Blood. In ſhort (ſaid I) *He that made Mercury the God of Sciences, and the God of Thieves both together, had an eye only upon thoſe Men, whoſe knowledg only ſerves 'em to raviſh and ſteal. This is an evident Truth* (replied Grave) *and therefore needs no other Comments. And ſo a new Letter was open'd to be read.*

LETTER CXXVI.

Containing an Information of Parnaſſus *againſt the modern men of Learning. 'Twas directed to Sir* Tho.——— *at his Houſe in* Wendover.

SIR,

YOur Worſhip repeats your Importunities, that I would ſend you ſome *News*. I have no way to comply with your Deſires, in regard the hurry of the Wars prevent me there of a ſpeedy conveyance: Nor would they afford me an opportunity, but only to accumulate a company of Lyes, which every body forges, according to their own *Fancies*. I ſhall therefore only tell ye of an Accident, of which *Parnaſſus* was not many days ago the Theater; there has been brought out of that Country *Eſculapius*, Phyſician to *Apollo*'s Majeſty; he came into this City to cure a Spaniard, who from a very mean Extraction, being rais'd to Preferment, tho'

of

not the greateſt importance, was troubl'd with a ...ightneſs of his Breaſt, not being able to breath ...r the ſwelling of his Ambition, augmented by the ...ind of his new Honours.

This *Eſculapius* gave us an account in what man... *Apollo* was pleas'd to divert himſelf with the ſo...nity of a ſumptuous *Banquet*, upon the late ar...al of certain Princes at his Court; having ſeveral ...es heard of the Excellency of the *modern learned* ..., who are the Cooks of *Parnaſſus*, he was deſi...s to aſcertain himſelf of the Truth upon this op...rtunity, whereupon he ſet forth an Order, That ...ery one, with his *particular Viands*, ſhould fur... out the Meſſes for this Table: Every one wil...ly embraced the occaſion, to *make known his ... Virtue*, wherein every one preſum'd, tho' the *...ſt Scribler*, a glorious Advantage above the ...; but his Majeſty reſolved to ſee the Prepara...s before the Invitation, that he might not be ...h'd at by ſuch great Perſonages. He thought ... himſelf, that there were many Fools, who am...ouſly thruſt themſelves into the *Roll of Virtuoſi*; ... that he imagin'd there would ſome unlucky Ex...vagance happen, if, as he foreſaw it was likely to ... out, he did not provide againſt the Inconve...ence.

To this purpoſe he was conducted by his *Cham...lain* into a ſpacious Hall, where upon ſeveral Ta... the *Diſhes* were ſet in order, that were to be ...'d up at this ſplendid Feaſt. At the firſt ſight ... *Baſons of Radiſhes* offer'd themſelves, when of ...den *Apollo* ſmiling, *I know*, ſaid he, *whoſe Diſh* ... is; that though I underſtood not the quality ... Food, this would demonſtrate to me the ...ure wherein he who has preſented it with his ...ted Pride, would have the reſt proceed. *I wan...*, added he, *that the Spaniards always bringing*

this

this for the last course, it should be numbe'r'd not among the Provocatives to Appetite.

Your Majesty is to understand, replied the Assistant, *that this is their Food, which serves for all Beginnings of their Feasts.* There are other Plats presented by the same Nation, which are to be serv'd up at the changes of every course. These are the *Spanish Books*, many in number, but few that have any substance; they carry like *Radishes* a great *Periwig of Leaves*; in a surplusage of ill-compos'd words, but underneath appears nothing but the *Head of a Winter-Radish without any Brains.* Or if any one has any thing of a sharpness, that bites, 'tis so unsavoury, as not to be eaten without Salt. *Let 'em be set upon a Muck-hill*, said Apollo, *and not upon a Table which is to be crowned with so many Princes.*

There followed in order, not to give disgust in point of precedency, an *Olla podrida* of Books that come from *Spain*, worthy of great esteem, but the confusion of Learning and *prittle prattle*, buries the good Substance in undistinguishable Mishmash, and many times creates a nauseating before you taste 'em. *'Tis good Food*, cried *Apollo*, *but not fit to appear upon a Table of Delicacies.*

To these succeeded certain *French Soops*, very delicate indeed, but overcharg'd with the *Broth of Vain words*, out of which you fish'd some Sops of ordinary Conceits, but you were not suffer'd to fish in the main Sea, to pyrate any thing of value. Nevertheless they were not rejected by *Apollo*, as being such things as would please some mens Appetites. And some there were, who having the Art of diving to the bottom, would fish up something that pleased their Tasts, which others never took any notice of.

At a little Table apart behind these, stood a *High German*, who had dish'd up a great number of several sorts of Portage, upon which *Apollo*, in a kind of chafe cried out, *Surely this fellow thinks we are in a Convent of* Franciscans. *With submission to your Majesty*, said the Assistant, *this is a Nation that knows not how to make any thing that is good, and therefore their sole profession is to be drunk. Let him herd with the* Scullions *in the Kitchin*, replied his Majesty, *he'l make a Cook good enough for them.*

So saying, he passed on to view a great Table full of *several Pies*, at what time the Assistant taking notice, that he wonder'd at the number; *These* (said he) *are Romances of the learned Italians*; which under the Covert of simple Paste included the solid Substance of *hidden wisdom in fabulous Dress*; and this sort of Writing has acquired so great a Reputation, that it is now the business of every *Tuscan Writer*. *Apollo*, curious to penetrate into the nature of these Pies, and to measure their Encomiums and Condemnations by the Rule of Reason, caus'd some to be cut up, but more especially one, which outwardly made a shew, but receiv'd the *principal Credit* which it had from the Person that presented it, and assigning it for a singular Dainty, exalted it above all the rest; his Majesty thought to have found some most delicate Ingredient, not knowing the Person to be no less vainglorious than ignorant; but the Meat within it was only Beef, which felt so hard at first, that it might have been easily taken for a piece of an old Bull. The Arrogance of the Person provok'd *Apollo* to that degree, that he caus'd the Pye, Pye-plate and all, to be thrown away, and the Cook to be punish'd, for his Presumption. *Here is another piece of Beef of the same sort*, quoth the Assistant. *Let 'em both*, replied his Majesty, *be given to the Hoggs.*

His Majesty was curious to see the *Intrails* of another, which shewing without-side the Head, Tail, and Wings of a Partridge, made him believe that the Fowl within was a precious Bit; but he was much deceiv'd, for the in-side contain'd no more than Fish. *How!* cry'd *Apollo*, *what means this fellow, to promise us a Bird, and give us Fish? These*, said the Assistant, *are a sort of people that promise in their Romances* Historical Truth, *and good Sence, to vaunt themselves men of great wit.* But after all, are discover'd to be full of Fables and Parabolical Mishmashes, wherein if there be any one particular Truth, it changes both its Substance and its Nature.

There was another which made a great shew, but with several Lidds one above another, of *Episodes* and fiddle-faddles, so that there was hardly any coming to see what was in it: But at last they made a shift to cut it up, and found it so full of *Abstruse Conceits*, that *Apollo* order'd it to be made up into Pellets, to feed his Ostridges.

Apollo, by this time cloy'd with so many Pyes, the goodness of which lay all in a Crust, slightly ran over the rest, when there was one that presented it self to his view, of a more *curious form* than the rest, neatly garnish'd and set out, and having all the signs of good seasoning and *exactness of Cookery*. Presently he order'd it to be cut up, and found it stuff'd within with Marrow, and I know not *what sort of Brains*. *These are delicate Morsils indeed*, said his Majesty, *but which are buried in a very great Coffin, considering the smallness of the quantity.* However, I cannot admire, that having put all the Brains *within-side*, he knew not how to make use of 'em *without*. In short, of all that were upon this Table, he made choice for his own of no other than some few small *Jelly-pyes*, wherein the variety of

Sawce

Sawces, in a ſmall compaſs, concluded in a good ſavour.

From hence he went to viſit the Preparations of the *Butchers Meat*, where he found little ſatisfaction, for the boil'd Meats were altogether inſipid, and ſo black, as if they had been in *Mourning* for the deceaſed Merits of the perſons that cook'd 'em. They were ſo *homily and ſlovenly* order'd, as if they had been dreſt for *Beggars*, all the Products of Ignorance, not fit for the *Grandees of Parnaſſus*. Among the reſt there was a ſtately Capon, or at leaſt one that had been ſuch, but ſo cook'd, that *Apollo* bring'd up his Shoulders, to ſee the ſimplicity of the Cook. *This*, ſaid the Aſſiſtant, *is a Book of Hiſtories, which according to the Rules of a new Reformer, are oblig'd to make a ſhew of ſuch a perfect nakedneſs, that you are allow'd no Salt for fear they ſhould loſe their unſavorineſs. Away with theſe Pedants*, ſaid his Majeſty, *publiſhers of new Reformations, they muſt not think to introduct ſuch Diſorders to the public detriment, becauſe they know not how to ſeaſon their own Writings as they ſhould do. Is it fitting, that dry unſavoury Meat, fit only for* Broom-men *and Chair-minders, ſhould be brought to the Tables of great Perſonages and* tow'ring Wits?

After this there was a Duck, I will not ſay buried, but rather *engulph'd*, under a Mountain of Onions, and certainly he ſtood in need of his natural *Qua, Qua*, to let ye know where he was, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible to find him, tho' he lay before their Noſes. Such are the *Writings* of thoſe that multiply *Digreſſions* and *Repetitions*, and frequently uſe obſcure Sentences, by which means they build up *a heap of Confuſions* rather than *Periods*: So that whatever is good in 'em, being utterly buried, they loſe that Merit which otherwiſe they might boaſt of.

Nor did the *Roast-meat* please *Apollo* any better, of which the greatest part was *blood-raw*, and the reason of it was, because they had laid down too much at a time; and moreover, by reason of the disproportion of the Joynts: So that some were parched up to that degree, that a Hatchet would not enter 'em. There were several *Sawces* prepar'd for these Dishes, two sorts of which would have been very well approv'd, if the stink of the Steam had not render'd it nauseous at a distance, and that the other at first sight had not appear'd too *full of Salt*, so that his Majesty was constrained to say, *That surely that same fellow had the* Palate of a Cuckold, *and had season'd it to his Appetite; he can have no Salt in his Brains that has put it all in his Sawcepan.*

While he was continuing his visitation, he saw a great steam, which rising from a Platter, hinder'd him from seeing what was in it. *Ne'er trouble your self, an't please your Majesty*, said the Assistant, *to satisfie your Curiosity, for this Dish is the Composition of a good Wit, but so full of Ambition, that no body can endure to see him, not so much as in his Work.* So that with the Steam of that Pride he darkens those Lustres which otherwise would be able to display his Merit; his Majesty therefore would have this Dish exterminated from his Table, abhorring such a Pride that made a man stand in his own light.

At the same time there was presented to *Apollo* a certain *Cook*, who by his being in his Drawers, and by his sweating, shew'd himself to have been hard at work. He had once been happy in making some Fritters, which got him great Applause. 'Twas thought tho, that he had stoln 'em from some body else, because he never could produce the like in other Works of his of the same nature. When his

his Majesty beheld him low of stature, deformed in his Face, and only rich in Ambition, *Surely*, said he, *this is some Bum-bailiff, no learned man. Your Majesty is not much out of the way*, quoth the Assistant, *for he is a* public Spy. He brought a Pye along with him, just ready to go to the Oven, for that having heard but late of *Apollo's Commands*, he he had not time to bake it, but only to make it up. He farther told his Majesty, that he came to shew it his Majesty, that he might be assur'd of one *substantial Dish*. Then he began a *Series of Encomiums*, which begot a greater Scorn of his Presumption than Admirations of his Parts. But the Pye being open'd was found full of *Trash*, that smelt very rank withal, as being a Composition consisting of the *Accidents of antient History*, disembowell'd, with a small Addition of his own, but nothing good. He had the Honour to be *well kicked*, besides that he was commanded to throw his Pye into the Fire.

From thence he went and took a *slight View of the preparations of Fruit*, which were all the Offerings of the *Poets*. But they had not the good fate to please him any more then the rest, either because the Vanity of Poetry is all comprehended in *Trifles* of little moment, or because the *usual Poverty attending Poetry* would not permit 'em to be at more expences, or else because that the Poets of our time are not so excellent as to appear with Offers of value, *Thistles*, *Fennel*, *Tansy*, and other such like Herbs, which are least pleasing to the Palate, resemble the Works of the Poets, the Substance of which is easily dissolv'd into *little or nothing*. Some *Sparagus* and *Artichokes*, might be accompted the greatest Dainties in that Course, and were the Presents of some few that were singular in the Profession.

Juſt as *Apollo* was going away, after he had made choice of his Diſhes, appear'd blind *Britti* with a little Cup, given him by an *Apothecary* in *Venice* for a *Copy of Verſes made upon a Whore of his*; he excus'd his long ſtay, and laid the fault of it upon his not being able to get a guilde ſooner. He told *Apollo* that having heard of the Proclamation that had Summon'd all the *Poets to their Duty*, he came alſo to bring his Mite, as being enroll'd in the Number. His Majeſty not without a *Sardanic Smile*, ſeverely rebuk'd his rathneſs for daring to enrol himſelf among the Learned. Blind *Britti* reply'd, that he was perſwaded to it, by ſeeing ſo many Princes Honour with their Favours, under the *Title of Virtuoſi's*, ſo many Muſicians, Comedians, Buffoons, and ſuch like Raſcallians, to whom he thought himſelf nothing inferior. To which he added, that many crouded themſelves into the *Number of Virtuoſi*, who could not build any foundation of Merit, but only upon ſome pieces of *waſte Paper, ſtuft with what they had filch'd out of other Books*, whereas in his *Conceit* he was a Poet of himſelf, and not by Vertue of Flouriſhes robb'd from other Men. *Apollo* could not deny this to be true, but he refus'd to countenance his boldneſs, and caus'd him to expell'd *Parnaſſus*. And ſo he return'd to meet his royal Gueſts.

Eſculapius added no more, believing it ſufficient that he had given a full Accompt of the Meals which the *Virtuoſo's of our Age* had given of themſelves. I hope your Lordſhip will excuſe me if I have been too tedious, and look upon it as Penance which your own Importunity has occaſion'd, by repeating your earneſt Sollicitations for News, &c.

The

The Invention of this Information of Parnassus, (said Chappel) *is ancient, yet not ill accomodated to the Learned, who in the Entertainments of great Men, are looke upon as a* kind of Cooks, *who for the reward of a long toiling Service, are fed with Smoak. You may add (*said Fountain) *that these nimble Wits, like Cooks, delights to be among the Pots and the Pipkins, and to be thrusting their Noses into the most* delicate Sauces. *While they were thus discoursing I stopt their Mouths by reading the ensuing Letter.*

LETTER CXXVIII.

From a blunt Fellow, who desires the Favour to be made a Hangman. 'Twas directed to George Farmer, *Esq; at his House in* Stepney ; *With Care and Speed.*

Worthy Sir,

I Know that my Family has always acknowledg'd all the Avancement it has enjoy'd to have been *founded* upon the Favours receiv'd from your self. And therefore, that the Obligations of my *Posterity* may continue in the *same Channel*, I have determin'd to address my self to your Worship upon this *lucky Opportunity* that presents it self for the further Advancement of my Fortunes. By a Gentleman of my acquaintance, I understand that the *Employment of publick Hangman* is like to be vacant by the Death of the present Incumbent, who I hear lies very sick. I desire to succeed in that *Important Preferment*: Nor could I promise my self the hopes of obtaining my desires by the Sollicitations of any other Person then your Worship, whose Power and Authority I know to be more then sufficient to Honour me with this Promotion, and the *wonted Effects of whose Generosity* are still the same as ever. I shall expect this Honour as great as it is, as one that will be always most ready to *exchange Favour for Favour*, with this reserve,

reserve, that it be within the reach of my Ability; and so with reverence concluding, *I kiss your Hands.*

Had he written (said Church) *with this reserve, that it be within the Verge of my Profession, it had been a genteel Promise to hang his Friend upon the first Opportunity. What a happy Conclusion is this!* (quoth they, laughing altogether) *for they were now at last to discover the Trafficquing of such a noble Ambition. Never wonder at it* (said I) *for such Dignities as these, find many Competitors in every Country. Some years ago I was in* Milan, *when a Vacancy of this nature fell, I understood that there were presented to the Senate no less then eighteen Petitions of Pretenders to the Place.*

LET

LETTER CXXIX.

Sent with the Picture of a Lady.— 'Twas directed to Mr. Wansfort, *Merchant, in* Briſtol. *This deliver with Care and Speed.*

Honour'd Sir,

I Send you the Picture of the Lady, who gain'd that Authority over ye, as to be the abſolute Miſtreſs of your Affections, while you ſtaid in *London*: Thus you ſee the performance of your Commands which you laid upon me at your departure. I know not whither you will be ſo faithfully ſerv'd by the Limner, as I have endeavour'd to ſerve you my ſelf. The Art deſerves to be excus'd if it miſtook in drawing into a ſmall Compaſs a Face, wherein Nature her ſelf had epitomiz'd all Perfection. Thoſe Beauties cannot be contain'd in a ſmall piece of Braſs, for which the whole Compaſs of the Sun's Sphere is too narrow. That Heaven can never be deſcrib'd without a neceſſity of adding the Motto of Heaven it ſelf, *Pulchriora Latent*; ſince no Pencil can expreſs that Beauty by which the poſſibility of any greater Beauty is quite extinguiſh'd. In Pictures the Shadows give Life to the Colours, but how can Shadows here appear in the Face of the Sun. There can be no proper Air provided for this Likeneſs, for that being Angelical, it enjoys no other Sun, but that of Paradiſe. Let your Worſhip but conſider

ſider the tranſcendent Value of her Heart, and your Will ſhe could not be drawn more artfully, ſince a divine Object ill ſuits with the Workmanſhip of a terreſtrial Hand. Pity the Painter, who could not outdo himſelf, muchleſs ſurpaſs Nature and Heaven. Accept of my good Will in ſoliciting the finiſhing of the Piece, and gratifying your Deſires, I ſhall ever approve my ſelf to be

Your hearty humble Servant,

Jonathan Holligood.

While this was reading Temple, *who was the youngeſt in the Company, and conſequently the moſt enclin'd to Love, curious, or rather deſirous to behold this* Celebrated Portraiture, *in great haſt untied the Bundle, and had lit upon, and open'd the Box by that time they had done reading the Letter; and there was a neceſſity for him to impart to the Company a* ſight of the Picture, *of which he was almoſt become Jealous, and fain would have appropriated to himſelf. Their Encomiums were the* Hyperboles of Lovers, *ſince all other Expreſſions were* below the Commendations *which the Face deſerv'd. They were alſo ſhort, in regard the Lady who in the Picture ſeem'd alive, and actually to ſpeak commanded the reſt to hold their Tongues. And therefore they ſtood all like* ſtupid Admirers, *I know not whither out of a deluded Belief, that ſhe was alive, and therefore thinking themſelves oblig'd to a* moſeſt Reverence *and a reverent Silence; or whither buſied in a Tacit Devotion, to thank that good Fortune which had granted 'em the Favour to behold*

hold a Beauty so transcendant, that tho' in Painting only deserv'd no less then the Adoration of all Ages; All the Company stood as immoveable, as if they had been struck with Thunder, more especially Church *and* Winter, *who was elder then the rest, staring and gaping with Amazement upon the* Picture, *till they had star'd so long that they could not see to read any more; which as it was* one reason *why the Company broke up, so there was a* second, *because they were weary, and the* late Hour of the Night *call'd them to Bed.—— And now I think 'tis proper to give you a breathing time, and reserve our further Account till the* next Opportunity, *by these you'll find as I told you, that our* Extravagancies *are not without their* Morals. I am

Dear SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

C. G.

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Zw. Bring me wo[illegible] ready, as I order'd it. O, I am [illegible]'d the Man to pleaſe me now: one that can, and dares maintain the noble rapture of a lawleſs Love: I own my ſelf a Libertine, a mortal Foe to that dull thing call'd Vertue, that meer diſeaſe of ſickly Nature. Pleaſure's the end of life, and while I'm Miſtreſs of my ſelf, and Fortune, I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely then, (not that I love like other Women the nauſeous pleaſure of a little flattery) but anſwer me like a Man that ſcorns a lye: Do's my face invite you, Sir? May I from what you ſee of me, propoſe a pleaſure to my ſelf in pleaſing you?

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